



THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. III

JULY, 1917

NO. 3

THE CREATORS OF MODERN MUSICAL IDEALITIES

By GUIDO ALBERTO FANO¹

IDEALITY is art: its aim to infuse into music new spirit and understanding and impose a taste for them on the public, a malevolent tyrant toward most composers, especially the dramatic type. The grandeur of this conception debars really great masters from regarding music as a diversion for the idle or those wearied by the day's labor. Thus Beethoven is wholly penetrated with the heroic spirit of the Revolution; Berlioz pours out the richness and variety of his temperament in musical creations, and also in vast literary works; Franz Liszt, pianist, orchestral director, composer, and author of valuable writings, full of imagination and charged with his intense personality, hails with enthusiasm the July revolution of 1830, receives from Saint Simonism a notable impulse in the development of his individuality and finally, fascinated by Catholic thought, and moved by a natural inclination toward mysticism, in 1865 takes minor orders and becomes an abbé; Richard Wagner composes the dramatic poems for his music and sets forth in fully developed theories his thoughts on art and philosophy, his dreams of social and political revenges, and the sad realities of life's experience; Franck, an organist and fervent Catholic, reading the "Critique of Pure Reason," smiles and exclaims: "C'est très amusant!"

. . . The bond that most closely unites these great men as artists is their conception of music as an admirable medium of

¹ From the final chapter in the book "Nella vita del ritmo" (Naples, 1916) with permission of the author, potent in Italy's musical life as pianist, conductor, composer and director of the Royal Conservatory in Naples.—Ed.

expression, independent of rigid traditional forms and of the schematism of the strictly classical school.

Music,—it is Berlioz who speaks,—is the art of affecting, by combinations of sounds, men of intelligence endowed with special and trained organs. . . . Music associating itself with ideas, which it has a thousand ways of awakening, increases the intensity of its action by the power of what we call poetry. . . . directing at one and the same time all its energies upon the ear, which it both charms and skilfully offends, upon the nervous system, which it excites to a high degree, upon the circulation of the blood, which it accelerates, upon the brain, which it inflames, upon the heart, which it causes to dilate and redouble its beats, upon thought, which it expands immeasurably and launches into the regions of the infinite. It acts in its own peculiar sphere, that is, upon persons in whom the musical sense really exists.

In this definition of music made by Berlioz in 1837 and reprinted twenty-five years later, definition which may be considered his musical *credo*,—lies in my opinion the whole program of the art of sound as developing from the time of Beethoven's maturity until to-day, in opposition to music of pure form, while in the Hanslickian conception of it as merely the play of beautiful forms comparable to that of a kaleidoscope, rests the principle affirmed by every adherent of "pure music." Not new but certainly never more vigorous than from the period marked by the genius of Beethoven to our own time, this controversy requires further explanation in order that we may more effectively outline the aforementioned figures, who are of the greatest importance,—more especially Berlioz and Franck,—in the formation and development of the French school. Above all do not accept the oft-repeated statement that Classicism and Romanticism have little meaning in connection with musical art, that is, if these words be given their real significance, not the one just now dear to a goodly part of the Italian public, defining classical music as that which bores unspeakably and is conducive to slumber,—notably the dramatic music of Richard Wagner! The ideas relating to Classicism and Romanticism will become clearer if one frees the principal elements from their exaggerations. It is true that Classicism in its decadence leads to art that is academic, and Romanticism to anarchy of forms and vacuous nebulousity of content, unless indeed it rises into the most sublimated mysticism. Now precisely the first characteristic of a classical musician, in the true sense of the word, is the reverence for rhythm taken in its wide significance of number and proportion in the larger parts as well as in details, a reverence which with lesser men

may become arid, conventional, obvious,—so to speak,—symmetry. Thus,—note the irony in the reversal of meaning of the word,—eminently classical in a certain sense were all the writers of the happier period of Italian opera,—Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi,—because, and herein lies the origin of the opposition they aroused, especially in Wagner, they aimed to construct *a piece of music* rather than to let its form and content spring from the form and content of the poetry, which in fact was always written with reference to the music designed to accompany it. It is true in Italian opera that, whereas special regard was paid to rhythm in the construction of the part, there was apparently less in the construction of the scene, of the act, of the entire score, whence resulted a joining of part to part rather than an organic whole. The musician who is a thorough purist, for instance of the type of Brahms, has in view beyond the part, the entire structure, and furthermore,—in Italian opera this was lacking,—gives particular heed to the harmonic and contrapuntal play of the separate voices, in which precisely consists beautiful form, the revolving kaleidoscope. Hence it may be said that classical music is first of all music *in se* and *per se*, with special regard to all therein that is *architectural*, and the form therefore springs from something anterior to the conception of the musician who carries, as it were, at the source, seeking there to retain and mold and dominate his creative force. It is clear that if this force be not vigorous and fervid the composer becomes academic, or worse still, scholastic—faults these last that, in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that Italians have imagination more vivid and pulsating with sentiment than other nations, were and are very frequent precisely in Latin countries.

In a different fashion proceeds the romantic musician, although he does not compose with the design of being so classified. Excluding always the mere vulgar pleasure of the crowd, romanticism fixes as basis of the work of art not a preëstablished model to be copied, not a formal archetype with which to constrain inspiration, but the spontaneous creation of the ego that feels, suffers, enjoys, aspires in the fullness of its freedom and craves the ineffable happiness of breaking the chains that bind it to earth. Consequently a work of art is the greater the more it reveals the stamp of a strong individuality, the more personal its content and unusual its form in adequate expression of that content; the more the rhythm in its elasticity, complex and detailed, inspires dream fancies and spiritual joys. Hence all that is romantic is not false, as Carducci said in a moment of ill-humor,

but true, live and ardent; since individuals and not abstractions are real, and therefore the manifestations that express personality are more sincere than those created in an established mould. Even though romanticism may degenerate into vacuity and formlessness, that does not affect our conviction that the domain of living expression, free from formal preconceived rules, is the true field of the fertile art of infinitely conserving and reviving, just as the variety of individuals is infinite; and when it attains to the mysticism of a Parsifal, that art speaks to the soul the most profound language of the human race. Let this be said with all due respect to scientists and philosophers who hold in abhorrence the word mysticism.

. . . Let us now rapidly consider what are the characteristics that diversify and individualize, as men, as artists and as creatures of destiny, so to speak, the five great masters whom I regard as the creators of modern musical idealities pulsing with vitality.

The life of Ludwig van Beethoven displays in itself something of the heroic, the sublime, Promethean. Upon his pure and lofty brow is, as though engraved, a thought, which he expressed in a letter to Kanka during the Congress of Vienna outlining a touching synthesis of the faith, the ideality, the essence of one of the most powerful and saintly minds recorded in history. "*Mir ist das geistige Reich das Liebste, und die Oberste aller geistlichen und weltlichen Monarchien.*" (To me the realm of the spirit is the dearest and the highest of all spiritual and worldly monarchies). The dominion of the mind over all the empires of this world; the religion of the spirit gradually victorious over other faiths, the republic of Plato a dream to be realized in human society; the persistent effort to overcome in oneself the bondage of matter, the malevolence of fate, and the tyranny of man; in musical art to hold essential depth of sentiment, liberty of form, humanity of content; a poetical, chaste aura, a refined and tender love of nature; such the life and soul of Ludwig van Beethoven. What signify the daily events of his existence dear to the myopic who delight in viewing and measuring great minds by their own narrow vision? Nothing if not precisely that adversities of fortune, domestic trials, financial difficulties, even the fate of deafness, so ineffably cruel for a musical genius, were unavailing to destroy a mind and soul such as those of Beethoven. Indeed Providence seemed to rejoice in multiplying in his pathway vexations and obstacles in order that, striking against the indestructible rock of his spirit, they might be transmuted into harmonies of unheard-of potency. There is profound

truth in these words of Rolland: "What victory compares with this, what battle of Bonaparte, what sun of Austerlitz attain the glory of this superhuman effort, of this conquest, the greatest ever made by the Mind: an unfortunate, poor, infirm, solitary, sorrow become man, to whom the world denies joy, himself creates Joy to give to the world. He forges it out of his misery, as he expressed it in a proud phrase that sums up his life and is the motto of all heroic souls:

Durch Leiden Freude. (Joy through Sorrow.)"

Ludwig van Beethoven is the genius of the sonata form. But he is much more. All the most elevated records of modern musical idealities, as I propose to show, find in him the source from which rise and flow the multiform currents of contemporary musical life. As usual I refuse to be affected by the foolish talk of our puny young esthetes who consider Beethoven (and certain others) old fogies because they did not write their compositions in the Greek ecclesiastical tonality,—or something equally absurd,—but conceived them in the spirit, as it were, of the Monteverdian methods. Nor, on the other hand, am I moved by the opinion still held in our professional and official circles, that Beethoven should be considered and interpreted as belonging to the school that reveres the principle of authority and conservatism. As regards this point there can be no possible doubt, no agreement. Beethoven was a true and great creator because,—and when,—he was able to transfuse into the sonata form, sterile in the hands of his predecessors, vigorous vital blood and so render it a free, varied, supremely efficacious manifestation of his multiform spiritual activities; he failed on the rare occasions when for practical reasons or in an attempt at adaptation, he denied his original independence. Therefore the truest and greatest disciples of Beethoven must be sought among those who defend with vigor the rights of the future, not those who, while calling themselves humble admirers of his genius, can only appreciate its form, not its vibrant subject-matter. In short Liszt and Wagner on one hand, Berlioz and Franck on the other; somewhat less than they (and not invariably) Mendelssohn and Brahms.

Liszt himself thus luminously estimates the work of Ludwig van Beethoven:

For us musicians, the work of Beethoven is like the column of cloud and of fire that led the Israelites across the desert,—a column of cloud to lead us by day, a column of fire to light us by night, *so that we may march day and night.* His obscurity and his light equally trace the

way that we should follow; the one and the other are a perpetual commandment, an infallible revelation. If it fell to me to categorize the terms of the great master's thought as expressed in his sonatas, symphonies, and quartets, I should in truth scarcely be content with the division into three styles now quite generally adopted, which you have followed. [We quote a letter dated Dec. 2, 1852, sent from Weimar to William de Lenz, the author of *Beethoven and his Three Styles*—but taking into consideration the points thus far raised, I would frankly put the great question which is the basis of musical criticism and esthetics at the point where Beethoven has brought us, that is, how far should traditional and conventional form necessarily determine the organism of thought?

The solution of this question, as revealed in Beethoven's own work, would lead me to divide the work not into three styles or periods,—the words style and period can here be only corollary, subordinate terms of vague and ambiguous meaning—but quite logically into two categories: the first, that in which the traditional and accepted form contains and governs the thought of the master; the second, that in which the thought expands, destroys, re-creates, and fashions in response to its needs and inspirations, the form and the style. Undoubtedly proceeding in this way we arrive in a straight line at the persistent problems of authority and liberty. But why should we fear them? Fortunately in the realm of the fine arts they bring in their train none of the dangers and disasters that their fluctuations occasion in the practical and social world, because in the domain of the Beautiful genius alone is the authority, and dualism disappears; the notions of authority and liberty are restored to their primitive identity.

Excellent! But precisely because genius and genius alone, whether or not it be recognized of men, is supreme in freedom of creation, and, conversely, intuition alone is the promoter of genius, one must be even more positive than Liszt and his commentator, Jean Chantavoine, and declare unhesitatingly that where Beethoven himself was dominated by traditional form he expressed little or nothing that was worthy of him, and that composers succeeding him who in his work set the principle of authority above that of liberty, understood him ill and became his imitators rather than his disciples. However, Chantavoine is right when he affirms,

Music, enfranchised by Beethoven, is now able to sing freely of the joys and sorrows of the world; it has been changed from science to conscience, and those shall be eternally his disciples who, without copying or imitating him, employ the liberty that he gained for them through suffering.

Beethoven bore wonderful fruits in the field of the sonata—notably for the pianoforte, of the quartet, and of symphonic music. But to understand him profoundly one should also study

him as composer of songs, of dramatic and religious music, and as the thinker that he is revealed in his own letters and writings and in those of others. The effort to give an exalted poetic significance to musical art,—effort that is one of the most distinctive features of the modern tendency,—finally acquires in the mature Beethoven a clear and definite consciousness. And from the appearance of the first sonata for the pianoforte in F minor, passion, clarity, dramatic force are the qualities that differentiate him, for instance, from Mozart and Haydn. Moreover, his ideality of content and lyrical emotion become continuously freer and more intense as the gradually transhumanized Beethoven finds in art and in art alone the reason and also the consolation of a life weighed down with suffering. Evidently the transitions cannot be defined in the category of his styles; they were now more marked, now less, according to seasons, circumstances, and his spiritual activity.

The difficulty of understanding and interpreting Beethoven's music,—whether as performer or conductor,—is unquestionably great as regards both the technique and the expression, but there is nothing more grossly erroneous, as I have shown, than an interpretation prevailingly rhythmical and formal, not permeated with intimate vibrant comprehension and sentiment, and a poetic penetration of the musical text. Yet even here what prejudices obscure the vision of interpreters, critics and professors, especially in Italy!

The sonorous combination in which the genius of Beethoven makes a truly aquiline flight is the quartet, now surely a field forever closed to any other fertilization. To the pianoforte, to symphonic forms and scenic music, even to those harmonies that find inspiration in the higher regions of human faith, new horizons of beauty and splendor were opened by this universal genius, who had no need of the many lines of training so complacently striven for by certain of our smaller intelligences.

. . . The moral figure of Franz Liszt is one of the purest and noblest known in the history of music. Reflect: a mind open to all the prizes, all the aspirations of life and modern thought, a man beloved and idolized as an incomparable virtuoso of the keyboard by multitudes of concert-goers and by the most clever and fascinating women of the various European aristocracies, an artist whose renown as a composer was marred and too little appreciated by very reason of the unanimous approval he received as concert player; a master of the pianoforte eagerly courted, followed, sought after, by students of every nationality; a

musician truly continuing the tradition of the highest endeavours to give poetic and human significance to the art of sounds, and therefore the creator of new forms for the pianoforte, orchestra and voice,—yet even now only partially understood. What more required to fill an artist with pride in his achievements, or, on the other hand, with a certain bitterness because of the unjust contemporary estimate of his work as a composer? What more, I ask, to render him in any case solicitous only for his own glory and eager for new delights, new loves, for always greater and more perfect triumphs? But in the case of Liszt the contrary was true. Early attracted by the mysterious aroma of the Catholic contemplative life through very weariness of his agitated exuberant existence as youthful virtuoso, his mind fluctuated between a passionate enjoyment of amatory adventures and an inward aspiration toward ascetic calm. In Liszt this inner strife was very human and sincere, as evidenced in his art, pervaded with a sensuousness incomparably refined,—one might almost say immaterial,—and by poetic, religious and contemplative harmonies. In music one does not deceive those endowed with esthetic and psychological penetration. Hence it is futile and unfitting to seek for the practical reasons that may have determined the master to become an abbé, and don the cassock soon after the death of Prince von Wittgenstein, a death that finally rendered possible the marriage ceremony with the Princess.

While still unknown himself as a composer, he helped and protected others; always prompt and happy to discover vigorous young talents, he encouraged, stimulated, and spurred them on, not only with words, as is customary among musicians, but by performing and making known their works, placing at their disposal his very valuable authority with the public, the press and the powers that be,—even by generously opening his own purse. Frankly, who among musicians can be compared with him in this respect?

Anyone familiar through personal experience with the obstacles set in the path of yet unrecognized composers by their colleagues, by critics, by publishers, in a word by all those who under present conditions are only too much the indispensable intermediaries between a musician and the public, can estimate the value and the rarity of a man like Franz Liszt, all zeal in promoting the advancement of others. For it is never the multitude,—note this well,—that fails to recognize the work of genius; it may err, but it is prompt to correct the error. Those who

through envy, prejudice or self-interest brazenly oppose the diffusion of new, truly original productions, are precisely the above-named gentlemen! Are funds needed for a monument to Beethoven?—Well and good, it is Liszt who gives money and personal effort for the project; under his musical and orchestral direction Weimar becomes the irradiating centre for all the most modern ideas and for the introduction of any new work stamped with profound personality. Berlioz while still unknown finds a friend and ardent interpreter in the Hungarian master; and many others as well who responded but inadequately to his effective sympathy. What he was to Wagner, theoretically Christian but practically more egoistically Nietzschean than Nietzsche in the flesh, I shall not here record.

Another characteristic that indelibly marks the figure of Liszt and distinguishes his rare quality,—the more if one reflects that even to-day there are some who regard general culture as almost a demerit in a musician,—is his capacity for being passionately moved by everything beautiful, by Nature, by Art, by Philosophy and Religion.

It required his death, says Chantavoine in a beautiful synthetic page, to free his personality from false judgments, and the blossoming of an art that sprang from Liszt's achievements to reveal them to posterity, to show behind the incomparable but perishable virtuoso one of the most powerful creators, the boldest initiators of his century, perhaps the most generous and disinterested servant, and unquestionably the most lucid and penetrating and the broadest intelligence that the art of music has ever encountered. A mind avid of all ideas, a soul open to all aspirations, a heart sensitive to the rhythm of every enthusiasm, in the century that produced the greatest number of new ideas and tried the most new ways, set down in the midst of this complex century, shared and claimed by two countries, France and Germany, Franz Liszt was like a prism, he absorbed all their light and then diffused all the rays. Love, Nature, Poetry, Painting, Religion, all these splendors he moulded in an immense achievement, unequal, by turns very full and somewhat empty, but beautiful with life and grandeur and the origin of a new school.

And this immense work unfolds itself in symphonic poems, in pianistic forms, in religious harmonies, in letters and other writings. Liszt was undoubtedly committed to Romanticism and favored free flights of independent form; he created the pianistic and orchestral poem, evolving it from Chopin and Beethoven; he was a wonderful winged poet and dreamed as had none other of inspiring the divine art of sounds with poetic and religious feeling. Even the Gregorian melodies and tonality were now and then

employed by him, not only in works of vast choral and orchestral proportions, but also in smaller pianistic compositions. The sonata for his chosen instrument is the most beautiful ever published since those of Beethoven and preludes the cyclic form dear to the French school. He reveals splendid rhythmic freedom, new, vivid, enchanting activities of color and sonority, and at the same time a melodic and harmonic purity, a truth of line absolutely Hellenic. His vast reading and culture are a preparation for translating into sounds the intimate spiritual force of the master, who found in them opportune suggestions which he selected with fine intuition and aristocratic taste.

Thus for instance the study of our divine poet inspires the symphony on "The Divine Comedy." . . . German literature stimulates the creation of one of his most perfect and profound works of grand design, "Eine Faust-Symphonie in drei Charakterbildern (nach Goethe)." . . . In addition to the bias received from "obermanism," a sort of melancholy literature much in vogue after the overwhelming success obtained by the celebrated romance of Pivert de Sénancour, the work of Franz Liszt particularly revealed the influence of the French poets, as the universal Victor Hugo and the evanescent Alphonse de Lamartine. . . . Hebraic and Evangelical poetry also fascinated him irresistibly when, on the eve of fixing his residence in Rome and adopting the ecclesiastical vocation, he began writing music for psalms and masses, and the two oratorios "Die Legende der heiligen Elisabeth," and "Christus."

And now let us consider more in detail his stupendous, luxuriant pianistic work which, beside the very important sonata already mentioned, the two concertos and the infinite number of transcriptions and paraphrases, notably includes the Hungarian rhapsodies and the various compositions of more particularly poetical and religious inspiration. For the modern pianist who, with eager, incessant, insatiable effort seeks to draw from the instrument,—apparently lifeless but in reality adapted to infinite transformations and developments,—ever more enchanting melody, color, shadings and diaphanous plasticity of touch, silvery, almost imperceptible, gradations of intensity of timbre and new combinations in the use of the three pedals,—not merely to satisfy the offensive vanity of a virtuoso but to produce with the most beautiful of the solo instruments made well-nigh immaterial, the essential poetry of sounds,—the work of Franz Liszt is unquestionably the richest original source hitherto known. It is also an inexhaustible stream from which

composers of the most recent tendencies draw inspiration. And what variety, what lordly abundance, what refinements, what invention of chords, of parts harmonically independent, of melodies eloquent as never any before them to communicate intense emotions; what inherent talent, what wealth of technique!"¹

Indissolubly linked with Franz Liszt by ties of blood and gratitude is Richard Wagner. As men and artists they are notably dissimilar; the latter more Teutonic in ways both good and evil, the former more human and therefore more sympathetic. Liszt, great himself and modest, recognized the greatness of Wagner, set aside his own claims and in the line where for a time they had a common lot, that is the lack of appreciation and diffusion of their work as composers, the pianist, the distinguished conductor, with unselfish generosity devotes himself to advancing the fame of his friend. Wherever and whenever possible he performs his music, and with persevering effort and exquisite tact endeavours to make known the forms and ideas of the Wagnerian reform opera; and to the very frequent and insistent demands for money made by his extremely cavalier friend he never fails to respond, even at a personal sacrifice. Nor was he recompensed in kind: Wagner, solicitous only for his own preëminence, rarely expressed a complimentary estimate of Liszt's work that had the ring of sincerity.

The moral figure of Richard Wagner, although in a different way from Beethoven and Liszt, is nevertheless characterized by sentiments of ardent virile nobility. He is a man of the theatre; toward this end flows all his energy; music itself, from the period of his first youthful emotions, seemed to him a very powerful means to a more expressive ideation of the drama; the variety of his spiritual attitudes, and even of the instruments he employed, at times chosen without great delicacy in order to obtain the desired effect, should not be judged without taking into account the height and difficulty of the goal fixed and pursued with inflexible tenacity.

As a boy he wavered in his inclinations because of the diversity of his talents and the freedom of choice permitted him in his studies by certain favorable conditions, but when fifteen years old he determined to be a musician. Spurred by the necessities of practical life, at twenty he began his activities as *ripetitore* and orchestral conductor and in November, 1834, he married the charming young actress, Wilhelmina Planer. From this moment

¹Here follow enthusiastic pages expository of Liszt's main works for the piano-forte.—Ed.

troubles, torments, tribulations succeed each other through long years of changing vicissitudes, encountering, however, in the character of Richard Wagner a marvellously unyielding, robust resistance and combativeness. But by the very nature of the man and his work, the manner and results of the struggle were the reverse of those between the spirit and the destiny of Beethoven. And while the work of the genius of Bonn is a necessary condition to that of the genius of Leipsic, the latter integrating, as it were, the former,—the moral personality of Beethoven may appear to many of a purer humanity and a more crystalline transparency than that of Wagner.

In truth Beethoven is a hero, a most holy martyr and the Kantian imperative category made flesh: Wagner, on the contrary, is a dominator, who must triumph at any cost, who employs action, speech and writing to impress his message on the world, to whom it is not repugnant to use means at variance with the dictates of a scrupulous conscience, or slightly histrionic, to accomplish his end; in short, Wagner is the presentiment of the modern man who "arrives,"—with the noblest and highest ideals, however, that he never betrayed. Also dissimilar were the fortunes of the two men; one lived and died in poverty, with the sole consolation of knowing at the end that his request for aid had been favorably received by the English; the other through the munificence of Ludwig of Bavaria attained the apotheosis of Bayreuth, always having found someone to supply, more or less sumptuously, the effeminate luxury that he craved, surrounded by an unenviable spectacle of neurasthenic adorers, so-called "Wagnerians,"—trumpeting to the four winds that music was born and died with the advent of their unique divinity. It is true that this plague is explained and justified, not only by the extraordinary quality and magnificence of Wagner's creations, but as a reaction from the never sufficiently aired moral narrowness and microcephalia of musical critics and professors; now, Heaven be praised! it has finally almost disappeared through the aid of time and a more serene historical and esthetic valuation. . . .

What then is this work which so unexpectedly agitated to its profoundest depths the musical world of Europe? Let us first consider in a brief summary the concept of musical drama, to view later its perfected realization in opera, especially as regards the various elements of musical art in relation to the expression of the tragic idea, and then draw certain comparisons and conclusions most important to the purpose of our theme.

Friedrich Nietzsche, in one of the most beautiful and profound of his books, that relating to the origin of tragedy, or Hellenism and pessimism, sets forth most genially the informing ideas of this admirable fruit of Greek art, and compares them with the rebirth of pessimism in the philosophy of Schopenhauer, running parallel with that of the tragic sentiment in the symphonic dramas of Wagner. Greek serenity, affirms Nietzsche, as it is understood from more or less scholastic tradition, does not correspond to the historical and philosophical reality of the mind. In the most brilliant period of Greek life this serenity is not the result of negation or indifferent contemplation of the sorrow of the world, but rather a recognition of its perennial existence and its consequent virile subjection. In its purest form this serenity is symbolized in the myth of Apollo, the god of light, and Olympus, the seat of the gods. The Apollonian cultus is the manifestation of the radiant vision of the world, by force of which it is viewed objectively as though reflected in a mirror of shining brightness, and the image of its eternal immutable travail is softened by the very beauty of the vision, by the dream, by Art. In other words, Hellenic serenity is not the spiritual condition of those who profess a vulgar short-sighted optimism, for it necessarily presupposes a pessimistic "Weltanschauung" subdued and overcome by the divine restorer, by the pure ambrosia of the plastic art and the Epopoeia. In the heavens of Apollonian culture the Homeric poems shine as stars of the first magnitude. Quite the reverse is the tragic Dionysiac spirit; whereas, under the influence of Apollo the individual dominates sensuality and suffering by the well-regulated serenity of the esthetic vision, under that of Dionysius the will of nature creates, destroys, exterminates individuals and, an unwearied generator, is never satiated with ineffable emotions and torments. From the divinity of Dionysius spring music, lyric art, tragedy and the dramatic dithyramb. But, since life as it is, with its events pleasant and painful, its passions productive of sublime virtue and low vice, is not art unless Apollo with his magic stroke endows it with the confident calm of the contemplative spirit, it follows that the winged lyrics of Archilochus and Pindarus, the tragic force of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the very essence of music, are inspired by a living, penetrating fusion of the spirits of Apollo and Dionysius. The more immediate origin of tragedy is in the chorus; not as traditionally understood in the significance of the ideal spectator or as incarnating the ethical law of the Hellenic people, but regarded, according to Schiller and Nietzsche, as affirmation of the dominion

of the ideal, and of poetic freedom, as symbol of a religious reality recognized under the sanction of the myth and of worship. The chorus alone at first; then the chorus in the orchestra, and finally Dionysius on the stage. But the divine harmony of instinctive wisdom, the starry light of the spirits of Apollo and Dionysius, the genius of music which is at the source of tragedy,—and through which—Wagner said well—the effects of so-called civilization are demolished just as the pale light of a lamp is quenched by the glorious day,—are obscured as it were by the Socratic principle. Socrates is the emblem of man's ratiocinating force; Euripides, the tragedian, sucks its slow corroding poison; the dialectic optimist dispels the chorus and music from tragedy, thus destroying its very essence; the frozen calm of the theorist succeeds the fervid serenity that imbibes divinity from Apollonian and Dionysian wisdom; scientific criticism consumes the sacred balm of legend and myth, of national and religious faith by which every great art—especially the Hellenic—was nourished.

All this seemed at first to Nietzsche to find a parallel in Germany with the metaphysics of Kant and Schopenhauer, with the music of Beethoven and Wagner—considered as the art of transcendental consolation antagonistic to the optimism of modern Alexandrian culture. In the esthetic, tragic, Socratic or Alexandrian conception of the world, art, music and science are parallel, dissimilar images of the universe. Modern man, already affected by the mania for analytic inquiry and committed to an optimistic faith in scientific research and the results of progress, is serene in the Socratic sense, but through Wagner's music the myth is being reborn and with it instinctive wisdom; the theoretic Alexandrian spirit is put to flight by those of Apollo and Dionysius; the pessimistic "Weltanschauung" triumphs over discipline of action and the Hegelian satisfaction with self, with the facts of history. Nietzsche, however, is in error when he affirms that the representative style of our composers of the 17th century arose from the action of an idyllic tendency extraneous to the essence of art and tragedy; he is right when he opposes opera as commonly understood to the symphonic drama of Richard Wagner, and considers that the progressive reawakening of the tragic Dionysian spirit in our age has kept step with the music of Bach, of Beethoven and Wagner, with the philosophy of Kant and Schopenhauer,—true renaissance of the Dionysian principle hostile to the Socratic Alexandrian. In fact, the whole development of Germanic thought in the last century is affected by the tendency to

confound German culture with the Greek: the purifying and liberating force of tragedy aims to introduce, by the universal action of music, subjecting the hearer to the Dionysian influence, the myth as a sublime symbol; the revival of the bellicose instinct,—I am still speaking of the 19th Century,—the rebirth of the tragic myth, and the Germanic musical drama opposed in conception to the old opera of Socratic tendency are signs of the ardent, passionate aspiration toward radiant Hellas;—"the Dionysian instinct, with its primordial joy even in the presence of sorrow, is the common womb from whence issues music and the tragic myth."

There is no contradiction between the two attitudes of Nietzsche, at first favorable then hostile toward the work of Wagner, but a development of thought and a clearer consciousness of identical personal idealities. To understand this it suffices to penetrate the mind of the former as revealed in his numerous volumes. Nietzsche and Wagner were both, at a certain point of their intellectual life, fascinated by the ideas of Schopenhauer, and each saw in him a sign auguring well for the new Germanic life and the resurrection of tragic sentiment. The theory of the Dantzig philosopher united them particularly at the point where the Platonic idea is declared the object of art,—an impersonal contemplation of the universe by which the individual rises to a state of pure subjectivity whose whole content is pure objectivity, while music with its marvellous intuition is considered outside of the hierarchy of the other arts, as an expression not of Ideas, but of the Will itself parallel to them. This is a translation into the language of Schopenhauer of the Apollonian and Dionysian principles from which arise on one hand the epic and plastic arts, on the other tragedy and music. However, in Nietzsche pessimism was always more or less clearly subdued by the *will to power*, by a vision of the world becoming paganized and anti-christian, by a bold, ardent, superb glorification of conflict and of life beyond good and evil, by a nostalgic aspiration toward the southern sun and the ethereal lightness of Greek and Roman art. Schopenhauer and Wagner, on the contrary, became drowsy and ponderous under the narcotics of the Buddhistic annihilation of the will, of the Christian negation transplanted in Teutonic soil, of undigested and unspeakably dull and soporific Northern legends and mythology. Hence there is nothing to awaken wonder or sinister interpretation in the fact that Nietzsche's mind, supremely artistic, after the first unconscious Wagnerian intoxication, penetrated more deeply his own inner spiritual

visions and was forced to diverge from the common standpoint.¹

Wagner's life-work is assuredly among the most powerful recorded by history, for the vastness of its conception, for the profound and inexpressibly suggestive personality of the musical content as well as the scenic vision, and for a most original use of means of expression. The system of leading motives is, like all methods preëstablished by the reasoning faculty when it usurps the office in art belonging properly to intuition, very open to criticism. It is not new, although never before the time of Wagner was it developed so completely and at times with such magnificent effect; Beethoven himself, who in *Fidelio* took a decisive step forward in the history of the modern lyric drama, similar to that marked in the history of the symphony by the composition of the Fifth, had resolved to employ the "leit-motiv" in another opera, planned but not completed. Nevertheless, when one listens to the last scene in "*Die Walküre*" or in "*Götterdämmerung*," for instance, what words can serve to express the emotion that stirs the inmost fibres of the soul? And how foolish then appears any discussion of method! The originality and penetrating expression of the melodic discourse, the harmonic woof extraordinarily chromatic and dissonant even to those familiar with Monteverdian tonalities, the always full and richly poetic orchestration, of homogeneous impasto and varied in coloring, the eagle-like amplitude of the lyric flight, the Michel-angelesque strength of design and dramatic content, all solemnly consecrate to posterity the work of Richard Wagner as an indestructible monument of towering grandeur, even when viewed from the especially musical standpoint. It is true that he often sacrificed the voice, the chorus and the dance to instrumental richness; his dramatic inspiration frequently drew its vitality more from the orchestra than from the stage,—but precisely in the reaction from such errors lies a fruitful germ for the future!

Of the school more particularly French, let us now briefly mention Berlioz and Franck. Not sufficiently personal the versatile Saint-Saëns nor Bizet, the very talented writer of operas; neither of them can claim a place beside the first two names on the great historical roll. The development of this school cannot be explained without taking into account the lively penetration

¹The author here illustrates his point of view by a quotation from Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra* and by a quotation of those wonderfully penetrating pages in d'Annunzio's "*Il fuoco*" in which due homage is paid to the genius and greatness of Wagner, but in which also the gulf between his and the Latin spirit is laid bare.—Ed.

of foreign tendencies, from Beethoven to Liszt, from Wagner to Strauss; a decisive influence on all contemporary art, which, like the preceding, is the story of various and reciprocal infiltrations—according to the period,—of Flemish, Italian, German and other elements. Whether such penetration, prejudicial to the permanency of nationality, be beneficial, it will not be difficult to decide; it is essential and inherent in human nature itself,—which is the same through all diversity of places, climates, traditions and ideas,—if only its action does not alter their peculiar qualities or the characteristics of individuals. The dream of Wagner, which was precisely the creation of a profoundly national art in opposition to the invading Italian and French opera, is most instructive in this regard. But do not, I beg of you, confound, as is sometimes done with us, to impress the timid, the uncertain and the uncultured, Italian music with art and,—absurd as it sounds,—with vulgarity, German music with science and frigidity. Art, I repeat, is above all a manifestation of personality and humanity, and I have expressed elsewhere my disapproval of foolish prophetic judgments. Has then this modern penetration been verified in Italy? Giuseppe Verdi's marvellous "Falstaff," Arrigo Boito's noble "Mefistofele," the chamber music and symphonic works of Antonio Bazzini, Giovanni Sgambati and Giuseppe Martucci are the only productions in modern Italian history worthy of serious, profound consideration. Of the silly performances botched together for the sole end of lucre by the so-called young and very young school, I say nothing. A few dignified attempts, a few more or less recent names are noted in the world of pure and dramatic music, none as yet truly significant for original power or synthetic completeness.

Berlioz and Franck were very unlike in character, life and thought. The former eager for glory and riches, for action, for personal and artistic strife, not always kind or grateful for benefits received, but generous and averse to compromises with his own austere musical conscience. He was a *littérateur* and journalist; he travelled in various parts of Europe, sometimes insufficiently appreciated, often receiving much applause; he experienced many times the tremors and torments of love and wrote under its impulse; certain works he admired, but more often he despised, failed to comprehend, or was ignorant of the true value of illustrious contemporary colleagues, for instance of Liszt and Wagner, who both, especially the former,—need it be said?—esteemed and encouraged him. Less universal than Wagner and more concerned with his own interests and his own art, whereas the former in

Dresden is inflamed by the revolutionary movement that ends with the catastrophe of May, 1849, Berlioz is overwhelmed by the February revolution and understands nothing of the profound changes that are ripening. Everyone knows in what fashion Weimar, for a certain period, through the efforts of that beneficent genius, Liszt, was the cradle where the most daring works of art,—those saturated with new ideas,—were nourished with maternal loving care. Berlioz profited largely by this, and yet without a shadow of reason or justice he ended by slandering his friend, the Hungarian composer. Wagner also, usually averse to showing interest in anyone but himself, held in due esteem the work of the French master, who, however, despised the so-called "music of the future" and gave credence to the evil reports concerning it then current. Although restless and sick with nerves, Berlioz led a life not deprived of satisfaction; he was familiar with poverty, having left the home roof in early youth to follow his chosen path, but he received excellent earnings, valuable gifts and family legacies. As an artist he was essentially romantic in the widest acceptation of the word: "romantic"—says J. G. Prod'homme—"in the disregard of rules, in his lack of proportion, in his abuse of hors d'oeuvres, and especially in his pursuit at whatever cost of the picturesque, the horrible, the colossal, of violent contrasts; romantic also in the pose with which he complacently stepped before the public in *L'Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, in *Harold* as the heroes of Byron and Goethe, the chosen types of his first episode." In the symphonic and religious domain, as in the theatrical, Berlioz has left traces of signal beauty and personality: it is a pity that his most important music is so little known in Italy. With the "*Symphonie fantastique*," for example, he established the creation of program music, and in "*Benvenuto Cellini*" he perfected, as wrote Franz Liszt about the middle of the last century, the most considerable and original achievement of lyric dramatic art that,—aside from Wagner's incomparable works,—had appeared in the last twenty years. His treatise on instrumentation and orchestration is the first and most important for completeness, poetry and color-vision; perhaps Gevaert's alone,—which is much later,—excels it in discerning acuteness of method. At the end of this magnificent book, in the chapter entitled "*L'orchestre*," having depicted an ideal complex of voices and instruments, he concludes with these impressive words:

In the thousands of combinations possible with the monumental orchestra that we have just described there would dwell an harmonic richness, a variety of timbres, a succession of contrasts comparable to

nothing hitherto produced in Art, and more than all, an incalculable melodic potency, expressive and rhythmic, a penetrating force beyond any ever known, a prodigious sensitiveness to the *nuances* of ensemble and detail. Its repose would be as majestic as the slumber of the ocean; its agitations would suggest tropical hurricanes, its explosions the crash of volcanoes; in it would be heard once more the complaints, the murmurs, the mysterious noises of the virgin forest, the outcries, the prayers, the songs of triumph, or of mourning, of a people of expansive soul, ardent heart and fiery passions; the solemnity of its silence would awaken fear, the most rebellious would tremble as its crescendo increased, roaring like a huge sublime conflagration.

Such is the style of the man, such the dream of the artist!

César Auguste Franck was a most pure and candid mind, without resentment, without rancor; hate he did not know, hence he was unable to translate it into notes; he fervently loved art, humanity, religion and the contemplative life. His days passed in even and quiet rhythm; the first morning hours he dedicated to his own work, the rest to imparting instruction that was efficacious and decisive in its result on recent French musical art, and to the performance of his duties as church organist and professor at the Conservatory. Only during the summer vacation had he leisure to devote to the composition of his admirable works, and to the perusal of the most elevated literature on human thought. It was at Quincy that occurred the episode mentioned at the beginning of this study. One morning he was walking in the garden of his little summer home; with brow contracted he was meditating intently on a weighty volume and at the same time smiling. "What are you reading so funny?" asked one of his sons. "A work by Kant, *The Critique of Pure Reason*—it is very amusing," replied the father, a fervid, profound sincere Catholic. And in truth, religion was coëssential to his spirit which,—of angelic goodness, free from all but the most noble aspirations,—seemed to be not of this world. The neglect, the ingratitude and unkind treatment on the part of his extremely narrow-minded colleagues he never perceived or would not admit. A few enthusiastic pupils, who were to carry forward the torch of the French musical renaissance, understood and loved him; Liszt, as usual, delighted in him from the appearance of his first compositions. Ambroise Thomas, the arrogant director of the Conservatory, the mediocre author of "Mignon" and "Hamlet," feigned, as did some others, a convenient indisposition to avoid attending the obsequies of the truly great artist for fear of exposing himself to the risk of being thought favorable to the abhorred musical vanguard.

Adieu, Master,—said Emmanuel Chabrier at the tomb,—and we thank you, for you have done well. We salute in you one of the greatest artists of the century; we salute also the incomparable teacher whose instruction has caused to flower a whole generation of robust musicians, capable of faith and reflection, armed at every point for severe, sometimes long contested combat; we salute in you also the just and upright man, truly humane and unselfish, who never gave aught but safe counsel and helpful words. Adieu!

It may be that Franck was not thoroughly familiar with Gregorian and Palestrinian art, but he infused a breath of intimate mysticism into a few religious works quite particularly Latin; he treated the symphony, the quartet, the pianistic and organ forms absolutely with the understanding of a renewer, absorbing, however, from the art of Beethoven its vigorous and vital quality; he was so much in harmony with Bach that, as improviser and author of works for the two sovereign keyboard instruments, he seemed at times to be his modern reincarnation. Take as an example of Franck's last and most significant period, the prelude, choral and fugue, or the aria, prelude and finale for piano, and note the depth of sentiment, the inexhaustible riches of harmonic succession, of thematic work, of polyphonic play, the freedom and novelty of rhythmic forms, contained, however, within architecture of classic purity. And who does not recall the string quartet, the symphony, the quintet with pianoforte, the sonata for piano and violin, not to mention the sublime pages scattered through his oratorios, his dramatic and other works. César Auguste Franck, in his masterpiece dedicated to Eugene Ysaye, definitively consecrated the cyclic form destined to so high a place in the more modern symphonic art. He likewise inherited from Beethoven the variation, and amplified it still more richly.

The times are weighty with extraordinary events. The human world is being turned upside down and renewed from roots to branches. In the divine art of sounds great destinies are also maturing. Ludwig van Beethoven is like an ancient trunk of immeasurable height, solidly, deeply fixed in Mother Earth; from him propagate themselves other roots, new, green, luxuriant branches are spreading, flowers, fruits and young twigs are growing. Without his art would not have existed program music, or the colossal Babylonian, sonorous structures of Berlioz, the pianistic and symphonic poems of Chopin and Liszt, the musical drama of Richard Wagner, or the Apollonian mystic forms of Franck. Without his adamant labor, neither the orchestra, nor the meloepeia and ritmoepia, nor the harmonic and

polyphonic elaboration, could have followed the perfected path of the present musical tendencies.

Let us incline our heads as at a sacred rite,—to-day more than ever, when Dionysius is again arising and with him the hope of a life more spiritually complete,—before Ludwig van Beethoven first of all, then before the other creators of modern musical idealities, who preserved and passed onward the clear flame of the purifying art in endless ascension. Let us study and perform, as well as the more ancient, the works of these great artists. Let us rejoice in their new forms, vocal, instrumental and harmonic; and, more than all, let us penetrate their individuality and profound humanity, begotten of the travail of sorrow and love.

In these latter days too many weak, esthetic draughts are offered us. Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel, Max Reger and Arnold Schönberg, Alexander Scriabine and Igor Strawinsky merit our loving attention because they aspire to widen the horizons of technical expression in musical art: in rhythmic freedom as well as in orchestral coloring, in vocal recitation, in mimetic and suggestive symbolism, and by overthrowing the harmonic and formal prejudices that are still very prevalent. As regards the latter I have sufficiently expressed my opinion. And now may our professors of harmony pardon me: their canons are dead: all the twelve sounds of the chromatic scale are—I think—quite prepared to form every possible combination of from two to twelve notes! Great therefore is the enrichment of expressive instruments due to these contemporary minds, who in diverse ways are following in the footsteps of the five greater masters. Nevertheless, in their music—sometimes more, sometimes less—theoretical illustration and mechanical elaboration dominate the lyric impulse and creative force; the rational faculty conquers the intuitive; intellectuality dries up inspiration. They are means, not ends, in History. . . .

(Translated by Julia Gregory.)

FRENCH MILITARY MUSIC IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV

By MICHEL BRENET

THE magnificence of Versailles leaves no visitors unmoved. If they are but passing, it makes on their memory a deep impression of grandeur; but to those who know how to question it, it speaks a language in which every one feels vibrating the echo of his own inclinations. If his soul has, ever so little, a natural bent for revery, at the close of day, or in the midst of autumn the lonely loungee will love to plunge into the shade of the groves or to stroll along the ponds reflecting in their standing mirror, with the last rays of the sun, the profiles of perished deities.

The artist, whatever his likings or his scholastic idiosyncrasy may be, will give way in meditative contemplation to the all powerful charm of these palaces, of these gardens, whose majestic harmony realizes the indissoluble union of strength and peace. But doubtless the historian will feel most deeply the attraction of these spots imbued with memories. At his call, life will rouse again. He will picture to himself, in mental visions, Versailles once more crowded with the people who built it, planted it, adorned it, under the command of the famous architects its creators, and under the impulse of the king their inspirer. Amid the chilling silence of the galleries and terraces, he will hear furtive steps stealing, whispering voices answering one another, and the remote harmony of vanquished concerts vibrating in the air.

Louis XIV, said Saint-Simon, "loved passionately all sorts of sumptuousness for his court." He took the same care in visiting the workings of Mansart or of Le Notre, or in favouring a musical improvement answering to his conception of noble luxury and regulated opulence.

The part he took in the development of art in France has greater value, from the fact that it was not mixed with any dilettante practice. Son of a king fond of music and of a queen infatuated, at least for some years, with Italian opera, Louis XIV reckoned among the teachers of his youth a guitar player, Bernard Jourdan de La Salle, whose lessons were not entirely fruitless. Thus, Charlotte de Bavière (the Palatine princess),

who became his sister-in-law in 1671, though asserting that he did not know "a note of music," acknowledges that he has a "good ear," that in the art of performing he is "more than a master on the guitar" and is able to play "all he wishes." His talent was a hidden one, kept, by a refined sense of the royal dignity, apart from praises as well as from raillery.

In 1672, as soon as the building of Versailles was sufficiently advanced to allow the king to spend there several months in the year, all varieties of musical art were called on to contribute to the pleasures of the court.

Besides the representation of lyric tragedies or ballets, the musicians of the Chamber and travelling performers, still rare at this time, sung and played cantatas and French or Italian instrumental pieces, during the king's supper or on the days of "Appartement"; the company of 24 violins and the other band of the musicians of "l'Ecurie" played at the hours of balls and during walks in the park or boating in gondolas on the ponds; in the chapel, a chorus, accompanied by thorough base and some instruments, performed concert motets; preceding the royal coach rode "the king's trumpets."

With the same period of the installation at Versailles are connected the documents which reveal to us the greatness and the efficacy of the interest Louis XIV took in military music.

We are not speaking of a new creation. For a long time the use of musical instruments in the armies had assumed the double meaning which former ages had foreseen and which the modern time was to keep up and make more precise: the adoption, on one hand, of a sonorous language translating in rhythms or in musical intervals the words of command, and, on the other hand, the coöperation of the symphony in the embellishment of military life, by richness of sounds added to richness of arms, and appeal to their power of stimulating energy, to the synonymy of the notes of a melody and of the colours of a standard.

Many of the great captains or great adventurers whose lives were written by Brantôme already knew all this. During their campaigns, they were followed by instrumentalists whose office was at the same time that of soldiers and that of servants. A little later, in the seventeenth century, when every one of fashion made it a point of honour to have among his people some "valets musicians," and when "précieux" and "précieuses" had only to call out "Hola! violins!" to have played for them a dance tune, many chiefs of the army contrived to procure the same entertainment to the ladies who sometimes used to make the

camps the objective point for a walk. And so, the presence of stringed instruments at the head quarters may be indicated without involving for them any of the warlike obligations which rested entirely on more robust and more sounding instruments, as drums, trumpets, fifes and oboes. We shall try to define in a few words the state and part of each one of these in the French army, at the moment when their use became the object of Louis XIV's solicitude.

* *
*

It is rather surprising to ascertain that three of the principal authors whom we may call upon to give evidence on the subject of the drum and of its military use in France, during the XVI and XVII centuries were churchmen: a canon from Langres, Jehan Tabourot, who published under an anagram of his name Thoinot Arbeau, in 1588, the precious treatise on "the honest exercise of dances" called *Orchésographie*; a canon from Rouen, preacher to the king, Etienne Binet, who wrote under the pen name of René François, and made room in his "Essay on the Marvels of Nature" for a chapter on war, with a paragraph on the French manner of beating the drum; and lastly, a religious, a Minim, the celebrated P. Merenne, who took good heed not to forget military musical instruments in the series of treatises included in his *Harmonie Universelle*.

It is because the regularity of the step is at the base of all the art of movement, that Thoinot Arbeau studied it as a prelude to all kinds of dances. As, said he, when three people are walking together, they go along at their own fancy without taking any trouble to keep time in their step, so the soldiers would walk in a confused and disorderly way, were they not obliged, by the beating of a drum in time, to keep step in their squads: and it is in order to prevent uncertainty which would put them in danger of being defeated, that the French decided to lead the soldiers by the beating of a drum.

The instrument which was then in use, and which is described by the old author, was made of a hollow wood barrel about two feet and a half long and equally broad, covered at its two ends with two stretched parchment skins, fastened with hoops and braced by stretched cords. The drummer held it hanging nearly horizontally under his left arm with his elbow leaning on it. The measure he struck counted eight equal beats; each of the first four was marked by a stroke of one drumstick

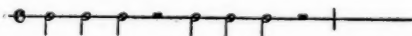
only; the fifth, by a stroke of the two sticks together, and the three last were counted in silence:



At the sound of the first note, the soldier put down his left foot; at the sound of the fifth, his right foot. This double movement makes a *passée*, and, with 2,500 *passées* or repetitions of the 8 time measure, the soldier walks over the length of a league.

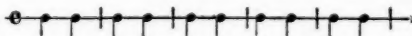
The sound of drums being, as says Thoinot Arbeau, more pleasant when varied, the players exercised their skill in breaking the monotony by combining the three sorts of values, which they intermingled according to their fancy on the first five beats, the three last being always invariably filled out with rests, whose position in the rhythmical scheme is peculiar, once for all, to the "French march."

The Swiss march, on the other hand, or, as it is called in the *Orchésographie*, "the Swiss drum," is distinguished by the introduction of a rest at the fourth beat:

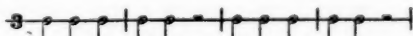


This particular rhythm was traditional with the Helvetian levies and it will be remembered that Clement Jannequin introduced it, with a descriptive intention, in his famous song of the Battle of Marignan (Melegnano), which commemorates the defeat of the Swiss (1515).

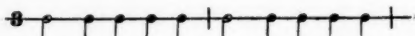
Thoinot Arbeau having in view only the music necessary to keep up marching and dancing, did not mention the military signals the drum can give. However, he alluded to them when he said that the sound of the instruments performs the office of telling the soldiers to "déloger" (to march), to go forward, to go backward, and to hurry the march on the quick two-part time called by the poets *pirrchie*, made up of equal strokes, hasty and harsh, giving a sound like the shots of an arquebuse:



Lastly, he foresaw the possibility of a march beaten in a three-part time, in which the five notes would be followed by a single rest, the soldier weighing upon his left foot with the first sound, and upon his right foot with the fourth:



This rhythmical division, which he declared to be "very nice," differs only by the position of the accent from that of the *basse danse*, as sounded by the drums of Provence, struck by one drumstick only:



The *tenor* and the *bassus* also mark the accent heavily in the *Volte du Tambour* included in the great instrumental collection of Praetorius, *Terpsichore Musarum*, printed in 1612:



Thirty years after Thoinot Arbeau, René François praised the excellence of the beat of the French drum, the best, said he, for sounding the march and for keeping the soldier in step. He went on to say that for the alarm the "drum-colonel" beat at first some hurried taps on the drum, and, in the case of a secret move, the skin was covered so as to muffle the sound.

Mersenne, in 1636, stated that the barrel of the drum was made sometimes of brass, sometimes of wood, usually oak. He did not mention any changes in its dimensions; but the iconographic documents of the same time show us that the old manner of holding the instrument under the arm had been given up, and that henceforward the nearly vertical position, by the left leg, made easier the management of the sticks by the two hands.

Therefore, the skill of the players improved, and the learned monk was amazed at seeing the drum beaten so quickly that the mind could neither number the multitude of the strokes, nor understand their strength and the resistance of the parchment. The roll had become an element of variety in the rhythmical design, and drummers were skilful in obtaining variations of intensity by beating the drum-head either on the middle or on the sides.

Three manners of attacking the sound were practised: the beating of the "round beat," in which the sticks give a stroke one after the other, and the beating of the "broken beat," in

which each stick strikes two strokes successively; lastly, the "mingled beat," consisting of two strokes by one hand for one by the other.

As to retreat, it is beaten with the two sticks together. Mersenne excused himself for not having room enough to give the notation of the beats of drum in use for "the simple and double entrance, the march, the double march, the assembly, the *ban*, the *diane*, the *chamade* and the alarm," and the suggestion he makes to his readers to go home and study there this notation offers now-a-days little consolation for a loss so much to be regretted.

The fife, often added to the drum, was, according to Mersenne, "the special instrument" of the Swiss, who introduced it in the various nations with which they enlisted. It was the primitive model of the transverse flute, called the Swiss flute in Germany and the German flute in France. As it was always used by itself, its habitual lack of accuracy of tone did not grate upon anyone's ear, and provided that the performer knew how to come in exactly upon the *passées*, the rhythm of which was sustained by the drum, nobody asked him the reason for the succession of notes he played just as he liked. Thoinot Arbeau has given a copious specimen of these strings of notes in which we would be puzzled to discover a real melodious purport, but in which exist already the forms which Louis XIV will sanction in his ordinances.



Neither the *Orchésographie* nor even Mersenne, in 1636, knew yet the military rôle of the oboe, but the laborious Minim willingly went into detail about the trumpet, which instrument, said he, is used in peace, as well as in war, in all sorts of rejoicings and public solemnities. His taste for scientific studies induced him to examine chiefly the structure of the instrument, but happily he showed himself less parsimonious as to notations, than in the chapter relating to the drum, and he gave the set of the eleven chief calls "which are in use in the militia." He even added to this set a specimen of flourish, a "song for trumpets"

in two parts with a *bourdon*, a very short and very meagre piece, noticeable only because its subject forms the outline of a march subsequently famous as "the march of Turenne," and, later, as the motive of a Christmas carol of Provence from which Bizet drew the introduction of *l'Arlésienne*:



* *
*

The melodic elements of some of the flourishes published by Mersenne, particularly those of the *Cavalquet*, a march played "going through the towns," may still, after three centuries, be partially guessed at, under the modern forms of the signals actually in use in the French cavalry. Therefore, it is likely that the themes noted in the *Harmonie universelle* were established in their original form, in the armies of Louis XIV. It is towards the regulation of the infantry signals that the king's will seems to have been first turned. The statute concerning them is dated the 10th of July, 1670. Its aim is to prevent the confusion which would arise between the troops of an army, unless distinct drum signals gave notice whether the whole infantry or only a regiment was to march. In the first case, the sound of "call" (*assemblée*), is to be preceded by a newly decreed signal named the *Générale*; in the second case, a "salute" (*aux champs*) is to be beaten before the "call," followed itself by the "marching out of camp," and lastly, as soon as the troop moves forward, the march is to be sounded.

This drum-call, named the *Générale*, had for its author no less a person than Lully. For nine years already, in possession of the position of "superintendent and composer of the music for the king's chamber," and of the letters of naturalization which had definitively bound him to France, he had spent in the service of Louis XIV a prodigious activity, and his share in the budding repertory of military music is not to be neglected. His work in this style is probably wholly contained in the precious manuscript belonging to the library of the town of Versailles, in which André Philidor, surnamed Philidor the Elder, "a musician in ordinary to the king and guardian to his musical library," gathered in 1705 more than one hundred French and foreign drum-signals, calls and marches. Owing to this collection, the rare and brief references of historians and of official regulations

are made clear, and at the same time the artistic importance of the whole work is revealed.

The task of Lully and of less eminent musicians, whose names are given with his in Philidor's in-folio, was not confined to the drawing up of simple rhythmic formulas. Each signal has a corresponding piece of music for two or four instrumental parts, based on the rhythm of the drum, and meant to be played together with or alternating with it. Although nowhere is found the indication of the instruments which are to perform the parts, the disposition of them is such as to allow the instruments to be recognized: this arrangement, as in the pieces in dance form, making up the repertory of the musicians of the *Ecurie*, is that of the familiar types for oboes, noted according to their sonorous compass, in clefs of G first line and C first and second line and seconded by the bassoon, which is noted in the F clef fourth line.

Therefore, the introduction of the oboe in the service of the armies, was an accomplished fact, and was not limited to substitution for the fife. Thanks to the various models of oboe, real little orchestras were made up, in perfect equilibrium and of a regular composition, the office of which, always closely united to the necessities of manœuvre, was not any longer confined to the summary interpretation of the code of signals.

Such a capital innovation must have taken place under the king's eyes, in the body of troops attached to his person. The foreign traveller in 1657 whose diary was published by Faugère, did not mention the oboe in his description of the royal train. "We went," said he, "to see the king, coming back from Vincennes (to Paris) with his new hundred and twenty musketeers who are also his guard. These are certainly well selected men, who are magnificently clad, for each of them wears a blue cloak adorned with large silver crosses and golden flames ending in fleurs de lys. Over the whole cloak is much silver lace. Nobody is admitted among them who is not a nobleman and brave to the utmost. . . . They have two drummers and one fifer. Each carries a musket and fastens the tinder of it to the head-stall of the bridle between the horse's ears." These were the grey musketeers, so called from the uniform color of their horses, and beside whom, later on, we find under a similar denomination, the black musketeers or the second company.

Serving, as did the dragons some years later, on foot or on horseback, they had, for the latter case, two trumpets, and this fact dispenses us from supposing, as certain authors have done, the very singular use of a riding drummer. It would be, according

to Kastner, in the year 1663, that the fife in the musketeers' corps was replaced by the oboe, and if the date remains indeed unsettled, it is certainly a fact, that these troops were in possession of this last instrument at the time of the taking of Douai from the Imperialists, in 1667. The account of this feat given by Pellisson imputes the honour of it to the assault by the musketeers, who "ascended the trench, drums beating, together with oboes."

The adoption of these instruments had not, as has been thought, as a consequence, the total and immediate relinquishment of the fife. On the contrary, the continuation of the use of this last instrument is inferred from the text of a royal ordinance dated the 18th of January, 1683, which prescribed keeping one fife only in each regiment, for the first company, and, from three references found in Philidor's manuscript: the words "tune for fifes or oboes" written at the head of the musical piece joined to the beating of the call for the "garde française;" the rank of "fifer of the musketeers' company," given to Des Roziers, an author of another piece in four-parts; and last, the piece in *solo*, called "the ordinance for the fife," which had taken the place of the French March, and in which three little melodic formulas spring straight from those played at the time of the *Orchésographie*:



As soon as the first military bands were organized, each of the corps belonging to the king's house was endowed not only with a particular march, but also with a whole set of drum-beats and instrumental pieces making up its own repertory. With the exception of the *Générale*, which was, by its destination, common to the whole infantry (except for the king's dragoons, who had the privilege of having their own "*Générale*" composed by Philidor the Younger), the beats and symphonies of the "call," of the "laying down arms" and of the "retreat," were different in the bands of the French Guards, the Musketeers, the Dragoons and the Swiss Guards. When the "king's regiment" was established, the French March was at first used in it, then that of the Musketeers, until Lully wrote a new march for it. Either to obey the king's orders, or at the colonels' request, Lully, and, following his example, the two brothers Philidor, the Elder and the Younger, Martin Hotteterre, Louis de Mollier, Lalande, wrote marches having four or two parts for oboe and bassoon,

with or without drums, for the French and Swiss guards, the Scotch dragoons, the Monterey's dragoons, the Fusileers, the Gunners, the Naval Guards, the regiment of Boulogne under the duke d'Aumont's command, etc. Soon after, requests arrived from foreign countries. Lully, as a reward for the composition of three drum-calls and five instrumental pieces, received from Victor-Amédée, duke of Savoy, the picture of H. H. "richly set with diamonds, worth a thousand crowns," which was delivered to him by H. H.'s ambassador. Later, the prince of Orange bespoke of him a march, while the march of the Royal Scotch regiment, serving in France, crossed the Channel to become in England the special march of the 1st Regiment of foot. Soon after the accession of Philippe d'Anjou to the throne of Spain, Matho, the two Philidors, and the oboist Desjardins wrote for the new King's musketeers, on Lully's models, three series of drum-beats and pieces of music.

Some of these pieces are provided with annotations, giving information about their dates and about the personal interference of Louis XIV in the circumstances of their composition. One of these pieces for the drum was written by Lully at Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1670, on the order of the king, who wanted to change the march of the musketeers; another was composed by Philidor the Elder, "at the king's command," in 1674; another, an arrangement in trio for oboes on the tune of the *Folies d'Espagne* (one of the few pieces in this collection the purpose of which is not obviously military) has for heading "written in 1672 by Lully, Philidor the Elder having received the king's order at St. Germain-en-Laye for M. de Lully." The date 1692 is to be found on a Grenadiers march, from the same Philidor, composed during the siege of Namur, and the date 1694, on the pieces of music written by the same author for the regiment of Boulogne.

* *
*

Kastner published in the appendix of his *Manuel de Musique Militaire*, in 1848, a generous selection of pieces extracted from the manuscript of Versailles. It is from this edition that M. Kappey in England has reproduced one and M. Parès in France, two of the marching airs by Lully. By writing under the score of each piece in this collection the notation of the beat to which it belongs, one sees how close is the subordination of the musical texture to the rhythm of the drum, and, in a word, how far "the air of the oboes" is really sprung from the drum-beat. We

show this combination in the following examples, where also we believe we have made the reading easier by substituting modern clefs for the ancient ones of the original by translating into little notes the mordents which are expressed in the manuscript by crosses. Whatever the key of the piece may be, the rhythm of the drum will be conventionally figured on the note C.

We reproduce first the whole of the first and most interesting of the five versions of the "Musketeers march" which Lully composed:

The musical score is presented in two systems, each containing four staves. The first system includes staves for Hautbois, Basson, and Tambour. The second system includes staves for Tambour I and Tambour II. The music is written in a modernized notation with various clefs and note values, including mordents and crosses.

A comparison of Lully's "first tune of the French march" with the third, of which the author is Louis de Mollier, will show how the same rhythmical design was faithfully adopted by the various composers, who had to set to music a drum-call. The

French Military Music in the Reign of Louis XIV 351

one which we are now speaking of is still identical with the formula used at the time of Thoinot Arbeau (see example 1):

Lully

Hautbois

Basson

Tambour

This musical score is for a march by Lully. It consists of four staves. The top staff is for the Hautbois (oboe), the second for the Basson (bassoon), and the third for the Tambour (snare drum). The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The Hautbois and Basson parts are melodic, while the Tambour part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for Lully's march. It consists of four staves, continuing the melodic lines for the Hautbois and Basson, and the rhythmic accompaniment for the Tambour. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Mollier

Hautbois

Tambour

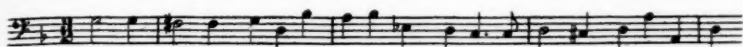
This musical score is for a march by Mollier. It consists of four staves. The top staff is for the Hautbois (oboe), and the bottom staff is for the Tambour (snare drum). The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The Hautbois part is melodic, while the Tambour part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.



Who would here not give the preference to Lully's version? A master's hand is felt in the least details, and one is not surprised to see, scattered among these small pieces of military music, many motives of clear outline and of well marked rhythm which Lully surrounds with light counterpoint, without pedantry or excess. Soon after, he will transport to the stage the form, which he has just created, and he will introduce into the warlike opera of *Thésée*, in 1675, a march planned in imitation of those given to the troops of the king of France, but more brilliantly coloured with the splendor of the trumpets and of the kettle-drums.

The *duple* time is not exclusively used in the military repertory made up by Lully and by the musicians who, in this matter, may be looked upon as his fellow-authors. When Lully set to music his "March of the king's regiment," he wrote it in 3-2 time, but, in reality, this measure was divided into two ternary groups, as are the 6-8 of the modern double quick time. In this march, as the *Orchésographie* had already pointed out the possibility, the pressure of the first foot is made on the first beat, and

of the second foot on the fourth; the simple notation of the piece shows this, ending by two dotted minims in each bar, and the formula of the bass strengthens it under the more embroidered designs of the upper parts:



The Swiss March was written in simple triple time. It was established on a beat unlike the one peculiar to the Swiss levies

Hautbois

Basson

Tambour

Hautbois

Basson

Tambour

at the time of Jannequin and of Thoinot Arbeau. Of the four tunes for this new beat included in Philidor's manuscript, one is his own composition, another one his son Pierre's, and the two chief ones, of which the first is reproduced here, Lalande's. The step doubtless comes on the first beat of each measure:

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is labeled 'Hautbois' and contains a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is labeled 'Basson' and contains a melody in bass clef, also in one sharp. The third staff is labeled 'Tambour' and contains a rhythmic pattern in bass clef, consisting of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is unlabeled but contains a similar rhythmic pattern. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of 16 measures.

A nearly constant usage, arising from the purpose of distinguishing the couplets of a piece by varying their effects, was that of separating the drums into two groups, at the beginning of the second repeat of each beat, one of these groups going on marking the established rhythm, and the other accompanying it by an unbroken roll until the final cadence. The notation of this process was shown in the 10th example. It is interesting to notice that not only has that tradition been kept up in France, but even that it can be recognized in some foreign nations. The drums and the big drum that are added to the bag-pipers of the Scotch Guard regiment, emphasize by a similar roll certain repeats of their marching tune: and, since this recollection slipped under our pen, we will say that no comparison seems better for allowing us to conceive the sonorous effects produced by the French military band under Louis XIV, and of which our present brass instruments, very probably, give but a false likeness. The improvements of the oboe, and the exclusively pastoral, poetical, or melancholy part which is ascribed to it at the present time, are such as to make us forget the rather harsh vigour by which its tone was formerly marked, and which fitted it for expressing warlike feelings, in the same way as this vigour induced the masters to use the oboes in great numbers to sustain, with the stringed instruments, the weight of the vocal ensembles in the opera and oratorio.

So, the oboes, replacing the fife almost completely and definitively, filled under Louis XIV the very part the clarion has filled since 1825 in the French infantry, and Lully's small military orchestra corresponds to what to-day our soldiers call the *clique*—the groupe of drums and clarions for transmitting the signals and for regulating the step during marching. But this orchestra, including the four types of a complete instrumental family, and the pieces forming its repertory being written in real four-part counterpoint, it becomes at the same time the artistic attire of a body of troops, and it adorns the accomplishment of military duties by the virile beauty of its martial accents.

Lully and his contemporaries (Louis XIV, without doubt, being the first) had about this kind of music a wholly objective idea. To their minds each piece and each execution must answer an exigency of the service: a marching tune is only to be sounded at the head of a marching troop. The music is an auxiliary language for the command. Then nobody foresaw the concerts that later on were to be given by performers in uniform, drawn up in a ring, in the centre of a public walk, playing for the amusement of loungers "pots-pourris" succeeding "valse lentes" and fantasies on fashionable subjects succeeding transcriptions of symphonies and of whole acts of operas.

* *
*

Nothing indicates how many musicians were included in an infantry band in the armies of Louis XIV. But, if we do not forget that a century later, at the eve of the Revolution, the regular number was eight, we may suppose very likely that such was the effective force put at Lully's disposition, and that each of the four harmonic parts added to the drum beat was divided in two.

One is, at first sight, a little disconcerted at reading the royal ordinances dated the 10th of March, 1672, and the 18th of January, 1683, which seem to be contradictory to all the measures taken exactly at the same time, and to pronounce simultaneously the suppression of the oboes, at the very time when the king's favourite musicians were striving hard to create for these instruments a military repertory. But in studying these texts more closely, we understand that they are evidently written only with an intent to hold in check the excess of an emulation which had spread to the captains of companies, and which led to the multiplication of many rival groups of instruments in a

regiment, in a manner as useless for the service as it was burdensome for the captains. For, in fact, the public treasury took upon itself the expenses of one drum only in each company of foot, or of one trumpet in each company of cavalry, and the other performers were to be hired and paid at the colonels' and officers' cost. We will not linger to observe that this system of recruiting and of maintaining military orchestras was practised during this and the following centuries in all the armies of Europe. But we must conclude by casting a glance on the state of music in the mounted troops, which we have till now left out of our statement.

The trumpet remained rightly the special instrument of the cavalry. The comparison of the signals set to music by Mersenne, with those contained in Philidor's manuscript, shows that the skill of the performers had improved in lightness and swiftness of the "coup de langue." Five couplets were sometimes written for the flourish of the march, and more for the trumpet's "sound to boot and saddle."

All was played in unison, and it has not come to our knowledge that the flourish having two or three trumpet parts had been heard anywhere else but in the tilting-matches, where they were performed by the musicians of the "Grande Ecurie." The collection of in-folio engraved plates, thanks to which the memory of the ring-tiltings in 1662 has been kept, does not fail to picture with great details the groups of trumpets and kettle-drums accompanying each quadrille. Louis XIV, wearing a magnificent dress, was caracoling among the Roman party, who were adorned with no fewer feathers than the parties of the Turks and of the "Amériquains." When the tilts began, the musicians drew up in a line in the tilt-yard and, undoubtedly, made the greatest noise they could. For the tilting-match of 1686, tunes in two or three parts for trumpets, prelude, gavotte, minuet and jig were composed by Lully. Admitted by Philidor in his manuscript, they were added by M. Rhodes to his printed essay on the king's trumpets.

One of the beats for kettle-drums likewise contained in the manuscript of Versailles, is a march written for the King's Guard, of which the author was Claude Babelon, the holder of the position of "kettle-drummer for diversions." The form of this piece, as of the others, was inspired by the service of the prince. The decorative effect of the kettle-drums, as much as their martial sound, caused their introduction in corps vying with each other in luxury as well as in valour. It is said that for a long time the favour of having a pair of kettle-drums preceding the trumpets

was granted only to the regiments who had won it in fighting against the enemy. Thus, being trophies of war, the kettle-drums could be given but to "gallant-minded men" who would prefer "to perish in the fight, rather than to surrender their instruments." But, at the same time, the kettle-drummer ought to have "a fine motion of the arms, a good ear" and to know how to please his chiefs by playing pleasant tunes during times of rejoicing.

Mallet, who thus described in 1691, in *Les Travaux de Mars*, the accomplishments of a good kettle-drummer, was portraying, in a few words and unwittingly, the very spirit of military music, in which must be found, in equal shares, heroism and beauty.

(Translated by Mariola Chardon.)

SOME MEMORIES OF ETHELBERT NEVIN

By FRANCIS ROGERS

ETHELBERT NEVIN possessed a lyric gift of exceptional spontaneity and charm, by virtue of which his name as a composer is likely to achieve an honorable longevity. His music was the faithful expression of his inner nature. In this brief paper I shall not speak critically of his compositions or recount the story of his life, but shall, rather, try to offer a glimpse of that inner nature as I learned to know it in the course of a happy friendship with him.

I met him first at an evening party in Boston, where he was then living. I had never seen him, altho his songs had already won some celebrity, and I did not know he was in the room till I, with boyish rashness, had sung some songs which to a critical ear must have seemed well beyond my powers. I was still standing by the piano when Nevin came up to me and said some gracious words about my singing—what they were I have quite forgotten, altho I recall clearly his gentleness of bearing and speech and a certain air of melancholy.

Our next meeting took place a year or two later in Florence, where he was passing the winter with his family and I was studying with Vannuccini. We saw each other but seldom, for I was grinding hard in an Italian *milieu*, while he was the center of a group of stirring Americans. The old Tuscan city, with its rich records of a glorious artistic past, its bright sun and its warm-hearted, lovable inhabitants, was well suited to Nevin's temperament and he seemed very happy in its congenial atmosphere. In his garden dwelt a nightingale, whose full-throated serenades were a constant delight and inspiration to him, and to all such genial influences as these his sensitive, beauty-loving nature was fully responsive. The east wind of Boston had not been altogether favorable to the development of the best in him; the soft air of Tuscany brought to flower some of the loveliest of his inspirations.

But even in Florence he did not escape all the cool breezes of the Hub. One afternoon a roomful of us Americans had been listening to the exquisite playing of Buonamici, at that time the best of Italian pianists. I still recall the quizzical look that passed over Nevin's face when a spinster from Boston, to whom he had just been presented, asked him politely: "And are you fond of music, Mr. Nevin?"

The following winter found us both in Paris: I continuing my studies, Nevin settled in an apartment in Rue Galilée. Before long we were seeing each other constantly and intimately. He was the soul of hospitality and his little home became the much frequented *rendez-vous* of all the musical and music-loving Americans in the city. His celebrity as a composer was growing fast and everybody was eager to make his acquaintance. He was always easy of access, especially to young musicians. He was enthusiastic over the talented ones, and patient with the talentless; with the pretentious alone was he intolerant. With some, in whom he discovered unusual merit, he assumed the relation of critic and teacher, but I do not think he ever undertook to give them regular lessons—his nervous, highly-strung temperament was ill-suited to the wearing routine of teaching.

Despite all the petting and praise showered upon him, Nevin was always the simplest and least pretentious of men. The most real thing in life to him was his affections and emotions in their relation to those he loved and to his music. He had had excellent technical training, both as pianist and as composer, but his interest in matters of technique was always secondary to his concern for the true expression of the emotional content of a composition. It would have been easy to pick technical flaws in his singing and playing, but these were quite overlooked in the extraordinary pleasure he gave by means of the sincerity and musical insight of his interpretations.

His singing voice was naturally poor and he never, so far as I know, strove to improve its quality, but, nevertheless, his rendering of songs that appealed to him—indeed, he would sing no others!—was an unforgettable delight. Equally effective was his playing of the piano. His touch was extraordinarily lovely, and, apropos of this, I recall a story he once told me about his first public concert in Boston. Then, as now, pianos were furnished free of charge to artists of recognized standing, provided the name of the maker of the instrument appeared on the program. As Nevin was unknown, he was compelled to agree to pay cartage. A day or two after the concert, he went to the piano ware-rooms to settle his account, but was told by the smiling dealer that there was nothing to pay, because since the concert two grand pianos had been sold to purchasers who insisted on having instruments that were "exactly the same in tone as the one played on by Mr. Nevin."

Altho in his earlier days he had had a considerable piano repertory, when I knew him people were so constantly asking

him to play, as well as to sing, his own compositions that he performed but little else. I can see him now as he used to sit at the piano, body and head thrown back, a lock of his rather long hair falling across his heated forehead, everything forgotten in his eagerness to interpret truly the meaning of the composition.

He was of medium height and very slender. Without being emaciated, his frame appeared to carry neither flesh nor muscle. He had no liking for sports of any kind and seldom walked if a cab was available. Indeed, in his distaste for physical exercise, he was somewhat Oriental. Oriental, too, was his habit of squatting on one heel while he read and smoked contentedly. It would have been well for him if he had had a liking for exercise, which fatigues the body healthily while it refreshes the mind and the nerves, for the intensity of his emotional life made large drafts on his vitality. His senses were abnormally keen, especially his sense of smell and his hearing. He could recognize his friends, he told me, not only by their footfall but also by their odor.

Nevin's relations with his family and friends were profoundly sweet and loyal, and with all the many people he met he was invariably considerate and courteous. He had brought with him from Florence, in addition to an Italian valet, a Pomeranian puppy, of which he was devotedly fond—"Bob" or "Robert, toi que j'aime," as he used to call him. Unhappily, poor Bob's Tuscan constitution was unequal to sustaining the rigors of a Parisian winter. Nevin mourned his loss deeply and for weeks Bob's collar lay before him on his desk, an intimate souvenir of a departed friend.

Not for a moment would I have it thought that Nevin's emotional intensity made him neglectful of the rules and regulations of his art—he honored and loved it too much for that. His compositions, which sound so spontaneous and unstudied, were the result of an infinite amount of pains and self-criticism. Publishers might clamor and importune him for manuscript while a song or piano piece lay on his desk all but completed, but he never would part with a composition till he felt it was as nearly perfect as he could make it.

He never could bring himself to write to order. Unless he had something to say musically, he said nothing, and it is for this reason that almost all he wrote bears the touch of his characteristic freshness and charm. He was most scornful of a well-known American composer, who withdrew to the suburbs of Paris, in order to set twenty-two poems to music within the space of a fortnight.

Nevin was a delightful host. Wherever there was a piano he was an incomparable master of the revels and in his own house he was indefatigable in his devotion to the entertainment of his guests. He was equally admirable as a companion on informal excursions or in *tête-à-tête* conversation. I passed many happy hours with him in and about Paris. There were some joyous (though rainy) days together at Fontainebleau, and an excursion with two other American musicians to the home of Mlle. Chaminade, where everybody made music and paid each other compliments, finally toasting our gracious hostess in glasses of her own sweet champagne. What fun it would be to live those days over again!

Nevin returned to America in the summer or fall of 1897 and established himself in New York in an apartment on West 57th Street. I came home towards the end of the year. On my arrival, altho his apartment was none too large for his own household, he insisted, with characteristic hospitality, on my being his guest till I could find permanent quarters of my own. He was planning several concerts of his own music in some of the large cities and engaged me to sing in them. The first of these concerts took place in Pittsburgh, which was really his home city, for he had passed his boyhood in Sewickley, a suburb, where his parents and many relatives still resided. The return of "Bert" Nevin was a momentous event for the whole region, for he and his people were respected and liked by everybody. Carnegie Hall, on the night of the concert, was full to overflowing with his numerous family connections, his old friends and a new public, which as yet knew him by reputation only. Of the details of this concert I remember little; I recall only that every number on the long program was applauded rapturously, that there was a vast quantity of flowers passed over the footlights, and that no returning artist could have possibly received a heartier welcome home after a long absence.

Our second concert was to take place in New York. A few days before the concert I was dining with the Nevins in New York. Mrs. Nevin's sister, Mrs. Frank Skelding of Pittsburgh, and her husband were of the party. After dinner Nevin sat down at the piano, as was his custom, and began to play. After a little he handed me a slip of music-paper with the voice part and the words of a song scribbled on it in pencil, saying as he did so, "Here is a song I want you to sing at our concert next week." I deciphered my part as best I could, while Nevin played the accompaniment from memory. Except for the pencil

manuscript then in my hand, I doubt whether any part of the song had been committed to writing. The song was "The Rosary."

Our little audience approved of our efforts, but Mr. Skelding professed to doubt our ability to get the song ready for public performance in so short a time, and after some good-humored discussion offered to bet Nevin a champagne supper for all present that the song would not be sung at the New York concert. Nevin accepted the wager and won it, for the following week, February 15, 1898, in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, we gave "The Rosary" its first public performance. It made, as one paper put it, "the hit of the afternoon."

The text of "The Rosary" had been sent by some correspondent to Nevin who recognized at once its fine lyric quality and, with my voice in mind, set it to music. He knew nothing at the time about the author, Robert Cameron Rogers, nor did Mr. Rogers know anything about him. The life of the song has been one of great and undiminishing prosperity. Soon after its publication, I sang it in England to appreciative ears, and I am told that it has retained its popularity there just as it has here. No sentimental song written by an American since the immortal melodies of Foster (who, by the way, was an intimate friend of Nevin's father) has enjoyed such lasting popularity as this, the masterpiece of Nevin.

A roseate glow suffuses my memory of the evening in Pittsburgh, but my recollection of our New York concert is somewhat charged with gloom. Nevin's music was well and favorably known in New York, but he himself was almost a stranger and without the personal following on which he could safely count for support in Pittsburgh and Boston. Madison Square Garden Concert Hall was much too large for his public and not suited acoustically to the intimate character of the program. Everything went askew from the very first. Besides Nevin, who presided at the piano, and me, there were another singer, a violinist and a 'cellist. We were told to report at the hall not later than three o'clock. I arrived punctually and found in the dressing-room two of the company, but not Nevin and the other singer. Without Nevin the concert, of course, could not begin, but the passing minutes did not bring him, or news of him. Half an hour passed, three quarters, but still no Nevin. The audience was very weary and impatient. Finally, about four o'clock, somebody burst into the room, gasping: "Where have you been all this time? Mr. Nevin is nearly distracted." Of all absurd situations: there were *two* dressing-rooms, one on each side of

the stage. While Nevin was pacing the floor of one in an agony of impatience, the major part of his troupe were chafing over his absence not fifty feet away.

After such an inauspicious prelude, it was quite beyond our powers to awaken in our hearers anything like the enthusiasm we had hoped for—we, as well as they, were quite out of the right mood. After some minor mishaps on the stage, I, to cap the climax, became hopelessly confused in the words of one of my songs. I managed to keep going, but Nevin, fearing a complete break-down on my part, in his agitation managed to knock his music from the rack to the floor. I still have a picture in the corner of my eye of poor Nevin fumbling with one hand on the floor for the fallen sheet, while with the other he was attempting manfully to play the accompaniment. Under the best of conditions the program would have been long; "under the bludgeonings of chance" it was interminable. Long before the final numbers, the audience began to melt away and we were left to bring the program to a close towards six o'clock in an almost empty hall.

The last concert of the series we gave in Steinert Hall, Boston, repeating the program we had just performed in New York. There were no memorable mishaps on this occasion and Nevin's many friends once again bore willing testimony to their affection for him personally and to their admiration for his musical gifts. As a matter of course he had to play for them his delightful "Narcissus" and "The Rosary" appealed to their sensibilities just as it had to those of the New York public.

Shortly after the Boston concert, I sailed for Europe and did not see Nevin for many months. When we met again, his failing health had already begun to curtail his musical activities and, as time went on, he withdrew more and more from public view. In March, 1900, I took part for the last time in a concert of his compositions, given in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, New York, at which his "Captive Memories" had its first public performance. After his removal to New Haven, which did not long precede his death, we met only occasionally and then quite by chance when he came to New York for the day.

The death of Nevin removed from musical life in our country a unique and delightful figure, for he possessed, in addition to remarkable musical gifts, personal qualities that endeared him to all those with whom he was thrown with any degree of intimacy—a loving and lovable personality, with a streak of genius running through it.

“FOLLOWING MUSIC” IN A MOUNTAIN LAND

By JOSEPHINE MCGILL

THE history of æsthetic interests in the United States offers few phenomena more surprising than this: that a region somewhat unprepossessingly known to the outside world should be one of the few sections of our land where there is the traditional cult of an art and where, moreover, local fancy has invented a special term for the practice of this art.

The fastnesses of the Kentucky mountains, too exclusively identified with feuds and illicit stills, may boast this particular æsthetic activity known in the vernacular as “followin’ music.” The quaint phrase is a general formula. The music to which it refers may be thus classified: traditional English and Scotch ballads; songs of later origin bordering on folk-ballads; local improvisations, notably feud songs; finally, religious and play songs.

Of these groups distinctly the most important is the first—that of the old English and Scotch ballads brought to this country by the forbears of to-day’s mountaineers. The literary values of these “song-ballets” have been much discussed; but little attention has been paid to the musical settings—the wings of song upon which the poetry of the ballads was borne across the ocean and has been sustained down the centuries. Yet, as Professor Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia has recently said: “It was as song that the ballad was born, and as song that it survives.” Primarily as song are the ballads extant among those whom Dr. Frost of Berea College aptly names “our contemporary ancestors”—those Kentucky highlanders whose diction and customs are often Elizabethan.

The particular section of the State which has preserved its melodious treasures is the Eastern mountainous section, fourteen thousand square miles in extent. The region is variously rich. It contains some of the largest coal fields and the noblest timber land in the world. The diction and customs—so little altered since the adventurous pioneers first entered these parts—offer

valuable data to philologist and historian. Other travellers find the chief charm of the place to be its beauty—though the difficult roads often justify an old mountaineer's obloquy: "an everlastingly ill-situated country." Immemorably this picturesque wild land has been a good hunting-ground,—of yore for Indians and early colonists and still for city Nimrods. But good hunting and other enticements seem prosaic compared with the quest of the "song-ballets".

If this particular chase be not a sanguinary one, it is nevertheless a spirited adventure demanding patience and a dauntless will. Tedious journeys must be made on horseback or muleback, up creek-beds always stony, sometimes extremely narrow, yet often the only paths through the highland wildernesses. Nor when the balladist has arrived in the neighborhood of some singer is the devoir as near accomplishment as might seem. On the contrary, suspense and uncertainty continue to rule the situation. As in more sophisticated artistic spheres, elements of temperament and character must continually be reckoned with; above all, that dominant trait of the mountaineers—pride. If they suspect the stranger of a patronizing, critical or otherwise superior attitude, likely as not they will decline to share their melodious stores. Mood, languor from overwork, or failure of "re-collection" may make the singer mute. Moreover, there are two other forces excellent in themselves which often thwart the ballad-hunter. If a wave of Temperance or Religion has recently swept by, there is a tendency to renounce singing and such like diversions.

But for all these baffling obstacles, the quest of the song-ballet vigorously allures. Though roads be difficult and balladists recalcitrant and elusive, it is sufficiently rewarding to pursue the quest, to wander up wooded slopes where no sound save bird-song, breeze or waterfall disturbs the stillness—till suddenly from across the valley or down the mountainside floats some such ancient strain as *Lord Randal*, *The Turkish Lady*, or *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. As one halts one's horse to listen, that sense of the spirit of place—perhaps more poignant in a steep-walled mountain land than elsewhere—is for the nonce in abeyance and the hearer is transported from the almost virgin upland wildwood to English manor or Scottish castle where originally these strains rang forth.

The first adventure of the present collector consisted of two days and a half on horseback, broken by nights beneath humble but friendly roofs, on the way to the home of a young mountaineer with a renowned repertoire. Between noble forest trees the paths

wound upward, finally widening into a clearing where Beauty fairly smote the vision—the loveliness of valley landscapes and, far as sight could sweep, “Alps on Alps.” The road to this glorious view was made by a young mountaineer who has had good educational advantages and a chance to cast his lot among progressive city dwellers. But because of his fine passion for his native highlands he has preferred to pitch tent upon this majestic summit whence every morning across the valley he may greet the sunrise. Equally punctual is his observance of an evening ceremonial—a reading from the Bible to his small household or whatever guest may be sharing his hospitality. The poetry and dignity of his matutinal and vesper customs, the general tone of his simple but well-kept home, were an initiation into the qualities and possibilities of the mountaineers. It was an initiation which forthwith discredited the unsympathetic interpretations—so justly resented by native pride and self-respect—made by alien spirits who have seen in these parts chiefly intractable crudeness.

Among the treasures which the young host of the mountain-top shares with the ballad-hunter were two possessing the double interest of genuine antiquity and contemporary popularity. These—*The Turkish Lady* and what Samuel Pepys called “the little old Scotch song, *Barbara Allen*”—were often heard in different versions, but never more effectively than on this first occasion as sung to an accompaniment on the dulcimer. This instrument, in the vernacular “dulcimore,” is nearly a yard in length and resembles an elongated violin. It has three strings, the first and second being tuned to the same pitch, the third a fifth below; the range is two octaves and a quarter. Two prime effects are obtainable from the instrument; one similar to that of the ancient drone; the other, like the twanging of a banjo or guitar.

To the collector with a vestige of feeling for the historic, few experiences could have been more stirring than to have heard on this isolated peak a song so venerable as *The Turkish Lady*. According to some authorities the hero of the ballad is Sir Gilbert à-Becket, father of St. Thomas. This idea was rejected by Professor Child. But be the hero Sir Gilbert or another, a romantic enough discovery in the remote Kentucky altitudes of to-day is this song-ballet of a Knight:

In England bornéd,
And he was of some high degree;
He became uneasily discontented,
Some foreign land, some land to see.

He sailéd East, he sailéd West,
He sailéd unto the Turkish shore,
Till he was caught and put in prison
Never to be released any more.

The Turk, he had but one lone daughter,
And she was of some high degree;
She stole the keys of her father's dwelling
And vowed Lord Bateman she'd set free.

Naturally such a rescue demands the usual matrimonial pledge, after which the Knight returns to his own land and, alas, another lady. But "when seven long years have rolled around" the Turkish Lady's patience ends and she goes to seek the faithless one—

She rode till she came to the gate, she tingled;
It rang so loud but she wouldn't come in;
"O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
And is his Lordship now within?

Go remember him of a piece of bread,
Go remember him of a glass of wine,
Go remember him of the Turkish Lady
That freed him from the cold iron band."

When the message is delivered, the hero

Stamped his foot upon the floor,
And burst his table in pieces three;
"I'll venture all my land and dwelling
The Turkish Lady has crossed the sea."

Then, though the ceremonies are fairly well advanced, a change of brides is made—an arrangement satisfactory at least to the Turkish Lady and the groom, for all the latter's seeming infidelity.

The tune of the ballad is very simple, scarcely departing from the tonic harmony; it suggests the drone of the ancient music. The dulcimore afforded an appropriate accompaniment, as it did also for the particular version of Barbara Allen heard from the same balladist. Some versions run:

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling.

But my host's rendering not unfittingly transposed the episode to the melancholy days—

Late in the season of the year
When the yellow leaves were falling,
Young James Graham of the west countrie
Fell in love with Barbra Allan.

With considerable charm the children of the Hindman Settlement School, Knott County, Kentucky, sing the version, "All in the merry month of May," as well as that beginning: "Late in the season of the year." The latter, in minor key, lends itself to the plaintive effects achievable upon the "dulcimore." As may be fancied the chief variety to be obtained therefrom is that of rhythm. This is true also of a more primitive indigenous, and highly popular, instrument—a hickory limb strung with a single wire. The one which the collector saw was four feet long, but greater length is desirable. The performer rests one end of the instrument upon the floor, pressing his lips to the other end, thus supposedly improving the tone. There is art in the playing of even so primitive an instrument.

The hickory limb and dulcimore share popularity with the banjo, violin and reed organ—sometimes known as the "little cupboard organ." The violin—locally "the fiddle"—is often played with a bow strung with horse-hair. Such an instrument was employed in a fiddling contest, a notable incident in the expedition of "following music." One competitor was a woman, "vast old" in the words of another dame equally "bowed and satiate with the monotony of years" as Mr. Arnold Bennett might say. However with much esprit the aged competitor participated in the contest, dancing as well as fiddling. Nevertheless she did not win the prize, the verdict having been partly the result of anti-feminist prejudice, for to some spectators her dancing gave no little scandal—a fact which she herself seemed to relish. What thoughts were in her mind as she sawed away upon her humble instrument, it were difficult to state; but surely they were far removed from attention to mere technique. This meantime was achieved somehow while she turned her head sideways and dreamed as she danced and played. Her averted face symbolized the history of the mountain people. In her expression there was a detachment from the rush of affairs, a resignation to the inevitable; yet withal in the clear profile an evidence of vitality, of race, giving one hope for her people's future.

The advance of progress into these "high hills and valleys so deep" became apparent during another adventure of this lyrical quest. The scene was a cabin with its own arresting distinctiveness. According to the wish of its chatelaine it had been painted

"blue and white like yon sky." The original and cheerful taste which dictated this color scheme was further revealed in the occupant's raiment. This represented a radical departure from the custom of the country which of yore prescribed black dress and sunbonnet for matrons. No such trappings and suits of woe for the dweller in the cerulean-tinted cabin. Despite stern local criticism she persisted in wearing garments somewhat expressed in fancy. This spirit of innovation doubtless resulted from the fact that her home was less secluded than many of the mountain lodges whose isolation often fosters quietness of mood and taste. The cabin—"blue and white like yon sky," was a way-station where pilgrims replenished their stores of fodder and other necessities. The constant coming to and fro was enlivening and remunerative to the lady of the house but less propitious for the ballad-seeker, as it had tended to efface the memory of songs once known; hence after hearing a little "pickin" on the banjo, the collector passed on to another goal where richer melodious booty was promised.

This new destination was a lonely spot at the head of a narrow creek in a world of green and silver, repeated upon bole and leaf of beeches and the stream silvering over the woodland reflected in its ever-shimmering surface. For all the surrounding beauty, the place seemed apparently "at the end of everything". It seemed strange that here men might live from generation to generation and, as the case proved, in cheer. As we arrived, the rain had begun to fall softly, but not wishing to force hospitality we remained upon our horses till the balladist of the family, the mother, came out to us. On learning our errand, she began to sing almost immediately. In the softly falling rain she leaned upon the fence and intoned in a high nasal voice *The Sorrowful Fate of Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. The performance had a charm which induced forgetfulness of the shower and fatigue of the journey. While the mother sang, her beautiful dark-eyed daughter came and stood in the doorway; she might have been a highland sister to Jeanne d'Arc or some other peasant girl of history who, "born better than her place, still lent grace to the lowliness she knew." About the mother who also exemplified one of the finer mountain types there was a delicacy, a touch of romance which linked her with the subjects of the old songs she sang.

One of the fairest of ladies that ever died for love is the heroine of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. This song possesses a quality which defies time, the perversion of the text and the personality of the singer. It is in major key but the mountain woman's

plaintive rendition of it set minor cadences ringing in the heart. This was especially the case as we listened while the gentle obligato of the rain intensified the pathos of words and melody:

Lyddy Marget died like it might have been to-day;
Sweet William died to-morrow;
Lyddy Marget died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

Lyddy Marget was buried in the lower church-yard,
Sweet William was buried in the higher;
And out of her grave there sprang a red rose,
And out of his grave a briar.

The singer of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* initiated the collector into the charms of another song locally popular and likewise one of the most esteemed in the formal compilations of English and Scotch ballads where it appears as *The Demon Lover* and *The Old Salt Sea*. Prosaically known in the mountains as *The House Carpenter* or *The Ship Carpenter*, this ballad relates a wife's desertion of home and husband when, in the disguise of a former suitor, the demon lover wickedly beguiles her:

Well met, well met, my own true love;
Well met, well met, says he;
I've just returned from the old salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee.

I could have married a king's daughter dear,
And she fain would have married me;
But a crown of gold I did refuse,
It was all fir the love of thee.

Whereupon the lady retorts that he might as well have availed himself of that matrimonial opportunity as she is now wedded to a House Carpenter—whom, however the Iniquitous One persuades her to leave. It is said that the American versions of the ballad tend to eliminate or minimize the supernatural elements. In the present ballad this is true on the whole; but with what effect of sinister fancy the supernatural appears in the final stanza of this song:

What hills, what hills are those, my love,
That look so white like snow?
They are the hills of heaven, my love,
Where we will never go.

What hills, what hills, are yon, my love,
That look so black and low?
They are the hills of hell, my love,
Where you and I must go.

This ballad offers a good example of what happens to the ballads in general in a region so far from the scene of their original composition. This House Carpenter for instance borrows lines now and then from *The Lass of Loch Royal* or *Fair Annie of Loch Royal*:

O who will shoe your feet, my love,
And who will glove your hand,
And who will kiss your red rosy lips
When I'm in a far distant land.

The surprise and delight of the collector may be fancied on hearing in still another version of the House Carpenter entitled *Old True Love*, these lines:

Her cheeks were like some blooming red rose
All in the month of June;
Her voice is like some sweet instrument
That's just been put in tune.

So fare you well, my own true love,
So fare you well a while;
I'm going away but to come back again
Though it were ten thousand mile.

These stanzas, however, have a tune of their own—quaint, plaintive, charming, with abrupt harmonic changes, fascinating but difficult to notate. *The House Carpenter* is sung to two tunes, both minor and interesting. They end differently—one by this descent: 3-2-1; the other, by 4-7-1; both intervals are common.

The balladist who sang *The House Carpenter* had a large repertoire, at one time even greater. Because of it the young people used to flock to her cabin from miles away—a commentary upon the rich social values the ballads have had for the lonely highlanders, to say nothing of their power of stirring half-starved imaginations. Such an influence has been exerted, for instance, by such a ballad as *Six King's Daughters*—a story similar to that of Bluebeard. The tune is a simple, lively melody with a frank rhythm of four beats, less dramatic than the narrative.

From the quiet scene where these songs of old sorrows and dire dooms were heard, a wide circuit was made to a small settlement of farm lands. Here the ballad-hunter was expected; but such is the reserve of these sequestered spirits, they at first gave no signs of anticipation. When, however, the collector was seen to be free from unkindness and mere idle curiosity, the friendliest reception was accorded.

In this special neighborhood dwelt a clan having distinct holdings in the realm of song. This family was composed of a grandmother, an unmarried daughter and a married daughter and her children. Among the most gratifying pleasures of the whole quest was the grandmother's recitation of *Darby and Joan*. This ancient dame, who well deserved the appellation "vast old," chanted with a rhythmical lilt in her voice and visions in her eyes; the performance might justly have provoked the envy of more sophisticated entertainers. Another and younger member of the family boasted that at one time she had known three hundred songs. Many of these were forgotten, but she finally droned several. As she did so, she might have been a mountain Lorelei; for unexpectedly she let down her long silky black hair, absently-mindedly combed it, singing "ein Lied dabei."

How intense this clan's love of music was may be deduced from this incident: A long journey was once undertaken by several members of the family. To break the tedium of the trip the party stopped over night at a friend's house. But neither the pilgrims nor the host and hostess retired; the whole company sat up all night singing, dancing, "running sets"—a diversion akin to the Virginia Reel.

After this family had shared ballads with me a neighbor was invited to come and sing to me. An engagement was made but not kept—the neighbor was detained by a pastoral tragedy of his own, his lambs having been eaten by marauding dogs. Finally, however, he appeared and in an impressive manner—a stalwart old man, lustily singing as he approached, his eyes twinkling, his personality radiant with vitality. His repertoire consisted of hymn-tunes—for later mention.

As the collector walked along one day in this melodious neighborhood, a voice called out asking if I were the "strange woman huntin' song-ballets." On admitting the charge the collector was invited to linger and listen—the interlocutor being a veritable mountain Madonna with a child constantly in her arms—a frail, half-blind babe. One of her first offerings was *Barbara Allen*, of which six versions of four variants were heard during the quest. The tune this woman sang was perhaps less ancient than the others but it had much charm, being in regular 4-4 time, cheerful in mood for all its "pitiful" final episode. To a tune almost identical with one setting of *Barbara Allen*, the mountain Madonna sang *Old King Cole*. Another of her lively ditties began:

Old Sister Phoebe was happy as could be
The night she sat under the June-apple tree.

More authoritatively "June-apple" is juniper—so much for oral transmission. Less blithe than this song but more impressive was *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender*. This is a supreme example of the tragic ballad, the three principal characters in it all being slain before the story is told. The music is as sinister as the words. The verisimilitude of such narratives goes straight home to the mountaineers' bosoms, familiar as they are with melodramatic episodes. Yet, apropos of Lord Thomas's murderous temper, one old man asked me if I could "understand how a man could become to be enthralled like that."

During the collector's first week in the mountains she was told of a man who could sing all night without repeating himself. As became so gifted a personage, for some time he was so elusive as to arouse suspicions of being merely mythical. But, with his supreme reputation, he seemed worth waiting for. Worth waiting upon, suggested one of his friends who advised a morning's pilgrimage to his house for the sake of persuading him to come sing to us. When we discovered him in his little woodland retreat at the head of a creek, we were tempted to suspect that shy reserve rather than august aloofness had been depriving us of his presence. The actual fact was that his cow had run off the day before and he had been busy seeking it. He was a quiet little man who had been something of a traveller and had at one time taught school; these experiences had given him a touch of dignity and amenity. With polite compliance he consented to return with us; so we set forth down the green slopes, my companion and I on horseback, the troubadour on foot—drifting into the woods now and then to take short cuts and thereby causing us no little anxiety lest he and his marvellous repertoire might utterly vanish. Finally he borrowed a mule and thereafter closely followed, enabling the ballad-seeker to pursue the journey with a serener mind.

When once heard, this gentle bard proved well worth anticipation and resolute capture. In the entire quest no experience gave keener delight than his singing of *The Golden Willow Tree* and *The Cherry Tree Carol*, to name his choicest numbers. One version of *The Golden Willow Tree* has as its hero Sir Walter Raleigh "sailing in the lowlands low" where his ship, "The Sweet Trinity," is seized by "a false gallaly." In the mountain version the sole hero is "the little bold cabin boy." To hear the troubadour with unique rhythmic effects recount the story, to note the enjoyment of the listeners, to relish one's own delight, is to be freshly aware of the charm of an imaginative musical and literary composition and an artistic rendition of the same. One of the

characteristic practices of the mountain singers is to ornament the tunes according to their own fancy—words, syllables, as well as notes being liberally added. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford notes this tendency among Hungarian and Irish musicians, a tendency encountered also among more primitive peoples. The effects thus produced, so different from those conventionally heard, stimulate speculation upon the mysterious sources of mood and emotion, personal or atavistic, which inspire such rhythmic elaboration. Genuine if singular pleasure was it to note the original melodic phrasing of these lines:

I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low!";
I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
And she went by the name of The Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

Beguiling as was the rendition of this ballad, even more gratifying was the singer's presentation of that exquisite example of quaintness, naïveté, literary charm and enchanting melody—*The Cherry Tree Carol*. The finding of this ancient song so far in time and space from its original source is at once a testimony to the age-proof quality of its literary and musical elements and to the tenacity with which the Kentucky highlanders have preserved such treasures of poetry and song. The story is based upon Joseph's momentary mistrust of Mary when she asks him to gather her cherries from a wayside tree and for the first time gives him a hint of her Precious Burden:

Then Joseph flew in anger,
in anger flew he;
Let the Father of the Baby
gather cherries for thee;

Then the unborn Infant speaks:

Let my Mother have some cherries,
bow low down, cherry-tree;

The cherry-tree bowed low down,
bowed low down to the ground;
And Mary gathered cherries
while Joseph stood around.

Joseph being duly humbled by the happy miracle then asks: "O tell me little Baby, when your birthday will be?" The answer

has a special local interest from the fact that in many parts of the region the Nativity is celebrated on Old Christmas—

On the sixth day of January
my birth day will be;
When the stars in the elements
shall tremble with glee.

Especially musical was the family who effected my introduction to the singer of *The Cherry Tree Carol*. One relative was the subject of the unique boast that he could dance all night on a dinner-plate; there are of course dinner plates and dinner plates. Another member of the family sang *The Greenwood Side*—a variant of *The Cruel Mother*, in the Child Collection. To discover such a fine old ballad in such completeness was among the rewards of this often baffling quest. Mr. Child thus recorded this ancient song:

There lived a lady in London,
Alone, and alonie;
She's gone off to the good greenwood
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

The mountain version runs:

There was a lady in yonders town
Alone, alonie O;
She's taken her a walk one day
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

The music for this story of a cruel parent, no less indeed than a matricide, is appropriately melancholy though beautiful. It is one of the typically "hurtin" or what Autolycus called "the very pitiful" ballads so dear to the mountain folk, their gloomy preferences as well as their diction often linking them with their Elizabethan ancestors.

While the collector lingered in the musical neighborhood where *The Greenwood Side* was heard, one morning there walked in from several miles away a feeble dame. A first glance roused sympathy for her decrepitude—entirely unnecessary sympathy. In truth her élan vital was her chief characteristic. There was every evidence that curiosity about the stranger—the collector—had prompted the visit. But besides curiosity, high sociability may be mentioned as another inspiration of the early morning call. Desire for companionship is a prevailing trait among these people who suffer from so much enforced isolation. In this particular dame's case sociability was freely indulged in; she

spent her time visiting her children and her friends. An indefatigable pilgrim, week by week she might be seen trudging upland and valley, or perched aloft on the mail-hack or behind some one on a mule, thus shortening the way over rough roads.

The day she arrived the visit was unmistakably an "occasion," for which she had obviously dressed. Around the neck of her gingham frock a bright handkerchief lent a note of color—as did a string of blue beads. Her endearing gentleness and sweetness immediately worked the spell of pleasing personality. Besides her sociability and her curiosity, one more urge was responsible for her presence—a certain pardonable vainglory not uncommon in the artistic temperament. It soon transpired that she had a répertoire and was eager to share it. The most entertaining part of the performance was the singer's surprising memory and vitality. To special advantage these were displayed in her presentation of *Little Musgrave or Lord Daniel's Wife*. In the mountains this famous old song sometimes becomes *Lord Vanner's Wife*—by whatever name a ballad of singular charm, as the second stanza indicates:

One holiday, one holiday,
The very first month in the year,
They all went down to the old church house,
The gospel for to hear.

The first came down all dressed in red,
The next came down in green,
The next came down Lord Daniel's wife
As fine as any queen.

But for all this felicitous beginning the story is one of domestic infelicity and tragedy. The minor melody is distinctly Scottish. The twenty-eight stanzas, elsewhere forty-eight, are typical survivals of the erosion of age and changing circumstance.

From another ancient dame whose years might have been supposed to have dried the springs of song and fancy were heard two of the most interesting of all the ballads—*Lord Randal* and *The Gypsie Laddie*. Listening to these, sung to tunes of much charm, the ballad-hunter knew the rapture of the gold-washer when the ore begins to gleam. Again there was the satisfaction of noting afresh the perduring qualities of genuine poetry and music. A while before going on the trail of these mountain melodies the collector had heard Mr. Bispham's impressive interpretation of the Edward Ballad. With this so poignant a

memory, the ballad-seeker's delight may be fancied on hearing in a squalid mountain cabin the somewhat similar *Lord Randal*:

Where have you been Randal, it's Randal, my son,
Where have you been, Randal, my pretty sweet one?
O I've been a-courting, Mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

What will you leave to your father, it's Randal, my son?
What will you leave to your father, my pretty sweet one?
My land and fine buildings, Mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

Through legacies to the brother, sister, and mother the "incremental repetition" proceeds, attaining the dramatic climax similar to that of Edward:

What will you leave to your sweetheart, it's Randal, my son?
What will you leave to your sweetheart, my pretty sweet one?
A rope and a gallows, Mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

The music for this miracle of terse drama and pathos is in major key, swiftly moving in what Professor Gummere terms "abounding triple measure." The ballad is evidently a prized and common heritage of the descendants of Kentucky pioneers. One version from the Bluegrass section begins: "Where have you been Randal, taranter, my son?" Another variant heard from an old negro nurse characteristically runs: "Where have you been Miranda?" Miss Lucy Furman, who has so ably reproduced the mountain types in her stories, *Mothering on Perilous*, *Sight to the Blind*, etc., heard her grandfather sing: "Where have you been, Ronald?" This version doubtless antedates Sir Walter Scott's alteration of the hero's name to Randal, thereby connecting the episode with the death of Randolph, Earl of Murray.

The hero of *The Gypsie Laddie* has been identified with Lady Hamilton, wife of the Earl of Cassilis. But for all its possible historical associations when, to joy of singer and audience, this ballad is sung in some poor mountain cabin, there is a temptation to regard the historical element as but secondary to its intrinsic values of pure romance—from its first captivating line to the reckless avowal of the last stanza:

Threere came three gypsies from the north,
They were all wet and weary O;
They sang so neat and so complete,
It charmed the heart of the Lady O.

The squire he came home one night,
 Inquiring for his lady O;
 The news so quickly lit on him:
 "She's gone with the dark-eyed gypsie O".

"Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
 Go saddle up my brownie O;
 And I will ride both day and night
 To overtake my honey O".

But the pursuit avails not:

"What cares I for house and land,
 What cares I for money O?
 I'd rather have a kiss from the gypsie's lips
 Than all your land and money O".

As the elderly woman droned these romantic measures she knitted steadily upon a tufted counterpane—thus simultaneously practicing two arts once dear to some ancestor across the ocean and the centuries. She added charm to the tune by her sweet old-fashioned high-quavering vocalization. But she illustrated, too, a mood frequent among the mountain balladists—especially the women: a mood of such utter languor or preoccupation that the listener is constantly fearful lest song and singer may fade away. This is partly the result of the monotonous isolated life; partly because in this land of mountain torrents and bitter winters the women work so hard in the fields that it is a temptation, when possible, to relax. Hence sometimes before the end of the ballad they are inclined to stop; the collector must exorcize their lassitude and indifference. Again in abstract monotonous fashion they will sing the twenty or thirty stanzas of a ballad. Often, meantime, this mode of singing is abruptly varied by startling intervals defying conventional notation in the present stage of our scale. The elasticity of their intonation and their rhythms lends much variety to their performance and is not without suggestion to the more sophisticated musician—if frequently a test of the subtlety of his auricular faculty. Sometimes in the hope of hearing the tune more exactly I asked them to sing in a higher key; invariably they would sing more loudly, thus interpreting the word, high, according to local code.

Lady Gay, or *The Wife of Usher's Well* has been pronounced the "most beautiful of all the English Ballads." The belief, so recurrent in folk-poetry that the rest of the dead is disturbed by the grief of the living, is perhaps nowhere poetized more touchingly than in this ballad of the bereaved mother:

"There is a King in heaven," she said,
 "That wears the brightest crown;
 Pray send to me my three little babes,
 To-night or in the morning soon."

It was just about old Christmas time,
 The nights being cold and clear;
 She looked and saw her three little babes
 Come running home to her.

She set a table both long and wide,
 Put on it both bread and wine;
 Come and eat and drink, my three little babes,
 Come and eat and drink of mine.

But only for a brief moment may the mother hold them—

For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
 To Him we are assigned

Green grass grows over our head, Mother,
 The cold clay under our feet;
 Every tear that you shed for us,
 It wets our winding sheet.

These words were sung to a tender beautiful melody modulating from minor to major and back again. The idea that the sorrow of the living disturbs the dead is poetically present in another popular mountain ballad, *The Two Brothers*—more prosaically *John and William*. The grim episode is the murder of one brother by another for the sake of the heroine who

mourned the fish all out of the sea,
 The birds all out of their nest;
 She mourned her true love out of his grave
 Because that she could not rest.

Absorbing as was the quest of song, the collector's imagination was often stirred by appeals to the visual faculty—by this scene for instance: a woman with a child in her arms and a toddler clinging to her, crossing a creek where the stones were far apart and almost invisible; yet the crossing was made almost dry-shod. To this gift of exquisite equilibrium the young mother added a talent for song. Her chief contribution was the famous Border ballad, *Lord Lovel*. Hearing this old song of deathless devotion, again—as repeatedly—the listener was struck by the contrast between the environment of the singer and the scene of the ballad. Who can estimate what embers of poetry and romance have been

kept at least smouldering in the often meagre lives of the mountaineers by such lines as these, with their beautiful melody:

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
Combing his milk-white steed,
Down came the lady Nancie Belle
A-wishing her lover goodspeed.

Lord Lovel rides forth; but when he has been gone a year and a day "strange countries for to see", he has what the prosaic moderns term a telepathic wave; far more poetically the ballad:

A languishing thought came over his mind,
It was of the Lady Nancie.

Riding homeward he hears the toll of St. Pancras' bells. Asking the cause, he receives as answer—fairly startling in the lowly cabin proclaimed by a slender young woman in calico or homespun:

"There's a Lord's Lady dead", the women replied,
"Some call her the Lady Nancie".

This tender "hurtin'" story ends with that charming fancy which adorns so many songs of the love faithful after death: when Lady Nancie is laid in St. Pancras church and Lord Lovel in the choir, from their respective fond breasts spring the rose and the briar:

They grew and they grew to the old church top,
Then they could grow no higher;
They tied in a true-lovers' knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

From a masculine balladist was heard *The Mermaid*. Such songs of the old salt sea have a special appeal for these now far inland folk with who-knows-what memories of the deep in their breasts. The *Mermaid* is English sister of the *Lorelei*:

Last Friday morning as we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We all espied a fair mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

This vigorous melody was delivered with good effect but the singer was so much interested in conversation as often to interrupt his performance to discuss the ethics of singing—local revivalists having raised some doubts about the question. But the balladist's speculations also ran further afield, even into economics. In all earnestness one day he asked me if I could conceive how a

family of six could spend the luxurious income of seven hundred dollars a year. This prodigality was indulged in by a local preacher's family—what could they buy?

As the mountain phrase goes, the minstrel above quoted "showed" the collector "into the light" of several old ballads and some newer ones. The latter are by no means equal to the earlier songs; they are such as may be heard almost anywhere from older members of families or old family servants. But among the best of this later group are: *As I Walked Out, Pretty Polly, Little Sparrow, Young Edward*. Songs like *The Lonesome Scenes of Winter* have a realistic appeal for these people many of whom dwell in mountain-shadowed cabins where "the sun don't never shine". The songs less ancient in character have a tendency to moralize, to brood over private wrongs and griefs in a manner entirely foreign to the free, narrative, impersonal spirit of the true ballad. Among these later songs lighter in mood are *William Hall* and *The Single Soldier*. Bright, tuneful but commonplace is the setting for *William Hall*—a not unattractive youth nonetheless:

O he was meek and he was modest,
And them pretty blue eyes ain't all;
O he had black hair and he wore it curly,
And his name was William Hall.

A lively tune presents *The Single Soldier*—possessing contemporaneous interest:

A neat young lady at work in the garden,
A brisk young soldier came riding by,
A-saying: "Kind miss, don't you want to marry?
A-saying: "Kind miss, won't you marry me?"

Many such songs of soldiers and sailors—including *Constant Johny* and *John Riley*—are based on a returning lover's duplicity in pretending to have died in war or shipwreck—the ruse serving to test the damsel's fidelity. These songs enjoy a popularity which definitely reveals a local trait—a humorous relish for mischievous strategy.

There is still another group of songs of greater interest—the spirituals or meeting-house songs. One early winter afternoon we set forth over the hills through a snow-touched landscape where browns and purples of late autumn still lingered. Finally after climbing till late afternoon we arrived in sight of good fences and well-kept fields, evidently the strongholds of efficient spirits. It was the domain of one of the best Mountain families, Irish in

strain, who here remote from others live a life of dignity, industry, comparative comfort. On our arrival the father and his two sons, "stout and stalwart" like those of the Carline's Wife in *The Wife of Usher's Well*, came forth to greet us. True lord of his castle, the father saluted us in dignified tones and extended hospitality: "Strange woman, since you have rid so far, light down and take the night with us". Accepting his invitation, we found the cabin spotless with its fresh wall covering of newspapers—another custom of the country. Father and sons sang to us in lusty voices, often pausing to correct and calumniate one another over an inaccurate word or phrase. Hymns were their chief numbers, these being contained in books owned by nearly every mountain family—"The Thomas Hymnal" and "The Sweet Songster". In these volumes there is only the text; there is no printed music in the mountains, the tunes all being traditional.

Never are these religious songs so impressive as when part of those singular gatherings, the Funeral Occasions or Funeral Meetings. These sometimes occur years after the passing of the person to be honored. They depend above all upon the possibility of getting several preachers. In these sparsely settled regions the loss of one person makes a deep mark upon the community; hence it is the custom to make as much as possible in an emotional and ceremonial way of bereavement; as large an audience as possible is desired.

Such a gathering we saw one day; as we rode along in the valley, from far away came the sound of voices and the tramp of horses. Presently arriving at a clearing, we saw a long cortege winding aloft to a typical mountain-top burying-ground—"under the wide and starry skies". Once the little procession had passed beneath the little arch inscribed: "God bless those who sleeps here", the service commenced. First a leader in a round resonant voice began "lining off" the hymn; this consists in reading one line, holding syllables and words as the reader's emotion dictates; then the whole crowd sonorously sings the line—and so on through the entire hymn. At close range the performance may seem harsh and crude; at a distance it is impressive; the long-drawn out melancholy phrases deepen one's sense of life, death and the human relation.

Many writers who have employed the mountaineers for fictional purposes have interpreted their occasional melancholy and languor as marks of an effete race. While these traits are frequently encountered, by no means are they dominant characteristics. The "old plain men with rosy faces" and remarkable

twinkling eyes, the elderly women who tramp miles and then sing twenty or thirty stanzas of a ballad, typify the physical and mental vitality of the highlanders. As one proof of their exuberance is quoted this incident: during a certain session of court the prisoners in jail adjoining the Court House had to be moved to some distance because their hearty singing disturbed the deliberations of the legislators. To hear the children of the Hindman Settlement School lustily carolling *Susie in the Parlor* and *Down Among the Daisies* is to be assured that the founts of joy and an inherited feeling for rhythm and melody are not exhausted. What is true of the children may also be noted when the young men and women are "running sets" while a spirited minstrel strums the exhilarating strains of *Sourwood Mountain*.

This sprightly song is a native classic. Other indigenous compositions have received much attention from philologists and folk-lorists. Feud songs—such as *The Rowan County Crew*, *Tom Smith's Confession* and the like—have been noted as proving the communal origin of ballads and as illustrating the survival of the art of balladry. But not as a fine art is this phase of ballad-making practiced by native talent. Though it does thrive with some vitality, the results are not engaging; the narratives are usually tedious, the metres cheap and the tunes tawdry. The chief idea seems to be to get the story told in all its brutality and sordidness. This applies to another class of songs commemorating the Westward travel of half a century ago. Hence, all things considered, the feud song and similar contemporary compositions are poor in æsthetic values.

Yet for all this lack, they have their part, if not an elevated one, in rendering to the mountain people a service given by the older ballads—a service distinctly social in nature. For among these people music is primarily a means of beguiling lonely hours, a source of companionship and communal diversion. Illustrative is the pathetic account of a mountain bard who by merely scraping upon a wire-strung hickory limb, kept himself heartened through a dismal night when a near-by creek, justly named Perilous in Miss Furman's stories, was tumultuously rising and threatening to damage his homestead.

Such a story is perhaps a more convincing test of music's charms than are newspaper reports of attendance at opera and concert in large cities. Indeed more than once, watching eager groups around a ballad-singer, the collector felt that here was supremely demonstrated the magic of music and poetry—their power to cheer, to refresh heart and spirit, to perform that good function of art:

the liberation of the imagination. What a happy liberation when the environment is a lonely cabin, an isolated settlement! Who can estimate the solace, the emancipation of spirit which through generations the ballads have rendered to their land-locked inheritors?

But such a treasury of song and poetry is more than the mountaineers' own precious legacy. It is a common heritage of the English-speaking peoples which the simple but proud-souled highlanders are sharing with the outside world now going to them with opportunities of education and progress. Not always however with a higher order of music and poetry; for the cheap transmontane songs now following progress into this steep-walled land are, alas, so inferior to the *répertoire* of almost any mountain man or woman—the melodious strains, the stirring poetry of Long Ago.

In more senses than one the musical adventures herein recorded resembled the bagging of game; and there seems to prevail a hunters' code, as it were, encouraging a statistical avowal of quarry gained. Therefore it may be stated that in and about Knott County, where the chase was chiefly pursued, over a hundred songs were captured. These may be summarized according to the classification earlier made: traditional ballads; songs of later origin but of folk-song genre; local improvisations; religious and play songs.

The settings noted for the first and second groups differ from the melodies found in such authoritative collections as those of Chappell, Ritson, Rimbault, Christy and Mr. Cecil Sharp. These differences may be accounted for by two theories: that the tunes have changed through transmission down the centuries, though in some cases this is unlikely, especially when there is no trace of resemblance between the mountain version and others; secondly, that the melodies found in the mountains represent distinctive settings which have hitherto not been transcribed—owing to the infrequency of transcription at the time the ballads were brought to America, and later to some such baffling circumstances as beset the often arduous but ever-alluring quest of “the strange woman huntin’ song-ballets” in the mountains of twentieth century Kentucky.

TYPES OF MUSICAL LISTENING

By SOPHIE P. GIBLING.

A PUZZLED youth at a Whistler exhibit turned to an older companion, after a long, silent scrutiny of the etchings, and asked with wonder: "But what is beautiful in an etching? What should one look for? How should one look?"

Perhaps he had a sneaking suspicion, or a hope, that a sense of beauty might be achieved by squinting a bit, or cocking the head askew, as his more sophisticated elders had been seen to do with modern paintings of certain schools. But this question implied a technique of listening—a science, a craft, or an art, of conscious contemplation.

A few years later, when our youth had attained a nearer maturity, he discovered himself looking upon Whistlers and Pennells with appreciation quite untrained and unpremeditated. And asking himself his old question, he was as unable as at first to answer it. All that he as an amateur knew of a good etching was that it gave him a sense of beauty. For him there was no technique of contemplation.

MUST we be trained in order to hear the beauty of music? Is there a certain duty in listening—a duty of hearing all there is, the complete content, on the assumption that the thought content is inherent in the music, and not put into it by the individual listener? Certain it is that there are infinitely varied and graded qualities of listening—qualities often keenly sensed by the musical performer. The joy of having a perfect listener, sensitively sympathetic and responsive, the play of whose moods the musician can feel as he stimulates them, is rare.

Perhaps the listening capacity of an individual depends upon his quality of what I venture to call "soul." The fineness of his musical response can be no greater than his final spiritual fineness. Indeed, the spirit may shine through, be discovered, in the listener—the child, when music stirs him, letting his soul peep forth for a moment from the gateway of his body in the light of his eyes; the "dull clod" sending forth his momentary divine spark; the apathetic and the phlegmatic revealing the breadth and the intensity of their quieter inner desires. Perhaps music's function

is just that—the bringing of the soul for a momentary pause on the threshold of the visible—a tiptoe pause in the timeless moment between the past and the future.

Well and sorrowfully do we know the listener who is no listener at all, who passively sits through a concert, intellectually contributing nothing; waiting, like a cabbage or a stone, for something to happen to him. He hears without listening. Music is for him mere sound, because he does not give it interpretation, either emotional or intellectual. It is no crime for a man to be musically dense; but if to an unfortunate lack of ability to respond to music he adds the insincerity of pretending to enjoy and to understand it, he commits an unpardonable musical crime. There are many to whom music is nothing but sound—for whom a succession of rhythmic, melodic, or harmonic units, has no more artistic meaning than the click of the typewriter or the tick of the clock.

A well-known professor always leaves his college vesperservice when the music begins, because for him tone blocks and lines happen to mean just nothing. Music is a language whose hieroglyphics he can not read.

The average listener, I suppose, is naturally capable of thinking in terms of music. With respect to it, he is like someone who can at least understand a language, although he cannot speak it. And "average listeners" vary according to their musical experience, their familiarity with musical grammar and idiom. Gregorian modes may be as difficult for them as Chaucerian Anglo-Saxon for us; Strauss's *Don Juan*, as the original Euripides *Iphigenia* is to those of us who have not gotten beyond a halting try at Greek verbs. "The average listener" is likely not to know just what he is listening for. If the composition is a familiar one, he enjoys anticipating the phrases and melodies that he knows will "come true," and feels a satisfaction in their fulfillment. Hearing a familiar song (and incidentally understanding it better each time) has in it the joy of reminiscence. If the composition is new to him, he often listens quite helplessly for the high points, the climaxes, the urgent phrases, the "dying falls"; and (as Ethel Puffer reminds us in the "Psychology of Beauty") finds a sense of completion in the resolution of harmonic cadences as their striving comes to its final fulfillment.

There is, of course, a huge difference between hearing and listening. One is passive; the other intensely active. To one rarely responsive type, the act of listening is so intense that it is physically exhausting. As this individual listens, he rises to supreme and ecstatic heights, utterly losing himself in the flight.

How he listens he scarce himself knows. It is as unconscious a striving and reaching forth, as is the state of religious ecstasy. He lives toward the event of a concert, which becomes for him the climax of a dramatic crescendo; and afterwards he crumples, physically and nervously, into extreme exhaustion, as if after great effort. An individual is known to the writer, to whom music is an intoxicant so extreme in its effect, that doctors forbid concerts. Another finds his dreams, after a concert, permeated with musical fragments. Sometimes he dreams a whole symphony through.

But this type of intense listening, superlatively responsive, is rare. It is wholly emotional, and there is no cultivating it. Akin to it is the crowd response to its own singing of a great chorale, a folk-song, or a stirring patriotic song. The passionate intoxication of music is, of course, greatest to the performer, since to the joy of hearing and responding emotionally, he adds that of creation. Squirming hearers of a badly sung *Messiah* are sometimes astonished into real listening (a listening past the technique into the intention) at noting the rapt faces of singers in the chorus. And the young composer visibly thrills at the beauty of what to his victims seems a meaningless and incoherent mass of tones.

Between the emotional and intellectual there are many grades and shades of listening. There is the listener for rhythm. He it is who torments his concert-neighbor with his unconscious foot-tapping. He cares not so much what else be the quality of what he hears, if the rhythm be strong and swinging. The listener for melody, whose ear is tuned for grace and line, delights in Mozart and Schubert. There is, too, the harmonic listener, who loves the ponderous upward sweep of Bach chorales, the harmonic vagueness and atmosphere of Debussy, the chordal complexity in Strauss, and the subtlety of Ravel's harmonic insinuations. Each of these types of listeners, selects, consciously or unconsciously, a favorite element to which he gives his main musical attention.

A type completely different from any of these is the romanticist, to whom every composition must "mean something"—a woodland whisper, a tragic event, a forgotten childhood's glowing moment. He listens for what the music will suggest to him, sound transmuting itself into pictures.

Of course, the romanticist and the classicist are at swords' points as far as mental attitude in listening is concerned. To the former, the slow movement in the Beethoven Pastoral Symphony, figures forth perhaps a shepherd, with contented sheep grazing in broad meadows. To the classicist, it is sheer, simple beauty—beauty pure and untranslated. To him it is unthinkable that

music should be understood only through seeing it in the picture. His own act of listening renders music more abstract, instead of particularizing it back into the concrete.

Between the two is the man who listens for musical plot in the striving of themes and thematic developments to their climaxes. He is the man to whom the musical form—the theme contrasts, the developments, recapitulations, codas—represent the meaning of a composition. And having explored it, exhausted its capabilities of arousing expectation and surprise, he is willing, like the reader of a tale of adventure, not to go through it again. He does not like Debussy and Schönberg; and he is first cousin to the opera-goer.

Many varieties of listening are purely intellectual—listening for form, or for technique of performance or of composition. The student and the teacher, and the hearer, surfeited with music to the saturation point, are likely to fall into the latter rather narrow way. The harmony student listens, analyzing for chord progressions; next year all he hears is counterpoint; and when he begins to write for orchestra, his attention is all for methods of instrumentation.

To the purely intellectual listener, music is not necessarily an art at all; it is a craft or a science. Musical meaning, emotional content, are to him not as important as the methods of producing them. He himself sometimes regrets the sophistication which for him takes the emotional content from music, destroying its charm and illusion. What to his blessedly ignorant neighbor sounds like a round pebble, softly dropped into limpid waters, is nothing, perhaps, but a tonic chord balanced with its heaviest note in the middle. His imagination simply isn't fooled into responding beautifully. He is like the botanist, who regretfully knows that toadstools are not fairies' umbrellas, but simply fungus.

But is there such a thing as ideal listening? I have already suggested that the power to listen well depends upon the quality of a man's personality; on his character, if you please, and on his mental make-up. Perfect listening is, of course, active rather than passive. It is much more than divesting the mind of all other irrelevant thought, and waiting for something to happen. There ought even to be anticipatory activity. A good listener has, before the symphony concert, gone over the orchestral scores with utmost care, studying themes, orchestration, everything there is to know. He scorns with a superlative scorn the musical idiot who goes to hear *Siegfried* without having read a word of the libretto or note of the score, having no notion whatever of Leitmotiv

or of what has gone before; and who, of course, comes out complaining that he understood not a word, and that Wagner is obscure. Such people, believes the listener with a conscience, ought either to be wiped off the face of the planet or else be speedily converted. He is convinced that the concert-goer places himself under much more of an obligation than that of paying his admission fee, and of not rustling his program. There must be a certain intellectual, as well as emotional, readiness.

Musical knowledge and training need not preclude a man from the highest emotional enjoyment of music. Knowledge should be so complete and so matured that it is unconscious of itself; that the hearer, while he recognizes and fully understands harmonic structure, melodic flow, quality of instrumentation, architectonic form, does not unconsciously listen for these. They lie in the background of his mind, just as the literary sense, the feeling for form and phrase, lies in the subconsciousness of the good reader.

The consciousness of musical quality should be present; yet, especially when the performance is bad, it has no right to detract from the enjoyment of a noble composition. The beauty of a great work of art will shine through even a poor copy—and, of course, all musical interpretation is simply the presentation of a copy.

With the critical faculty distantly present, hovering on the mental threshold, our ideal listener sinks himself completely into the music. It becomes part of himself; and he part of it. In the final merging, he quite loses himself; becomes purely abstract spirit. When musical experience reaches its greatest heights, the individual ceases to be an isolated personality. He somehow seems to share all the world with his neighbor. Really great music—Bach, Beethoven, César Franck—has a certain quality about it which is almost religious. The religious mood descends upon the ideal listener like an enfolding mantle. And the central quality of his listening is a great silence—the rich and wondrous silence which is part of obedience to the command: "Be still, and know that I am God."

LISZT AS LIEDER COMPOSER

By EDWIN HUGHES

DURING the fifties of the last century, Richard Wagner addressed the following letter, among many others, to Franz Liszt:

Let me first of all tell you, best of all men on earth, how astounded I am at your enormous productiveness! When I look back over your activities during the past years, you seem to me simply superhuman. I marvel how you can create so much and I realize your enviable position. I think I have discovered the fact that you are the greatest musician of all times!

How profound you are! I realize more and more that you are really a great philosopher. While I was reading Schopenhauer I was nearly the whole time with you. Your own thoughts I have rediscovered there in, wonderful likeness. Even if you express yourself differently, because of your religious nature, I still know that it is the same thing which you mean. You are to me such an astounding personality, that I know of no other appearance in the whole province of art or life with whom I can in any way compare you.

To-day came the second part of your Symphonic poems; they give me such a sudden feeling of opulence that I can hardly control myself. Each day I read over one or the other of the scores, just as I would read a poem, quite freely and unhampered. And every time I have the feeling that I have been immersed in a deep, crystal flood, quite by myself, the whole world left behind, living for an hour my own real life. Then I emerge, refreshed and strengthened, and wishing that I might be with you. . . .

Perhaps there are very few even among the most ardent of Liszt's champions to-day who would care to go as far as Wagner in assigning to Liszt his place upon the Olympian heights. From a purely human viewpoint, however, Liszt certainly was the most splendid figure that has yet appeared in the history of the art of tone.

When in 1848, after his incomparable career as virtuoso, the inner necessity of giving to the world the expression of his personality in a more lasting form caused his withdrawal to the quiet precincts of Weimar in order that he might devote his whole attention to composition, he took with him little presentiment of the reception which was to be accorded to this deeper unfolding

of his genius among the very people who had showered on him the most frenzied ovations during his wide-flung concert tournées. The world of music knew Liszt as the greatest piano virtuoso of all times, and it did not want to know him in any other rôle, least of all in that of the serious creator of serious musical works. The unequalled power and beauty of his performances, quite as magical from an interpretative as from a technical standpoint, had completely upset all previous notions of the possibilities of piano playing. At the same time that he was writing his scintillating operatic transcriptions and his fiery Hungarian Rhapsodies, he was championing all that was deepest and finest in the piano-forte literature, making popular in the best sense of the word the Beethoven Sonatas and Concertos, the daring flights of the young Chopin, and, through his "genial" transcriptions, the mighty organ creations of Bach.

The above mentioned attitude of the musical public of Europe towards Liszt the composer still exists to a very marked degree, particularly in German Europe. There can be no doubt that Liszt's dazzling success as a virtuoso worked long after his death through the power of suggestion and still keeps a great number of very estimable musical persons from believing that anything of lasting worth could have come from the pen of Liszt the creative artist. It is as though these same persons should reject the plays of Shakespeare or Molière because the authors happened to have been actors by profession.

Liszt was perhaps always a little too much a man of the world for genuine German musical taste. In spite of the fact that his serious works practically all belong to the domain of German music, there was still something exotic about him to the average German music-lover. Although born of a German mother, he was nevertheless a native of Hungary, had given a good deal of his attention at one period to an earnest study of Gypsy music, a subject always very near his heart, and had even made an attempt to introduce the tonal idiom of the *pusztá* into serious West-European music. In addition, he had spent the impressionable years of his youth in Paris, he spoke French by preference and wrote nearly everything for publication in that language. Then again his connection with the Catholic Church had drawn him southward to Rome for more or less extended periods and he had imbibed Italian culture, both secular and religious, to a marked extent.

The series of important musical creations which came from Liszt's pen after his retirement to Weimar were, a great part of

them, as revolutionary in form as they were in musical content. Besides inventing a completely new manner of composition in the Symphonic Poem, he developed chromatic modulation to a hitherto unheard-of point, and introduced a novel and peculiarly expressive use of the suspension, the latter becoming an unmistakable and distinctive characteristic of his compositions. To the rich feast of musical ideas which Liszt spread out during the few years after his retirement from the concert platform, Wagner in particular helped himself right and left. The appearance of Liszt's Symphonic Poems and that memorable visit of their composer to Zurich, of which Wagner writes in his autobiography, when Liszt played many of his new works to a marvelling group of listeners at Wagner's house, had the effect of giving an entirely new direction to the musical manner of the creator of modern German opera. A letter from Wagner to Bülow from Paris, dated October 7th, 1859, contains the following confession: "There are many things that we gladly own up to among ourselves, for example, the fact that since my acquaintance with Liszt's compositions I have become, harmonically, an entirely different person than I was before." For those who still refuse to be convinced by the material proofs at hand, this frank admission of Wagner himself should remove all further doubts as to the matter. The musical ancestry of the *Ring* operas and of *Tristan* is to be sought for not in *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *The Flying Dutchman*, but in the tone poems, the symphonies and the greater piano works of Liszt.

Liszt is, on the other hand, one of the few composers whom it is difficult to accuse of having "stolen" musical ideas or musical styles from either his contemporaries or his predecessors. Although his musical relationship to those other two romanticists, Schubert and Berlioz, is not to be denied, I can recall scarcely anything in all his original compositions which seems to have been borrowed, consciously or sub-consciously, from some other composer. The single exception in which he deliberately adopted a form created by another may be found perhaps in the great B minor Ballade, which is based on the Chopin models. He is in fact one of the most original geniuses of the art. Even his more youthful compositions, trivial as some of them are, have at least the stamp of originality. In 1829-30, about the time when Wagner was writing his opus 1, the Sonata for piano in B flat, a work entirely based on the models of Mozart and Haydn, Liszt was busy with the sketches for a great "Revolutionary Symphony." The principal theme of the *Adagio* of this never-

completed work was used later by Liszt as the melodic basis of his symphonic poem *Héroïde funèbre*. It is easy to see then which of these two composers was the first to wander into new realms of discovery.

The new works which Liszt gave to the world about the middle of the last century did not at all lack their propaganda and their propagandists. But before these compositions had succeeded in making for themselves a perfectly secure place in German musical life, there appeared on the northern horizon a star of the first magnitude, no other than Johannes Brahms of Hamburg, whose whole musical personality was as foreign as could be to the Neo-German manner of music-making. Contrary to the cosmopolitan Liszt, Brahms came as the most German of Germans to his own people. He looked askance at anything French during the whole period of his life, and even his love for travel in Italy left no apparent impression in his musical works. Hungary was the only land outside of his own Germanic soil which touched within him a sympathetic chord, and, strange to say, he and his antipode, Liszt, are the only two of all musical composers who have succeeded in producing lasting art works of importance in the modern Hungarian manner.

There was no mistaking Brahms' *Germanentum*. One look at him sufficed. A certain lack of the light, fluent hand, a certain ungracefulness in his creations, as in his personality, did not hinder in the least the recognition, at first in smaller, then in ever-widening circles, of his enormous musical potency. The lack of these particular qualities, in fact, rather endeared him to a nation which regards the possession of the qualities of grace, charm, facility, and the like to a high degree more as a sign of triviality in creative or even reproductive art, and as attributes merely decorative and not fundamental in character. A whole cult of musical purists, dissatisfied with the desertion by Liszt and Wagner of the classical forms, and predicting the downfall of the whole art of tone through the growth of such, to them, degenerate tendencies, found in Brahms a champion of traditional German music-making, a man who could with success use the old bottles for his new wine. Converts, many of them, from the Liszt-Wagner direction, they quickly acquired the taste for the somewhat austere Brahms idiom, and Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt, trumpeting forth his discovery of the Holy Ghost of the art, proclaimed himself high prophet of the cult, dosed his followers copiously with the new evangel and carried the propaganda far and wide. Joachim also, who owed so much to Liszt, was one of

the most active of the backsliders. In company with Brahms and a certain Julius Otto Grimm, he issued a public anathema against the whole Neo-German movement, in the shape of a pronunciamento of uncalled-for bitterness, and at the expense of his friend and benefactor, Liszt, succeeded in enormously strengthening his own position in Berlin. He exerted such a powerful influence on the faculty of the Hochschule für Musik, that even up to the present time pupils of that institution are taught to look upon Liszt's compositions as a delusion and a snare.

The Brahms movement was successful, and the result was that to this day a large portion of the self-chosen musical *intellectuals* will have none of Liszt, even at his most serious and deeply-felt moments. For them nothing of any particular musical importance happened during the interim between the Ninth Symphony and the appearance in print of Brahms' Sonata for Pianoforte in C. In spite of the fact, however, that Brahms has become the most popular musicians' musician in German Europe and that all true Brahmsites affect a fine scorn for anything in the Liszt-Wagner direction of music-making, the movement has not by any means succeeded in driving Liszt off the concert-platform. His compositions for orchestra and for piano exhibit a most vigorous and (for the Brahmsites) exasperating tendency to put in their appearance with undiminishing frequency wherever German music is produced. Even the all-Liszt piano-recital has the temerity to show its face on occasion.

All the more remarkable then is the fact that Liszt as a song-composer has suffered such an unbelievable neglect, when his *Lieder* belong without a doubt to the finest creations of the German Muse in this form. All the more remarkable, too, that these songs are so unjustly neglected in German Europe, for they are German *Lieder* through and through, as German as any of Schubert's or Schumann's in spite of the fact that their composer was the most cosmopolitan of all great creative musicians. In Germany you will find any number of young musicians who will tell you that they have never heard a Liszt song and who, some of them, probably do not even know that Liszt ever wrote such a thing as a song. Such is the case in music-saturated Germany, and it is not therefore very difficult to imagine that in America and England there are many singers of ability even, who are quite as ignorant of Liszt's achievements and of Liszt's importance as a song-composer, who perchance have never had these exceptional songs called to their attention and who do not know that Liszt wrote anything for the solo-voice except

perhaps *Es muss ein Wunderbares sein* and *Die Loreley*. In the long article in Grove's Dictionary on the development of song composition, the portion devoted to the German Lied contains not one single word about Liszt's achievements as song writer. Reason enough then for the present essay.

Anyone who pretends to an appreciation of the German *Lied* as a whole must of necessity possess more than a passing acquaintance with the Liszt songs, forming as they do the important connecting link between the songs of Schubert and Schumann and those of the later German composers. Liszt, at once the last of the romanticists and the first of the moderns, occupies as song-composer much the same position that he does in the field of orchestral composition. He who would seek the orchestral ancestry of Richard Strauss will find it in the Symphonic Poems and the two great Symphonies of Liszt, just as he will find in the Liszt songs the musical ancestry of the Neo-German *Lied*. Liszt's songs opened up entirely new perspectives in the art of song composition and pointed out the path upon which Hugo Wolf discovered even more distant and wonderful vistas and along which Richard Strauss and other modern German song-writers have achieved their successes. To the almost purely lyrical character of the *Lied* up to that time, Liszt added a new note, the dramatic, which had previously put in its appearance only in the ballad, and which Liszt now introduced on appropriate occasion and with remarkable effect in the musical settings of poems of other character as well.

If Liszt's Muse received any hints at all as to the direction which the new songs were to take, these came surely from Schubert. Of the Schumann songs there is not the slightest trace of an influence in those by Liszt, either in the melodic line or in the accompaniment. Schumann's accompaniments show little or no advance over those of the Schubert songs, and Schumann's manner of creating a rhythmic figure and then using it throughout the several verses of the poem as accompaniment finds no counterpart in the Liszt songs. Liszt, on the contrary, developed an entirely new type of accompaniment for a number of his songs, using the same method in miniature that he employed in such a wonderful manner on a large scale in his Symphonic Poems; namely, the invention of a short, pregnant motive of characteristic significance, and the alteration or metamorphosis of this motive, without the loss of its identity, to express the varying moods of the verse. *Es war ein König in Thule*, *Ich möchte hingehn* and *Die Fischerstochter* are examples of this treatment.

It was afterwards so developed by Hugo Wolf that in his songs one often finds the whole poem mirrored in the piano accompaniment to the extent that in many cases the accompaniment could be played very well as a solo, giving, as it does, a perfect mood-picture of the poetic subject. Not only Wolf, but many modern song-writers have added unto their possessions this, if the term may be allowed, symphonic form of accompaniment, which originated with Liszt.

Nowhere is there a trace of Liszt the piano virtuoso in his songs, but of Liszt the musician there is evidence on every side. Nowhere is there artificiality, nowhere bombastic effort. On the contrary, a directness, a wealth of musical ideas, often a simplicity almost Schubertesque. The melodic line is never distorted or obscured by an overloading of accompaniment, not even in the more elaborate songs. The introductions and postludes of the songs are short, as a rule, wonderfully expressive, and without any seeking after effect. How finely drawn, for example, are the prelude to *Die Loreley* and the postlude to *Die Drei Zigeuner*.

The moods of his songs are manifold and Liszt is at home in all of them. One thing only is not to be found in the songs or in any of Liszt's other works: humor. Fond as Liszt was of a joke in daily life, we do not find in his compositions that fresh, healthy humor of which Beethoven, Schumann and Hugo Wolf were such masters. Liszt's musical humor, when it does make its appearance, as in the *Mephisto Waltz* or in the last movement of the *Faust Symphony*, is always of the mephistophelean variety. On the other hand, no one has sounded the note of poignant grief in music more deeply than Liszt. As a counterpart to *Tasso*, *Funérailles* and the *Andante Lagrimoso* among his instrumental compositions, there are, among the songs, the *Sonetto 104 del Petrarca*, Goethe's *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass* (the second setting) and de Musset's *Tristesse*, to mention only a few. The deeply-felt religious sentiment of several of the songs was without doubt genuine with Liszt, in spite of the fact that some of his detractors have endeavored to place Liszt in a false light with regard to this side of his character. The battle between his artistic and religious natures, which lasted with more or less violence during the whole of his life, makes itself manifest in his *Lieder* such as *Der Du von dem Himmel bist* and *Im Rhein*, not to mention the two songs of Joseph Müller, poet of the Mariencult, *Das Veilchen* and *Die Schlüsselblumen*, just as it does in the *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*, the two St. Francis legends and other of his pianoforte compositions.

The composition of songs after the versewise pattern, as in the two weak Müller *Lieder*, occurs very seldom. When Liszt repeats the musical setting of the first strophe for the remaining verses, he usually introduces alterations toward the end and climax of the poem, as in Cornelius' *Wieder möcht' ich dir begegnen*. In such songs as *Die Loreley* and *Die drei Zigeuner* the manner of composition breaks away completely from all previous notions of form in song writing, and follows solely the poetic program of the verses. In these two songs there is no working with small motives even, and still there is no lack of unity in either. In fact, there is not present in any of his songs that certain structural loose-jointedness which is characteristic of and detrimental to many of Liszt's larger instrumental compositions. The student who compares the Liszt *Lied* with that of his forerunners will discover an intense intimacy between words and music which up to that time had existed to such a degree in the songs of no other composer, and it is this fact perhaps even more than Liszt's invention of the symphonic form of accompaniment which gives Liszt such an exalted position among song composers. Not that song writers before Liszt had failed to absorb themselves completely in the poetic content of the verses which they set to music, but with Liszt we first find in addition that detailed, subtle transmutation into tone of each finest lilt of meaning in the poetic line. It is on this point more than on any other that the close relationship of Hugo Wolf to Liszt rests. In the Brahms songs there is in the main a quite different conception of the art of song composing, one which overlooks completely the advances of the Neo-German style, contenting itself largely with the versewise pattern, the music seeking to reproduce the mood of the poem as a whole, rather than to enter into any detailed intimacy with each finely-felt turn of expression.

In his vocal works Liszt was quite free to compose program-music to his heart's content, even from the standpoint of the absolute-music fanatics, who may, however, in time evolve a form of vocal writing with pure vowel sounds, in order to do away completely with the distracting influence of the words. Who can tell? Liszt then, the father of modern program-music, was very much within his own particular domain as *Lieder* composer. I have the feeling, in fact, that Liszt never composed anything other than program-music, except perhaps the Sonata, the two Concertos, the Fantasia and Fugue on B-A-C-H, one or two of the *Études*, and the pieces in dance form.

As to the harmonic structure of the musical settings of the songs, there are of course on every hand the typical Liszt idioms: daring and frequent modulations, deliciously painful suspensions and passing notes (for those whose ears have not become too dulled by ultra-modern excruciations), and yet no utilization of these things for mere outward effect. The veiled tonality of some of the songs gives them an added charm, as does the ending on some other chord than the tonic triad, as the closing mood of the poem dictates. Liszt does not hesitate to alter the key signature half a dozen times during the course of a song if the changing mood of the verses makes it an artistic necessity. In the song *Ich möchte hingehn* there are seven changes of key signature. With alterations of the time signature Liszt is even more liberal in some cases; the same song shows no less than fifteen changes between the $\frac{4}{4}$ in which it begins and the $\frac{3}{4}$ in which it ends.

The dramatic character of many of the songs is heightened by a most effective use of the *fermata* and by the frequent introduction of *recitativo* passages, demanding a highly developed command of the art of vocal declamation on the part of the singer. The *fermata* finds employment in so many of the Liszt *Lieder* that it is quite superfluous to quote examples. In *Tristesse*, one of Liszt's finest efforts in song composition, the whole is kept largely in recitative character, with no attempt at sustained melody, a treatment which brings about just that dramatic intensity which the lines of de Musset's sonnet demand. As an example of these points the song is worthy of especial attention from the singer who wishes to become acquainted with Liszt in his most profound moments. The handling of the accompaniment is interesting and important enough to warrant a quotation or two at this point. Like angry curses against an inexorable fate is the beginning:



and the return later in the song of these short, anguished phrases below a C sharp organ point is an exceptionally fine moment. The postlude is quite heartrending. The wearily rising sequences, full of bitter tears, of futile longing, seek in vain a comforting

solution, and finally end despairingly on an unresolved discord, quite foreign to the tonalities of the piece.



Some of the songs exhibit that compositional weakness of Liszt, the occasional tiresome and unnecessary repetition of phrases without any alteration whatever, but not of course to the degree which this trait manifests itself in many of Liszt's instrumental compositions. There are many *ossia*, particularly in the later songs, proof of Liszt's continual striving towards a more perfect form of expression. As a rule the alterations are to be preferred to the original readings.

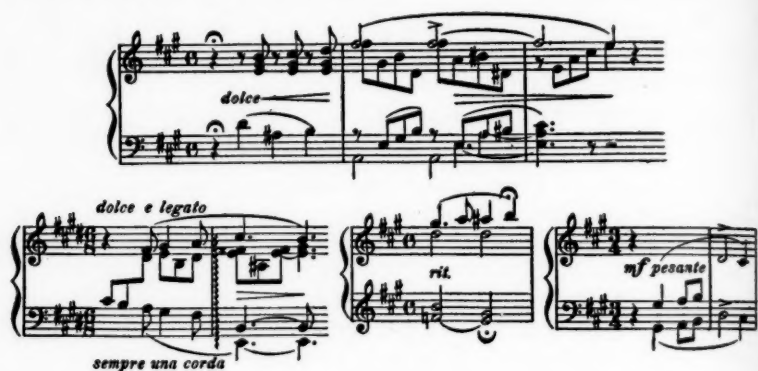
As an example of Liszt's use of a short, characteristic phrase after the symphonic manner to give musical cohesion to a work of somewhat larger dimensions than the average *Lied*, let us look at his setting of Herwegh's *Ich möchte hingehn*, one of the most difficult poems for musical composition which Liszt attempted. Its very length and the rapidly changing succession of mood-pictures which it presents would have placed impassable obstacles in the way of most composers. The fact that Liszt was able to make a success of it, to give unity to the many-hued fancies of the seven stanzas, is due largely to the symphonic style of the accompaniment, and is proof enough of the composer's past mastery of the art of song writing. The task was lightened by the fine inspiration of the brief, aspiring phrase with which the songs open, and which forms the *Leitmotiv* of the whole:



The opening phrase of the voice is built on this *Leitmotiv*,



which appears then in various garbs in the melodic line and the accompaniment, as the changing mood of the poem demands:



The next to the last example is a curious anticipation of the second half of the love-motive from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, in precisely the same tonality in which it first appears in the prelude to the music-drama, and note-true except for the fact that in the Wagner version the progression of the alto voice reads D sharp—D, while Liszt was satisfied to have the voice remain stationary on the latter tone.

Liszt left us among his songs only four examples of the ballad, a sufficient number, however, to give him a lasting position among the best-known of German ballad composers. The setting of Uhland's *Die Vätergruft* for baritone must be placed side by side with the most powerful ballads of German musical literature. Indeed it is difficult to say who after Löwe has written anything which can be ranked with it. It is of that rare nobility of conception which characterizes also the setting of the Goethe ballad, *Es war ein König in Thule*, and the interpretation of its veiled, sombre mystery should be left to the singer in whom ripe musicianship is coupled with more than ordinary vocal gifts. The music to Heine's well-known ballad *Die Loreley* is in every way worthy of the romantic beauty of the legend and the charm of the poetic text. The remarkably detailed structure of the accompaniment, following each change of mood in the poem and enhancing the effectiveness of the vocal line without either forcing the voice into the background or losing its own unity or importance—this was an artistic achievement which was first accomplished by Liszt, and which has been equalled in manner by but few of his successors. *Die*

Fischerstochter, (Count Coronini), while not equal to the other three ballads, is still worthy of more than passing notice. The naïve motive of the opening bars:



metamorphosed under Liszt's practised hand, is used to picture the storm near the close of the poem:



As to the poets who furnished the inspirations to Liszt's songs, what bards are dearer to the German heart than Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Lenau, Heine, Freiligrath, Fallersleben, Rückert, Hebbel? Among the lesser lights we find Geibel, Herwegh, Willbrant, Rellstab, Redwitz, and many more. From the French, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; from the Hungarian, Horvath.

Of the seven Goethe settings, all save the first two, *Kennst du das Land* and *Es war ein König in Thule*, are pictures of the inner mood. Musicians who are accustomed to look for purely external effect in Liszt and for whom the composer's magic name is immutably linked with the brilliant cadenza and the flashy octave passage will experience more than a mild surprise at the deep intensity of the second setting of *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass*, or the heavenly calm with which *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* is suffused.

Schiller is represented by three songs from his *Wilhelm Tell*. Standing far behind Goethe as lyric poet, his works as a whole offer scant reward to the searcher after song texts. Liszt, however, was as happy in the choice of these three poems as he was in their musical interpretation. As a contrast to the Goethe poems, in the Schiller songs we are transported into the big out-doors, into the midst of the blue skies and the keen, cool air of Alpine highlands. Here there is fine, free landscape painting. All the healthy

joy of life in the boundless open is reflected in the fresh inspiration of these songs, in which Liszt has so delightfully characterized the fisher boy, the herdsman and the Alpine huntsman among the high airs of their native hills.

There are seven Heine songs, among them the well-known texts *Du bist wie eine Blume* and *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*. The second setting of the latter, together with the less well-known *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder*, a powerful, passionate utterance, worthy of comparison with Schumann's *Ich grolle nicht*, and *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*, a remarkable example of mood-painting, belong among the finest of the Liszt songs. In the last-named composition, helpless despondency is wonderfully pictured through the halting rhythm of the accompaniment and the beginning of the vocal phrases on weak parts of the measure:



With the clever modulation from F sharp to G comes a fresh glimmer of hope reborn:



Reclstap, the Berlin critic and editor, who held sway in affairs musical at the Prussian capital for decades, making himself notorious through his attempts to belittle the compositions of Chopin, would have disappeared almost completely from the ken of man to-day were it not for the fact that some of his lyric poems have found a permanent place in the history of art among the songs of Schubert and Liszt. The author of the verses to the first half of Schubert's *Schwanengesang* furnished also the texts for three of the finest of Liszt's songs, *Es rauschen die Winde*,

Wo weilt er? and *Nimm einen Strahl der Sonne*. The first is certainly one of the most beautiful of all German *Lieder*, and the two others do not rank far behind it. All the melancholy of blighted hope is imaged in this song, an elegy of surpassing beauty. Who would suspect the writer of gorgeously tinselled operatic fantasies in the following sombre introduction:



or the author of the *Soirées italiennes* in the finely felt musical setting of these two lines:

dolce riten. a piacere.

Ihr blu - mi - gen Au - en, du son - ni - ges Grün, - So
wel - ken die Blü - ten des Le - bens da - hin, da - hin.

Liszt found the inspiration to four of his finest vocal fancies among the poems of Hoffmann von Fallersleben. *Lasst mich ruhen* might well deserve a separate analytical monograph. Evanescent phrases of melody, drifting away into softest *pianissimi* like sighs of tenderest remembrances! The accompaniment is one of Liszt's most exquisite inspirations, delicate, and at the same time eloquently expressive. As a tempting morsel, just a measure or two of this delightful creation:

Lento molto

Lasst mich ra - - hen, lasst mich träu - - men, wo die

sempre dolciss.

A - bend-win - de tin - de säu - seln in den Blü - - ten-bäu - men

At the close the song wanders away from the E major of the beginning and vanishes dreamily, vaguely, in the far off tonality of G sharp major. The temptation to quote from the other Fallersleben songs is strong, but space will not permit of its indulgence. The reader who takes the time to investigate the charms of *Wie singt die Lerche schön*, *In Liebeslust* and *Ich scheide* will find his pains well repaid, particularly with the last two of the trio. Rarely have those oft-composed words "*Ich liebe dich!*" been given a musical utterance so glowingly passionate as in the song *In Liebeslust*.

Die Drei Zigeuner is Liszt's only Gypsy song. It is strange that he did not write more lyrics on *puszta* themes, for no one has understood better than he how to portray in tone the Gypsy character with its contradictory mixture of moody melancholy and devil-may-care frivolity. Perhaps the fact that the talents of these children of the sun run more to instrumental than to vocal music may have had something to do with it. But at any rate this setting of Lenau's verses is to be counted among Liszt's master songs. Each of the three ragged figures in the poem is drawn with a musically unerring hand. Horvath's *Isten Veled!* (Farewell!) is the only song of Liszt's after original Hungarian verses. The rhythm has the characteristic Hungarian tang, and the melody is heavy with the sorrow of parting.

The four love songs of Victor Hugo are not German *Lieder* at all, but typical French *romances*, which might almost have come from the pen of Gounod. Liszt is as typically French in these

songs as he is Italian in his *Tarantella* and Hungarian in his *Rhapsodies Hongroises*.

Besides *Die Vätergruft*, the two first *Liebesträume* are also after poems of Uhland, *Hohe Liebe* and *Seliger Tod*. Although the piano transcriptions, which appeared at the same time as the songs, have quite eclipsed the latter in popularity, singers will find these compositions not unworthy of attention in their original cast. Liszt was particularly enamored of the piano arrangements of these songs and had a great predilection for playing them in public at his occasional appearances on the concert stage during the later years of his life. The third *Liebestraum*, after Freiligrath's *O lieb so lang du lieben kannst*, has, in the piano transcription, been played to a sugary death by all keyboard dilettantes in the four quarters of the earth. May it rest in peace!

Of Italian poems Liszt set to music Marchese Cesare Bocella's lullaby *Angiolin dal biondo crin* and numbers 47, 104 and 123 of the Sonnets of Petrarch. These *Tre Sonetti di Petrarca*, like the *Liebesträume*, are better known in the splendid piano transcriptions than in the original. Although these compositions have the charm of Italy in their melodies, they are in fact genuine Lisztian *Lieder* in the manner of their conception and the depth of their musical content. No Italian has turned quite such a phrase as this, from the 104th Sonnet, (for brevity the quotation is from the piano transcription):



This proud threnody may be especially recommended to baritone singers who are capable of its vocal difficulties, the character of the poem forbidding its being sung by the female voice. Of the three sonnets it is the finest. Liszt himself was extraordinarily fond of these songs, and when the piano transcriptions were played in his presence, he was often so affected that he would join in with the player, singing his own warm melodies of the southland with true Italian fervor.

In looking over the list of the *Lieder* there are three other songs which it would be hardly fair to pass by without individual notice. *Es muss ein Wunderbares sein* is the most popular of all

the Liszt songs, a really exquisite creation, simple in contour, unpretentious, almost Schubertesque in execution, wonderfully perfect in balance and not overdone by a single note or nuance. One must be musically *blasé*, past all hope of recovery, if this song awakens no response. *Wieder möcht ich dir begegnen* is a charming example of the poetic gifts of Peter Cornelius, to whom Liszt was also indebted for the excellent German translations of the Petrarch Sonnets and three of the Victor Hugo songs. These verses, finely conceived and finely executed, inspired one of the most delicately beautiful of all the songs of Liszt. Again, *Die stille Wasserrose* (Geibel) is a composition of which it is difficult to speak save in superlatives. It is one of the most precious pearls of the entire German *Lieder*-literature, one which alone would be sufficient to place its creator among the immortals of song composition. Of what ineffable grace is the soft, lilting accompaniment, over which is then spun a melody of singularly tender beauty!



What wonderful finesse of workmanship each new measure unfolds and what delicate mysticism lies in the closing bars:

Singers who know only the Schumann setting of this poem will, I feel confident, find an even finer interpretation of its beauty in the Liszt composition.

Among the sixty odd songs which represent the extent of Liszt's activities as *Lieder* composer, there are numerous others whose originality and striking beauty would call for individual discussion, did space permit. It must be left to the reader to make their acquaintance and discover their beauties for himself.

The greater number of the songs appeared in print in the year 1860. There is little reliable information as to the date of composition of many of the songs, but most of them belong doubtless to the forties, some to the fifties, and a few to later years. *Angiolin dal biondo crin* is probably the earliest of the published songs, having been composed at Geneva for Liszt's first daughter, Blandine, who was born in the Swiss town in December, 1835. The *Sonnets of Petrarch* date in their original form from 1838, though they were revised and reissued at a later time. From the three happy summers, 1841, '42, and '43, spent on the island of Nonnenwerth in the midst of the legends of the Rhine, date the Heine songs, most of the Goethe songs, *Nonnenwerth*, the *Hugo romances*, which seem like echoes of the Paris days, and probably some of the other songs. Those two splendid efforts, *Tristesse* and *Ich möchte hingehn*, belong to the year 1844, the latter having been composed just after Liszt's meeting in the little town of Pau (after many years of separation) with his youthful love, Countess Caroline St. Cricq, now Madame d'Artigaux. *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen* was written in 1856, the two Müller songs in 1857, *Ich scheide* and *Die drei Zigeuner* in 1860. The three *Liebesträume*, in their original form, were doubtless earlier works. They first appeared in print in 1850. In spite of the glowing youthful enthusiasm of many of the compositions, they are the work of the musician ripe in years as in experience. It may be that during the Paris years, in the first flush of youth, Liszt tried his hand more than once at song composing, but if such were the case, these early efforts have quite disappeared, and it is certain that Liszt would not have wished to have such works placed beside the product of his ripened genius.

The songs in the third volume of the complete edition, (Kahnt, Leipzig), beginning with the Hungarian *Isten veled!* were of later composition, with the exception of the last of the list, *Tristesse*. They were all published in 1878, except *Verlassen*, which appeared in 1880, and was therefore the last song which

Liszt gave to the public. With one or two notable exceptions these later songs will not bear comparison with the earlier works, either as to text or musical setting. One of Liszt's finest traits of character was a never-failing gratefulness to anyone to whom he felt himself in the slightest degree indebted, even for a passing pleasure or a momentary sign of distinction, and it is doubtless on this account that a number of his later *Lieder* are set to the verses of aristocratic dilettantes and mediocre poetasters, from whose efforts in rhyme extraordinary musical inspiration could hardly be expected. As exceptions may be noted *Isten veled! Die tote Nachtigall* and *Bist du!* while in *Der Glückliche* there is a complete return to the power of former days, a flaming outburst of passion, of pulsating youthful emotion. *Gebet*, *Sei still*, *Ihr Glocken von Marling* and *Verlassen* are steeped in that spirit of religious contemplation which took deeper and deeper hold on Liszt during the last years of his life, and which was not particularly propitious to the fertility of his musical inspiration. They are exceedingly primitive in character, bare of any sort of ornament and melodically and otherwise of little interest to anyone who is not able to place himself in a like mental condition to that of the composer. The musical depiction of grief, otherwise one of Liszt's strongest sides, degenerates in these songs into the maudlin.

The following songs were arranged with orchestral accompaniment by Liszt himself: *Kennst du das Land*, *Die Loreley*, *Es war ein König in Thule*, *Der Fischerknabe*, *Der Hirt*, *Der Alpenjäger*, *Die drei Zigeuner* and *Die Vätergruft*, the last-named arrangement being the final work which Liszt brought to paper before his death in Bayreuth in 1886. Quite a number of the other accompaniments have been orchestrated by Felix Mottl and Wilhelm Höhne.

For the benefit of that class of musicians who like to imagine Liszt the composer as a completely distanced musical personality, let me quote a word of Hans Richter's on the subject, uttered not so long ago in Bayreuth. "You will see", he said with conviction, "we will have to come back to Liszt."

For anyone who has not achieved an appreciation of Liszt's larger and more serious compositions in his musical youth, such an appreciation in later musical life is to a very large degree an acquired taste. Of Brahms the same may be said, while there are other composers, such as Chopin and Schubert, who easily win the sympathies of the musically inclined at almost any period of life. For those who are accustomed to associate the name of Liszt principally with a series of exceedingly brilliant Hungarian

Rhapsodies for the piano, it is a long way indeed to the *Bénédiction de Dieu*, the B minor Sonata and the *Faust Symphony*. The *Lieder*, however, while they belong unmistakably to Liszt's most serious compositions, are not so difficult of appreciation as many of the instrumental works, and are now, some two generations and more after their composition, hardly out of the reach of any musical person who will take the trouble to become acquainted with them. Such trouble will reward the searcher with the discovery of a veritable horde of the most delectable musical treasure.

CHOIR-BOYS IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

By H. T. HENRY

"IT is the woman's soothing voice that mankind wants and needs." With these rhythmically soothing words an American daily newspaper concluded its editorial appreciation of a Roman decision which appeared to relax the stringent legislation, found in the famous *Motu Proprio* of Pius the Tenth, excluding women from the choir at solemn liturgical functions in Catholic churches.

Whatever view may be taken of the legislation in question or of the subsequent Roman Brief which answered a query as to its exact meaning, certain it is that the soothing quality of woman's voice on the nerves of the Tired Business Man did not enter even faintly into the considerations that shaped the decision thus applauded by the editor. Needless to add, the original legislation excluding women from the choir was not dictated by any opposite desire to have that kind of boy's voice which stimulates the nerves or (as some might say) unduly excites them. One is reminded here of the anecdote contributed to a French magazine in a *causerie musicale* of M. Gastoué. "I recall," said that eminent musician, "a cruel but just answer made recently by one of our zealous confrères, the choirmaster of a basilica frequented by pilgrimages, in answer to an objection against the uninspiring character of the music performed under his direction. His music, it seems, did not 'excite the nerves enough'—in other words, it was too religious for church-music. He replied: 'Well, my dear sir, when one wishes his nerves excited, he does not go to church.'"

It is equally certain that the Congregation of Sacred Rites, which has rendered the decision or interpretation of the previous legislation, would not at all agree with the American editor's other comment that "under the new order the masses will be more impressively rendered, the offertories will be more appealing and the recessionals more of a benediction than when only male voices were in the choir." Even a superficial reading of the *Motu Proprio* would have saved the editor from such an ill-formed estimate of the reason for a benign interpretation of the existing

Church law on the subject of women in the choir. For it is a common impression that the voices of women are not well adapted for singing the Gregorian Chant; and yet the *Motu Proprio* had declared that no solemn celebration in which Gregorian Chant alone is used should be esteemed to have lost thereby any of its dignity or of its esthetically satisfying quality.

The comments of the editor have been dwelt upon here somewhat at length, because they represent fairly well a common but mistaken estimate of the function of music in the liturgy of the Catholic Church. If the world of thoughtful music-lovers may ever hope to understand aright the attitude of the Church to the whole subject of sacred music, emphasis must be laid on the fact that Catholic authorities look on the question of ecclesiastical music from two standpoints. They consider, first of all, the spirit and traditions of that liturgy in which music, it is true, plays so prominent a part. This spirit and these ancient traditions are not merely first in the order of consideration, but they are also supreme in directive power. Only secondarily does the artistic or esthetic side of music come under review. This is not to say that the Church is content with inferior musical compositions or renditions, however; for the whole context and spirit of the *Motu Proprio* must be interpreted in a directly opposite light, since it sets up a high artistic standard, insists upon its maintenance, and even goes to the length of indicating the means and instrumentalities for most effectively achieving and maintaining the standard.

The important lesson to be drawn from all this is that, because of the supreme character of the liturgical requirements, the authorities will not readily lend an ear to counsels of expediency in the sphere of ecclesiastical music. They will narrowly scrutinize the arguments put forth in support of any plea in derogation of the liturgical standard of propriety. They will not admit the correctness of any general declaration that the voices of boys are not good substitutes for those of women, or that the proper disciplining of the boys is a task beyond the competency of a choirmaster. Still less, of course, will they listen to the wholly uninformed choirmasters who say that the voices of boys are not "high" enough for soprano parts, or "low" enough for alto parts. For well-instructed church-musicians know the history of the employment of boys' voices from most ancient times down even to the present day. And the Church knows its own traditions, venerable and artistic alike, in this matter. It knows the present practice, both without and within its own communion, and the witness which this practice cheerfully bears to the feasibility of

organizing and maintaining choirs of men and boys, and to the artistic excellence of the musical renditions of well-trained choir-boys.

What the authorities of the Church do admit is that there may be certain circumstances, in certain localities, that will justify the use of women's voices in the choir at solemn liturgical functions. In thus tolerating the employment of these voices, the Church does not really relax her general rule of action, but grants an exception to that rule. Meanwhile, the rule itself is not based on any poor estimate of the artistic efficiency of the ladies, or on any criticism of their voices, or of their piety, or of their spirit of reverence. Neither has it any reference to questions of relative cheapness or expensiveness of the various kinds of choirs.

It is not to be denied that, under the several heads thus briefly catalogued, a pastor or a choirmaster may find much matter for discussion and for definite lead and guidance to a correct or to an incorrect decision, liturgically or artistically, as to the kind of choir he will have. And much white paper could be profitably subjected to printer's ink in reply to the various arguments that could be urged against the employment of choir-boys for the rendition of truly artistic ecclesiastical music. Briefly, however, the objections may be considered as centering around two points. Can "boy-choirs" be easily organized and properly maintained? To this point one may reply as the philosopher of old replied to a similar difficulty: *Solvitur ambulando*. Just go ahead and try; and if you have proper knowledge of the musical capabilities of the boy-voice and have taken the trouble to qualify as an organizer, you will succeed, as so many like you have succeeded, in organizing and maintaining excellent "boy-choirs." The present writer could fill several pages with modern instances, and might be permitted to answer the querulous objector: *Si monumenta quæras, circumspice*. The other point concerns the artistic capabilities of boys, not theoretically, but practically considered. Their voices "break" so soon, their emotions have not felt the expanding and intensifying experiences of life and therefore are not good bases for artistic expression, their propensity for flattening is so pronounced, and so on. Chapters of a book might be written about each one of these difficulties. Can we therefore reasonably look for consistently good renditions of good music by choir-boys? In reply, we may fairly enough say: *Contra factum non valet argumentum*. For indeed, with respect to all such argumentation, the best answer must simply be the experience of those who, competent and zealous for their task, have successfully

trained and do now successfully manage choirs of boys and men. One can, indeed, point to many failures, but we may surmise that these failures should be laid at the doors rather of the choirmaster than of the choir. *Sicut rex, ita grex.* We have to depend most largely, after all, on the man behind the gun.

By this excursus into the field of the theoretical and the practical questions relating to choir-boys, we have strayed from the purpose of the present paper; for the position of choir-boys in Catholic churches, while it may be properly defended by arguments similar to those which choirmasters of other churches would employ, is concerned less with questions of artistic than of liturgical propriety. Let us briefly indicate the ecclesiastical regulations on this matter, and the basis on which they rest.

The "Instruction on Sacred Music," commonly styled the "Motu Proprio," promulgated by Pius the Tenth (22 November, 1903) says (Nos. 12 and 13):

Except the chant of the celebrant and the sacred ministers at the altar . . . the rest of the liturgical singing belongs properly to the choir of clerics; wherefore singers in church, if they are laymen, are the substitutes of the ecclesiastical choir. . . .

It follows from the same principle that the *singers in church have a really liturgical office*, and that therefore *women, being incapable of such an office, cannot be admitted to the choir.* If high voices, such as treble and alto, are wanted, these parts must be sung by boys, *according to the ancient custom of the Church.*

The legislation seems to be pretty clear, especially those portions of it upon which we have ventured to bestow underlinings. And it is also quite obvious that in this legislation no reflection is cast upon the artistic capabilities of women, upon the quality—soothing or exciting—of their voices, or upon the spirit of reverence with which they would voice the praises of God. Finally, the ancient custom of the Church is invoked, partly as an illustration of the liturgical spirit, and perhaps partly in deprecation of unwise or misunderstanding criticism of this "new" legislation.

There has been much discussion, and very much misapprehension, of the various laws and regulations set forth in the Motu Proprio. Especially is this true of the question of Gregorian Chant, about which there has been not a little rather ludicrous misunderstanding. In general, however, the document was accepted in theory as an excellent Code of Liturgical Music Legislation. But the storm-centre of argumentation was the question of replacing the voices of women by those of boys. Here the discussion was hardly confined within the bounds of due reverence for

the legislation of the Church, for adverse criticism was passed on the very theory, or at least the implications of the theory, on which this particular legislation was based. The practical side of the matter, of course, came in for the largest share of unquiet animadversion.

It is unnecessary to review the discussion in this place. Suffice it to say that, as usual, much of the dissent was based on misapprehension. It was loudly proclaimed that women were generally more pious than men, that they alone could take the higher parts in good musical compositions, they they were more tractable than either men or boys, that they were simply necessary under the present financial and other conditions of many of our parishes, that the "choir" referred to was architecturally a portion of, or immediately adjacent to, the sanctuary and therefore was not the "choir" such as we understand that portion of the gallery (the most remote part of a church from the altar and sanctuary) devoted to the singers in English-speaking lands—and so on. With respect to the last-mentioned point, it is sufficient to say that it was based on a misapprehension. The *Motu Proprio* was originally written in Italian, and used the expression *cappella musicale*. In the Latin translation, this was rendered by "chorus"—an ambiguous word when finally turned into the English word "choir," since "choir" may refer either to a body of singers or to an architectural location of the church (*i. e.*, the sanctuary).

Finally, in order if possible to close a wearisome discussion that seemed merely to darken counsel, a *dubium* was submitted to the Congregation of Sacred Rites, explaining choir conditions in America and asking whether, in view of these conditions, women might be permitted as heretofore in our choirs. The reply of the Congregation has been variously interpreted, but in general it is thought that it permits the use of women's voices provided that the men be completely separated from the women, forming two distinct bodies of singers, although close enough, of course, to permit of effective choral renditions. It seems hardly necessary to enter here into the further question whether this permission is to be construed as an exception under the general law or as a partial abrogation of it.

Worthy of special emphasis, nevertheless, is the fact that, despite many untoward conditions of the musical status of various parishes, "boy-choirs" which had been introduced under the legislation of the *Motu Proprio* still continue to exist and to flourish in our churches under the apparent relaxation of the rules (as the Brief of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has been interpreted by

many choirmasters). And the pastor of one parish which can offer but scanty material for "boy-choir" training has declared his intention of never returning to the "mixed choir" of men and women which had previously conferred upon his church the highest distinction as "the best Catholic choir" in the city. The pastor is a man of taste and discernment. But he is favored highly in the possession of a choirmaster who is also a man of taste and discernment, of very great competency in his profession as a choirmaster, of generous zeal in the cause of good church music, and of noted ability as a composer of music. It would appear that the whole vexed and vexing question of "choir-boys" resolves itself into the old proverbial wisdom: "Where there's a will, there's a way."

WHY WE HAVE MALE CHOIRS IN CHURCHES

By G. EDWARD STUBBS

DURING the past fifty years the increase in the number of ecclesiastical choirs composed exclusively of boys and men has been a notable feature in the history of American church music.

In the United States this growth, which is often spoken of as the "boy choir movement," first manifested itself in the Episcopal Church.¹ Within the last two decades, since the musical legislation of Pius X has become effective, it has undergone marked expansion in the Roman Church; it has also extended to many religious bodies which formerly showed a decided preference to the "quartet" type of choir.

The development of male choirs in churches may be considered from two distinct viewpoints—(1) the ecclesiastical, and (2) the utilitarian. The former involves a retrospect of thousands of years, and takes us back to the time of Moses. The latter deals with a comparatively brief period, dating from the introduction of choirs of boys and men in "denominational" churches.

History teaches us that the early Christians borrowed from the Hebrews not only their melodic forms but also their choral customs. Converts from Judaism regarded the Augustan style of music as profane, and as suggestive of the licentiousness of the games of the arena.

Forkel says:

Christians could not make use of music which showed so many moral defects, and which had become so degraded as to be merely a means of luxurious and sensuous pleasure; it could not be permitted to enter into a Christian service, where the heart of man should be uplifted to a decorous sense of godliness and veneration. Christian sects were therefore forced to seek a different species of music, something more fitting and acceptable than the Roman fashion as a vehicle for their sentiments.

"The term "boy choir" is hardly a felicitous one. Perhaps a more dignified expression is "male choir." Both terms however are somewhat indefinite, as a boy choir usually contains men, and a male choir often contains no boys.

Musical historians tell us that the sacred songs and chants of the early Church were closely connected with existing Hebraic tradition. At the dawn of the Christian era there was no marked departure from the general character of the sacred songs of the Temple, nor was there any breaking away from the ancient principles of ceremonial worship. And it is a fact of significance that the architectural form of churches in primitive times was in the main derived from the Temple at Jerusalem.

Next to the porch or chief entrance was the narthex, which answered to the court of the Gentiles, and which was appropriated to the unbaptized and to penitents. Beyond came the nave, which corresponded to the court of the Jews, and which was appropriated to the body of worshippers. At the end of the nave was the choir, answering to the Holy Place, intended for those who were officially engaged in Divine Service. Next to the choir was the Bema or Chancel, which answered to the Holy of Holies, and which was used for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and was separated from the choir by a closed screen. (The Iconostasis.)

This continuity in principles of musical form, ceremonial, and architecture, was, as a matter of course, accompanied by the perpetuation of the ancient Service of Song.

There is a dual meaning to the term Choral Service. It refers not merely to the chorus music of the Temple, but to the entire musical system of Hebrew Worship, of which the cantillation of the Law and the musical performance of *all* of the priest's part formed an integral feature.

Persons who are not affiliated with the pre-Reformation Churches, and who are unfamiliar with ancient ecclesiastical tradition, often express surprise when they hear prayers and extracts from the Holy Scriptures intoned in Greek, Roman, and Anglican churches. They can see no reason for a practice which they do not understand, and which consequently strikes them as being unnecessary, meaningless, and even absurd. They do not realize that the custom of adopting the ordinary colloquial or conversational tone of voice in Divine Service in place of solemn musical recitation (technically known as the ecclesiastical chant) is a modern innovation, unknown before the sixteenth century.

The Mediaeval, the Primitive, and the Jewish Churches were *singing Churches*. The musical service (of which intoning formed a component part) came into use before the time of David, and its true significance is involved in that ancient view of Worship

which accentuated Praise and Adoration as essential elements in glorifying God. The highest expression of homage to the Almighty that mankind was capable of was through the medium of the singing voice. Ritual and music were closely and consistently related.

John Henry Blunt, the eminent Anglican authority on ritual worship, says:

The great purpose for which we build churches and frequent them is that we may offer ADORATION (or Divine Worship) to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This explains the very large space which is occupied in the services by 'Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.' And because Adoration is the chief work of Divine Worship, a large amount of ceremonial is used, after the pattern which God Himself revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai; to Isaiah and to Ezekiel in their visions; and above all, to St. John in the Book of the Revelation. If we went to Church chiefly for the sake of being taught by the reading of Holy Scripture and the preaching of sermons, we need use little ceremony; but the Prayer Book principle is that we go there to worship God; and the worship of God must necessarily be of a highly ceremonial character, whether offered by Angels and redeemed saints in Heaven, or by ourselves on earth.

The same principle explains why there is so much singing in Divine Worship. For singing is the highest and most beautiful use that can be made of the human voice; so that, as an organ for singing, David calls the tongue 'the best member that I have,' and bids it to join with instruments of music in the praise of God by such words as 'Awake up, *my glory*, awake, lute and harp.'

If we come to historical facts, it will be found that to *speak* the praises of God in Divine Worship in any other manner than by singing them is quite a recent invention, and an entire innovation upon the practice of God's Church from the time of Moses to the rise of Puritan habits in the sixteenth century,—a period of three thousand years.

As soon as the Israelites were a free people, 'Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.' A similar national song of triumphant praise was sung by Deborah and Barak. And, though the psalmody of the Tabernacle is not directly spoken of until the time of David, it could not have been to unpractised choirs that he gave the command that they should bring up the Ark from its captivity 'with instruments of music, psalteries, and harps, and cymbals, sounding by lifting up the voice with joy.' From his time, at least, and probably long before his time, 'the Levites, which were the singers, arrayed in white linen,' stood between the congregation and the altar, and day by day sang appointed Psalms to God.

This mode of service was continued in the Church of Christ.

Although much of the detailed history of the earlier Temple music is shrouded in obscurity, we learn a great deal concerning

the Levitical choir of boys and men after the time when the synagogues began to increase in number. Before the capture and fall of Jerusalem there were nearly five hundred of these places of worship in that city. Not only was the Law recited in them with a definite cantillation, but musical services resembling those of the Temple were held.

R. Joshua ben Hannania, who was a member of the Temple choir, tells us that at a certain period of the year the Levites in the choir were fully occupied all day, and had almost to dispense with sleep because of the extra services, and that those in the synagogues alternated with the Temple offerings. The Rev. Francis L. Cohen, of London, an acknowledged authority on Hebraic music, commenting on this testimony, says:

This would seem to show that whatever music was used in the synagogues of the time must have been founded on the same system as prevailed in the Temple. For the choristers would otherwise not have needed to go in a body from one place of prayer to the other, as is implied in the Talmudical passage where R. Joshua's remark is preserved. The Psalms and Canticles that found place in the Temple service are still repeated in the synagogues of this day, according to the ancient arrangement.

We are indebted to this distinguished authority for some valuable information regarding the attitude of the Jewish Church toward the singing of women. It is not at all unusual for clergymen in these days to quote certain passages from Scriptures which *seem* to indicate that female choristers were ministerially employed in the Temple. In the Episcopal Church especially, where "female vested choirs" have obtained a foothold, such quotations are occasionally used as a defence of these unchurchly organizations.

Cohen says in regard to this:

Although the voices of women were freely to be heard in secular music, in worship the sexes were quite separated, because of the ancient feeling that 'woman's voice is a physical attraction.' There may, however, have been in the Temple a female precentor to lead the worship in the court of the women.—A similar institution on a smaller scale still obtains in many Polish congregations, and may even be observed in London.

The office seems to have been of greater importance at one time, for in the old Jewish cemetery at Worms has been found an inscription dated 1275, to the effect that 'this monument was erected in honour of the pious maiden, Urania, whose beautiful singing and great liturgical knowledge were so well known. She used to act as precentor in the women's chapel of the Worms Synagogue.'¹

¹The Women's Reader, known in Judæo-German as the "Sagerin."

But in the Temple the place of female voices in 'lending taste to the song,' as the Talmudist puts it, was taken by those of the youthful Levites who were being trained in the free music school that seems to have been kept up in Jerusalem for that purpose. That in this school the best available instructors were employed may be concluded from the circumstance that specific blame is attached to one Hogrus the Levite, a chief musician gifted with a superb voice of wonderful expressiveness and flexibility, for declining to impart his method to pupils.

In the Temple itself the youthful Levites were ranged on a lower level in front of the orchestral platform, on which the singers stood. The number of voices and of instruments employed in the services varied according to their respective importance; but there were never less than twelve singers on duty, while on grand occasions there must have been several hundreds in the choir.

When the Church was founded, the principal elements of Christian worship were, as has been said, taken without material change from the Hebrew forms. The psalms were sung to their traditional music by the traditional vested choir of boys and men; the Scriptures were sung to the same inflections, and the new prayers were intoned very much in the same manner as the old ones. The custom then established of performing *all* parts of the service *chorally* became the rule of the universal Church, and from this rule the pre-Reformation Churches have never departed to this day, excepting under the pressure of emergencies.

Reference has been made to the separation of the sexes in the ancient Temple service because of the feeling that "the woman's voice is a physical attraction." The personnel of the Temple choir itself was of course conditioned by the primary law that the ministerial body could only be composed of males.

In regard to the employment of women's voices in the Church service, an authority of the Roman Church says:

It is not sufficiently well known that until recent times it has not been the custom to introduce women into choirs, because the choir which serves the priest has a part in the liturgical action, and as women are excluded from the altar service they have therefore no place in the choir. We here arrive at the fundamental reason. The Liturgy is entrusted to the priests; of this Liturgy the choir is a constituent portion, and hence the words of the Apostle, *Mulier taceat in ecclesia*, in regard to the Liturgy remain in force. This has ever been observed in the Church, and even though we find that some of the ancient Fathers, for instance Ambrosius, Gregory of Nazianzus, Chrysostomus, and Zenobius decreed that women could take part in the Psalmody, the simple fact of the matter is that the singing of Psalms was not at that time liturgical, but more in the nature of folk-singing. The exclusion of women's voices had reference therefore only to the liturgical portion and not to the rest of the Divine Service. When, as is much to be desired, our beautiful Psalms become real folk-songs, when at Vespers

and at Compline the whole congregation are able to answer the priest, there will be no objection to the participation of women in this part of the service. These are sufficient arguments to show what authorization ever existed as to women's voices in the choir.

Strange to say, just as there are persons who cannot understand why prayers and Scriptures should be intoned instead of being read with the common conversational voice, so also are there those who cannot see why girls and women should not form part of the ministerial body—not only as choristers, but also as crucifers, servers, and acolytes!

Coming down to later times, when the various activities of the early Church began to be thoroughly organized, we need not be surprised to find the perpetuation of the ancient choir school system which existed, as we have seen, at Jerusalem. According to historical evidence the first ecclesiastical choral establishment was founded in Rome by Pope Sylvester (314-335). Another important school was founded by Hilarius (461-467). Gregory the Great (590-604) took a very active interest in choral institutions. His biographer, Johannes Diaconus, says:

He founded a style of singing which is today followed in the Roman Churches. He fixed a certain sum to be set aside for the maintenance of singing schools, and selected two homes for them, one near St. Peter's and the other near the Lateran Basilica. To this day one can see the couch on which he rested while he himself instructed the boys in pure singing according to the letters and neumatic notation,—also the rod with which he threatened and sometimes punished the indolent and unruly ones.

In course of time choir schools sprang up in all directions. Among the more important were the Palatine School, founded in France by Charlemagne, and the schools at Fontenelle, Reichenau, Hirschau, Regensburg, Hirschfeld, Mayence, Corway, St. Emeran, Trier, Prum, Fulda, Pomposa, Paris, Chambray, Toul, Dijon, Metz, Orleans, and St. Gall. The last named became a famous institution, in which a remarkable interest was taken in the welfare of the choir boys. They were encouraged in every possible way, and were rewarded by a yearly festival which used to take place on Holy Innocents' Day. The following is an account of this holiday at one of the schools at St. Gall.

The most modest and industrious boy was chosen as leader of the choir, and as an emblem of his dignity received a staff, similar to that carried by the Abbot. It was his privilege to select two of his companions as assistants. The entire Divine Service was conducted by the boys. They discharged the duties of the canonical office of the day, and sang at the celebration of High Mass. In the afternoon a festival

procession followed, with solemn Stations and Blessings until at the second Vesper the words "*deposuit potentes de sede*" in the Magnificat occurred: the staff, brief symbol of his importance, was then taken from the presiding boy, and thus the festivities were brought to an end. On this day everything possible was done to add to the enjoyment of the boys. An example like this shows how the singing of boys was respected and cared for, and how well the possibility of awakening the love of sacred music, as well as preserving and uplifting the standard, was understood at this school.

At the time of the Reformation the musical traditions of the early Church underwent no fundamental change in the Anglican, Roman, and Greek communions. They continued as they were, and they have so continued to the present day, disturbed only by temporary irregularities. Periods of musical decadence have manifested themselves at times in all branches of the Church. The Church of England suffered particularly during the Commonwealth, and during the general decline in religious life which preceded the Oxford Movement.

In the United States male choirs were practically unknown before the influence of the English Tractarians began to make itself felt. The Colonial period was for obvious reasons unfavorable for the proper development of ecclesiastical music. Among the earlier male choirs of the Episcopal Church were those of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., and Christ Church, Philadelphia, Pa. The former was in existence prior to the year 1798. The latter was founded in the beginning of the last century. It was not however until after the year 1850 that the musical traditions of the Mother Church of England found general adoption,—or more correctly speaking, restoration.¹

In the churches in this country belonging to the Church of Rome the introduction of male choirs has undoubtedly been retarded by a lack of facilities, among which there have been architectural disadvantages of a serious nature. The Bishop of Covington has recently said:

We have succeeded in the past in removing the choir as far as possible from the altar, and have been spending money in the wrong way. Therefore we need not be surprised that we have succeeded in banishing also the music of the altar, the music of the Holy Service, from the church, and have substituted in its stead something more in keeping with exterior wordliness and profanity, and, with all, we have driven in a measure from the hearts of our men and boys that love for things most sacred, which the closer communication between altar and choir fostered so extensively in the Ages of Faith. Let us learn to spend more and more wisely, and restore the chancel choirs to the

¹In this restoration Trinity Parish, New York City, took the lead.

churches, and bring our men, old and young, back into the Sanctuary of God, that they may take a more active part in our magnificent Liturgical Service. Let us return to the old Catholic way of building our churches with a long chancel, and, if possible, an organ chamber, and vestries not only for the priests but also for the choristers. Let us bring altar and choir nearer each other.

In the Episcopal Church, prior to the latter part of the nineteenth century, the delay in returning to "the old way of building churches with a long chancel" proved to be an effective drawback to the progress of sacred music. The relationship between ecclesiastical architecture and choral worship is an intimate one, and it cannot be disregarded without disastrous results.

In summing up the first division of our subject we find:

(1) That Praise and Adoration of the Almighty were the chief characteristics of the ancient Temple Worship.

(2) That the singing voice was therefore used exclusively in all parts of the musical ritual.

(3) That the intoning of the officiating priests and the responses of the choristers formed a choral entity, and were inseparable.

(4) That the male choristers formed a part of the ministerial body.

(5) That there was an elaborate and consistent ceremonial.

(6) That architectural provision was made accordingly.

(7) That these facts were recognized both in theory and in practice by the Primitive Church.

The choral principles above enumerated have for obvious reasons played a secondary part, if indeed they have exerted any influence, in the adoption of male choirs in Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and other churches.

The usefulness of juvenile choristers from the musical standpoint, rather than from the ecclesiastical, had first to be satisfactorily proved before such adoption could take place. The demonstration was slow in coming, and it was furnished under peculiarly adverse conditions.

For a considerable time after the recognition of ancient musical customs began to gain ground in Episcopal churches, the practical value of boys' voices for choral purposes was doubted by "music committees," ministers, and by the generality of church musicians. Even in these churches the antagonism to the employment of boy choristers was exceedingly bitter. In the period 1860-1890 many of the most distinguished Episcopal organists in New York, and in other large cities, exerted their utmost influence to encourage the continuance of the quartet type of choir.

These men were highly educated musicians, but they had received their training from secular sources, and for the most

part in Germany. They were out of sympathy with Anglican tradition, and the idea of being compelled to train a parcel of boys with uncultivated voices to do the work of professional female vocalists filled them with consternation. They received good salaries for the performance of duties which were comparatively light, and which did not involve responsibilities connected with voice training and with the exercise of discipline. Their chief work consisted in accompanying professional soloists. Their choir rehearsals were few in number, and often amounted to little more than social gatherings, at which the solos for the next service would be politely assigned to the various vocal artists, with the tact and discretion necessary to avoid jealousy and friction. The low church style of service prevailed, and there was really not much music to rehearse beyond florid and unchurchly settings of the *Te Deum*, and anthems in which solos formed a prominent feature. There was no Eucharistic music, excepting on the first Sunday of the month, and then it consisted of a meagre setting of the Sanctus, one hymn, and a peculiar composition known as the "Old Chant," which was sung to the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

The Morning and Evening Service being read, and never intoned, there were practically no choral details. Even the Psalms were rendered in the speaking voice. The distinctive Choral Service, requiring a distinctive choir, was not yet the accepted type.

Not only did eminent organists wage war against the "boy choir movement," but they also instructed their pupils to fight against it. They declared it to be a mere fad, and prophesied that it would soon have its day, and die a natural death. It was unfortunate for our native musicians that men of high musical ability and of liberal education were so short-sighted. The inevitable happened. There was an influx of English organists who were willing enough to do the work that Americans were not trained to do. As time went on it became apparent that the much despised and berated "boy choir" had come to stay.

It is a remarkable proof of the force and vitality of Church tradition that these early choirs did not snuff themselves out of existence. They were as a rule badly organized, shockingly illtrained, and they suffered from every handicap that musically ignorant vestrymen and unpractical clergymen could impose. In many cases they had no regular practice rooms, but were shifted about from pillar to post to meet the convenience of various parochial organizations. Often the only instrument

furnished for rehearsal purposes was a cheap reed melodeon. Almost every necessary facility for success was wanting. Nevertheless the general condition of these choirs steadily improved, and the musical results obtained began to attract attention in churches of various denominations where choral tradition *per se* was not a factor sufficiently strong to dictate what kind of choir should be adopted. In short, the utilitarian argument in favor of male choirs demanded a respectful hearing, and succeeded in getting it.

It was maintained that such choirs had passed the experimental stage; that they had survived a trying period of musical persecution; that in spite of serious drawbacks they had vindicated their usefulness, and that they should be freely adopted in denominational churches wherever the necessary vocal material could be secured.

Evidence began to accumulate that boys' voices possessed an intrinsic value that had been called in question prematurely, and without proper investigation. Scientific manuals on the training of choristers made their appearance, and it was demonstrated both theoretically and practically that juvenile male voices were, under expert management, capable of producing the same results as were secured from the voices of young women. Vocal authorities of experience in training both female and boy choristers found that after a certain age the registers of the former were difficult to blend, while those of the latter yielded readily to methods of equalisation.¹

Of late years there has been a tendency in the denominational bodies toward choral enrichment, and this has favored the employment of male choirs on the ground that the singing of a chorus is more hearty and uplifting than that of a quartet. The "liturgical" form of service has in many cases displaced the "arbitrary" type, with the result that greater opportunity is given for musical participation on the part of both congregation and choir.

¹The elasticity of boys' voices is remarkable. Sir George Martin in his work on Choir Training mentions the fact that the higher tones of women's voices are more difficult to develop than those of boys. In highly trained choirs the beautiful blend of voices is very noticeable. Dr. Richard R. Terry, organist and choirmaster of Westminster Cathedral, London, in his book on Church Music says that a properly trained chorus of boys sounds like a single voice. In Kitton's Memoir of Dr. Buck, the celebrated organist and choirmaster of Norwich Cathedral, it is related that on a certain occasion Sir Julius Benedict (Conductor of the Norwich Festivals) tried to distinguish between three of Buck's choristers who sang a solo "jointly" while hidden behind a screen, each boy taking a few strains in turn. Owing to the blend of tone Sir Julius could not tell them apart! With adult female voices such deception would be almost impossible.

At a meeting of Presbyterian clergymen held in Philadelphia in 1894 the Rev. Dr. Fulton spoke strongly in favor of the liturgical service. He said in part:

God is not the author of confusion, but of order. Out of chaos came cosmos, and I think the tendency of all great bodies lies in the direction of harmonious order. John Calvin was fond of his liturgy, and John Knox practiced a liturgy in hard-headed Scotland. I doubt if we have gained anything by the extreme simplicity we have, and I do not think it can be said that the services of our churches have at the same time strength and simplicity and beauty.

This has been the fault of our service, that it has been dismal, wailing, melancholy, rather than a joyful uplifting in all its attitudes. Do you wonder that the wordlings are not attracted to the service? Do you expect that people will be content with a service bare, bald, and barren, and not attractive in itself? Another point is that the migration is now from new sources, and the hope of the churches rests in drawing those people to ourselves. But they all, Hollanders, Italians, and Germans, have been used to a liturgical service. We make a great mistake in supposing that we can get those people by offering them a less attractive service than that to which they have been accustomed.

Many clergymen have taken a similar view of the "bald and barren" form of public worship, lacking musical warmth and inspiration. In consequence a development of the chorus choir has followed, in which the male choir has received due share.

In religious communions having large Sunday Schools including numbers of boys possessing good voices it has been felt that the non-use of such available material represented a waste of vocal resources. The question of financial economy also presented itself. It was found that boy trebles, if paid salaries too small to command the interest of female sopranos, could nevertheless be counted upon for regular attendance at rehearsals and services. It was also discovered that they would cheerfully submit to a more exacting form of vocal drill than would be relished by female choristers.

The present tendency is toward an increased use of boys' voices in denominational churches. Whether it will meet with the approval or disapproval of musicians will depend in great measure upon the action of church authorities in withholding or providing facilities for (1) the selection of voices, (2) expert training, (3) the retention of voices until the time of mutation.

American "efficiency" in the scientific sense of the expression, has with two or three exceptions, never been applied in this country to the organization and maintenance of male choirs.

Choir schools of the Anglican type are practically unknown. There are but three or four in the entire country. And strange to say the inexpensive parochial day schools have seldom been utilized to their fullest extent as choral auxiliaries.

With a wider recognition of the practical needs of the traditional form of choir should come a growing appreciation of its utility in all religious bodies.

HANDEL, ROLLI, AND ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

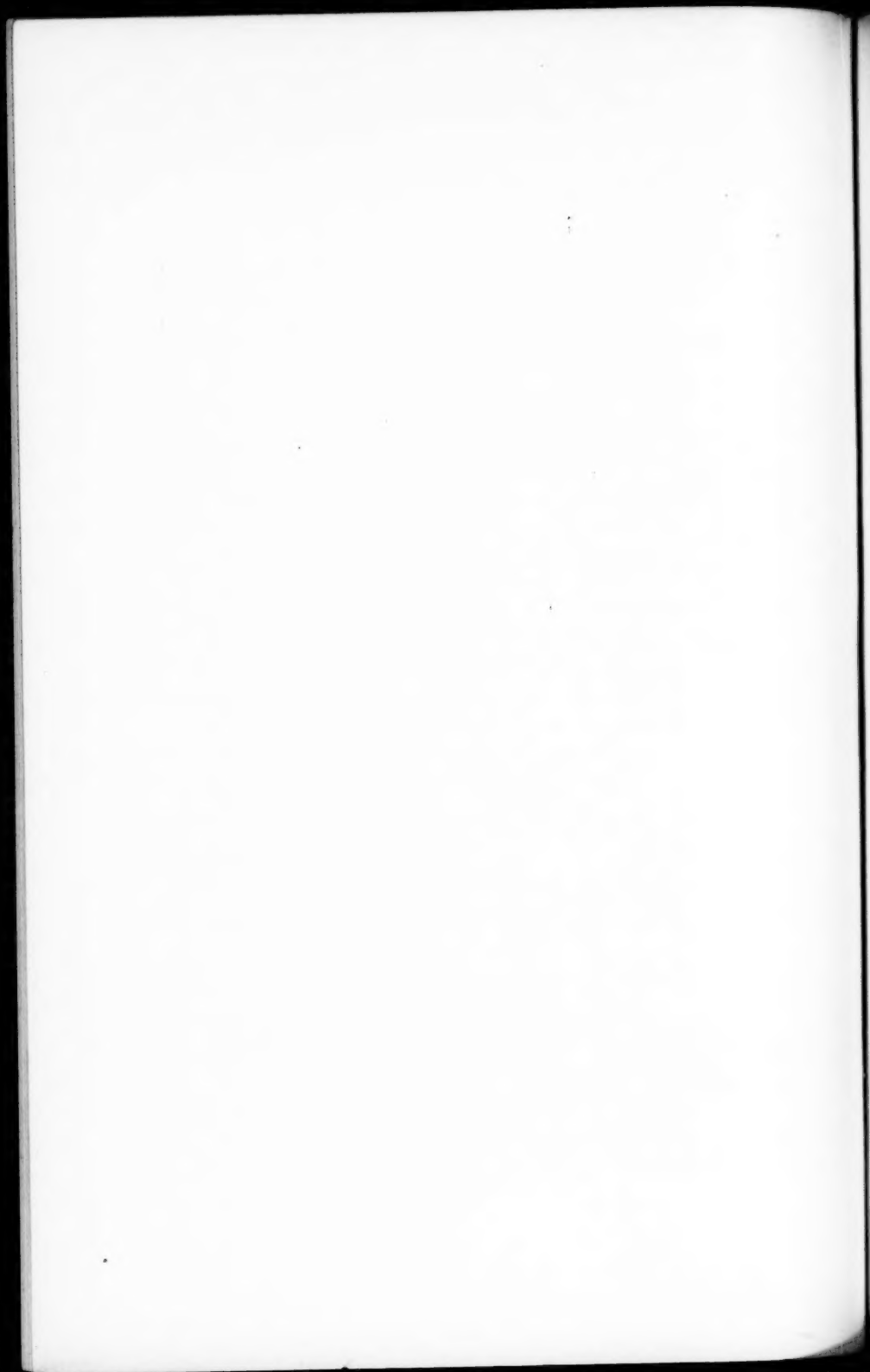
By R. A. STREATFEILD

In the Biblioteca Estense at Modena there is a small collection of the letters of Paolo Rolli, protected from indiscriminate perusal, as the late Dr. Garnett once observed of a somewhat similar piece of calligraphy, by the triple ægis of execrable ink, execrable paper and execrable penmanship. I visited Modena in the Autumn of 1912, and did my best to transcribe and translate all that is decipherable of Rolli's correspondence. The results of my labours are embodied in the following article. I venture to make this personal statement, lest it should be supposed that I have merely borrowed the fruits of Signor Sesto Fassini's researches in the same library, and I may also point out that considerably more of Rolli's correspondence appears in my article than Signor Fassini has yet cared to publish. Nevertheless, I gladly admit my indebtedness to that gentleman's researches on the life and work of Rolli, and I have no desire to minimize my obligations. His able and accurate work, "*Il Melodramma Italiano a Londra nella prima metà del settecento*," has been of the greatest assistance to me in writing the following article, as have also been in a less degree his two pamphlets: "*Il Ritiro del Rolli dall' Inghilterra*," (Perugia, 1908); and "*Dodici lettere inedite di Paolo Rolli*," (Torino, 1911). I should like also to acknowledge my debts to Signor Ercole Sola's "*Curiosità storico-artistico-letterarie trasse dal carteggio dell' inviato estense Giuseppe Riva*," published in the "*Atti e Memorie della R. Deputazione di Storia Patria per le provincie modenesi e parmensi*," Serie 3, Vol. 4, (Modena, 1886); to Signora Ida Luisi's authoritative essay: "*Un poeta-editore del Settecento*," published in "*Miscellanea di studi critici pubblicati in onore di Guido Mazzoni*," Vol. 2, (Firenze, 1907); and to Signor A. Salza's: "*Note biografiche e bibliografiche intorno a Paolo Rolli*," (Perugia, 1915).

AMONG the lesser luminaries who revolved around the sun of Handel during his dictatorship of English music in the first half of the eighteenth century, not the least brilliant was Paolo Rolli, who wrote many operatic librettos for Handel and other composers, and played a by no means unimportant part in the literary and musical life of England. Rolli was far above the level of the ordinary hack librettist of the day. He was a man of culture and education, and, though the force of necessity compelled him to prostitute his talent to operatic exigencies, in other spheres he won a considerable reputation. The poetical value of his librettos may not be very exalted, but his original



Paolo Antonio Rolli, 1687-1767



verse shows talent, and his Italian translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a valuable contribution to international literature.

Rolli was born in Rome in 1687, two years after Handel saw the light in Halle. In his early years he sat at the feet of the learned Gravina, who is famous as the master of a still more celebrated pupil, Metastasio. Gravina soon discovered his pupil's brilliant talent for improvisation, and introduced him to the literary circles of Rome, where accomplishments of that kind were just then eagerly appreciated. Gravina opened to Rolli the doors of the Arcadian Academy, which he entered under the pastoral name of *Eulibio Berentiatico*, and in great houses such as that of Cardinal Ottoboni he encountered some of the most famous figures in contemporary art and literature. Music reigned supreme in the Ottoboni palace. Corelli, Caldara and Alessandro Scarlatti were among the stars who irradiated the Cardinal's court.

"His Eminence," wrote Blainville, an experienced traveller and insatiable collector of gossip, "keeps in his pay the best musicians and performers in Rome, and amongst others the famous Arcangelo Corelli and young Paolucci, who is reckoned the finest voice in Europe, so that every Wednesday he has an excellent concert in his palace, and we assisted there this very day (May 14, 1707). We were there served with iced and other delicate liquors, and this is likewise the custom when the Cardinals or Roman princes visit each other. But the greatest inconvenience in all these concerts and visits is that one is pestered with swarms of trifling little *abbés*, who come thither on purpose to fill their bellies with these liquors, and to carry off the crystal bottles with the napkins into the bargain."

In such scenes as this, Rolli acquired a knowledge of life and manners that afterwards served him in good stead.

It was doubtless under Ottoboni's roof that he first met the man, who was afterwards to play so important a part in the drama of his life. Handel arrived in Rome in the spring of 1707, intent upon hearing the world-famous music associated with the Holy-Week services in the Sistine Chapel. His fame had preceded him, and the greatest houses in Rome opened their doors to the "famous Saxon," as the Italians always called him. In the Casa Ottoboni he was a welcome guest, and we hear of him playing duets there with a youthful *virtuoso*, whose performance on the *arciliuto* was rousing musical Rome to enthusiasm. Annibale Merlini, a correspondent of Prince Ferdinand dei Medici, mentions him in a letter to his patron:

He is a lad of twelve years, a Roman by birth, who, though of so tender an age, plays the *arciliuto* with such science and freedom that, if compositions he has never even seen are put before him, he rivals the most

experienced and celebrated professors, and wins great admiration and well-deserved applause. He appears at the concerts and leading academies of Rome, as, for instance, that of His Eminence Cardinal Ottoboni . . . and all this can be testified by the famous Saxon, who has heard him in the Casa Ottoboni, and in the Casa Colonna has played with him and plays there continually.

Another house where Rolli must almost certainly have encountered Handel was that of the Marquis Ruspoli. Handel was staying there in 1708, and his Italian oratorio, "*La Resurrezione*," is signed and dated, "11 Aprile, 1708, dal Marchese Ruspoli." That Rolli was well known to the family of Ruspoli we may assume from the fact that he edited a collection of verse by various Arcadian poets compiled in honor of a prince of that house in 1711. But the harmony of the happy Arcadians was rudely broken shortly after this, and, under the ægis of his master Gravina, Rolli seceded from the Academy in high dudgeon. In 1714 we find him at Naples writing a pastoral entertainment entitled, "*Sacrificio a Venere*," and describing himself not as an Arcadian, but as *Accademico Quirino*.

It was possibly the troubles with the Arcadian Academy that first turned Rolli's thoughts in the direction of emigration. He had doubtless met travelling Englishmen in Rome, and he may have heard rumours of golden harvests to be reaped on the banks of the Thames. Bolingbroke had been in Rome, intriguing for the return of the Stuarts, and distinguished *connoisseurs*, like Coke, of Norfolk, and Lord Burlington loved to linger over the art treasures of the Vatican. From them Rolli may well have received suggestions for a visit to England, which were pointed by the fact that he was, as he said many years later, in a letter to a friend, "tired of serving Cardinals." Italian literature was popular in England in the early days of the eighteenth century, and London's sudden craze for Italian opera seemed to open vistas of fame and fortune to ambitious sons of the South.

We do not know precisely when Rolli left Rome for England, nor with whom he travelled. The names of various patrons have been suggested, and most of his biographers seem to have made up their minds that Lord Pembroke was his travelling companion. On the other hand we have a definite statement on the subject from the Abate Giuseppe Riva, Ambassador of the Grand Duke of Modena at the English Court, who, in a letter to the famous Muratori, dated January 31, 1716, says:

The Abate Rolli has arrived here from Rome with the brother of Lord Stair, a fine poet and a wonderful improviser, whom I knew

well in Rome. We are delighted to meet each other once more over here.

Rolli had influential friends, and soon made his way to Court. He found a gracious patroness in Caroline, Princess of Wales, who appointed him professor of Italian to her young daughters at a salary of £100 a year, to which not very princely income he added materially by giving Italian lessons to various scions of the English aristocracy, and by literary work of different kinds. Rolli always enjoyed court favour. When Frederick (afterwards Prince of Wales) arrived in England in 1728, Rolli soon contrived to win his good graces, and in a letter to a friend written some years afterwards, he counts openly upon a golden future, when Prince Frederick should have succeeded to the crown. These bright hopes, it need hardly be said, were not destined to fulfilment, but Rolli never lost his hold upon the court, and the comfortable competence which he took home to Italy after thirty years' residence in England, was a tangible proof that he knew which side his bread was buttered.

In London Rolli found a pleasant little circle of compatriots. Riva, who has already been mentioned, was an accomplished courtier, and another who basked in royal favour was the Abate Conti, a friend of Newton and a member of the Royal Society. A few years after Rolli's arrival, the London circle of Italians was enriched by the accession of Antonio Cocchi, mathematician, physician, linguist and philosopher, whose diary, throwing very interesting light upon the London life of the period, is still preserved in the Medical Library of the Istituto di Studi Superiori at Florence. Besides these learned men there was a tribe of musicians, headed by Bononcini and Ariosti, who, with many lesser lights, assembled principally in the house of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, herself an Italian of romantic origin and history, who had been seen, loved and wedded by the Duke during a tour in Italy.

Cocchi's diary often throws an amusing light upon the habits of the little coterie. Money seems usually to have been scarce, and a great deal of borrowing and lending of small sums went on in that impecunious confraternity. However, even when funds were low, the light-hearted Italians seem to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and Cocchi's diary recounts their adventures—some of them none too respectable—with infinite gusto. Rolli was the poet of the circle, and many of his poems reflect the convivial life of London in the gayest fashion. His "Meriboniane" are joyous odes on the delights of Marylebone Gardens, where he seems to have spent some of his happiest hours.

During the first few years that he spent in England, Rolli devoted his leisure to literary tasks. He published a book of poems in 1717, edited various Italian classics and translated Lucretius. He appears also to have constituted himself the London agent of an Italian publisher, who made a good thing out of catering for the taste for Italian literature, which at that time, as I have already said, prevailed in England.

We get glimpses of court and musical life in a letter of Rolli's, dated from Thistleworth, 13th July, 1719:

La Denys, *alias* Sciarpina, has already sung twice before the Princess [Caroline, Princess of Wales]. La Parca assists her. The Man ["l'Uomo"] loves and dissimulates, but how long is this to last? La Zanzara Castratina has agreed with Castrucci and Pippo to appear before this excellent Princess twice a week. Sandoni plays the harpsichord, and is much approved. He also will be rewarded, and I am very glad that he had been introduced to Court. Attilio has returned to Town. A lawsuit has driven him from home.

I can throw no light upon the personalities of La Sciarpina, La Parca and La Zanzara Castratina. "L'Uomo" is a phrase that Rolli used later as a nickname for Handel, and it probably denotes him here, as Handel was always a favourite of Caroline's, and at this time was actually engaged as music teacher to her daughters. Sandoni was a popular teacher of singing, and later became *maestro al cembalo* at the opera under Handel. He subsequently married Cuzzoni, who is said to have poisoned him. Attilio was the celebrated composer Ariosti. We hear of him in London playing a solo on the *viola d'amore* between the acts of Handel's "Amadigi," on the 12th of July, 1716. "Pippo" was another composer, Filippo Mattei. Castrucci was a famous violinist, and the leader of Handel's opera orchestra. He is said to have been the "Enraged Musician" of Hogarth's well-known print.

Rolli's introduction to the English Theatre was effected under the most auspicious conditions. In the winter of 1718-19 a scheme had been set on foot for establishing a permanent Italian opera in London under the name of "The Royal Academy of Music." A President and a Committee of twenty Directors were appointed. Handel, Bononcini and Ariosti were to be the Composers in ordinary to the Academy, and Rolli was appointed poet at a salary of £200 a year. Early in 1719, Handel went abroad to collect his singers, and Rolli sat down and invoked the Muse. During the next twenty years he produced some dozen operatic dramas, and adapted many others for the English stage. These works have little poetical value—Rolli himself spoke of them as

"dramatic skeletons"—but they are no worse, if no better, than hundreds of others produced at the time by rival poets in similar circumstances. When we consider what were the conditions of operatic production in England in Rolli's days, the hard and fast rules that governed its design, and the difficulties of suiting a restricted company, it cannot be wondered at that Rolli did not succeed in infusing much poetical distinction into his librettos. There is extant an interesting letter of Riva's to Muratori, in which he gives us some idea of the operatic conditions in England in the year 1725. Muratori had recommended to Riva a young poet who was anxious to gain a footing in the operatic world. Riva's rejoinder is as follows:

The operas which are given in England, however fine as music, and however well sung, are nevertheless ruined by their poetry. Our friend Rolli who, when the present Academy was formed, was commissioned to write the librettos, began by producing two very good ones, but he then quarrelled with the directors, and they then took into their employment a certain Haym, a Roman violoncellist, a man who was little short of an idiot as far as literature was concerned. Deserting the orchestra for the slopes of Parnassus, he has for the last three years employed himself in adapting a number of old librettos for the use of the composers who write operas for the English stage, making still worse what was bad before. Our friend, Bononcini, however, has been an exception. He has got his librettos from Rome, where they were written by certain pupils of Gravina. If your friend thinks of sending a specimen of his work here, I must warn him that in England people like very few recitatives, thirty airs and one duet at least distributed over the three acts. The subject must be simple, tender, heroic—Roman, Greek or possibly Persian, but never Gothic or Lombard. For this year, and for the next two, there must be two equal parts in the operas for Cuzzoni and Faustina. Senesino takes the principal male character and his part must be heroic. The other three male parts should be arranged proportionally song for song in all three acts. The duet should be at the end of the second act, and entrusted to the two women. If the subject demands three women, a third woman may be employed, as there is a third singer here to take the part. If the Duchess of Marlborough, who gives £500 a year to Bononcini, will allow him to give the Academy an opera, it will be "*Andromaca*," which is almost a translation of Racine's drama, omitting the death of Pyrrhus, cleverly turned into an opera libretto. From it your friend can get an idea of the sort of opera which is popular in England. Meanwhile, if he likes to send a libretto, I will see that it reaches the proper hands, and if it should happen to suit one of our composers, which I do not doubt, I will see that the payment is guaranteed. The packet should be sent to our Jew correspondents in Amsterdam, so that they can pack it in some bale of silk, and hand it over to me as I pass through, in case I should again have cause to revisit the *ultimi divisi* (i. e., the English).

On the receipt of this letter Muratori's Modenese friend not only despatched a libretto to Riva, but proposed to follow it in person. His plans, however, were frustrated by the following discouraging missive:

In spite of my desire to carry out your wishes, I fear I can be of no use in the matter of the opera which you propose to send me by the post, since our composers have chosen their librettos for the coming season and are already at work upon them. It will be difficult, too, to get anything accepted for another year, as the Academy has its own poet, and the operas that come from Italy cannot serve for this theatre. They have to be reformed, or I should rather say deformed, in order to bring them into the shape which the English public favours. Few verses of recitative and many airs are the fashion here, and this is the reason why none of the best operas of Sig. Apostolo has been performed here, and that the two finest of Metastasio, that is to say "Didone" and "Siroe," have suffered the same fate. Besides, as it is, we have more poets here than are wanted. Exclusive of the Academy's poet, there are Rolli and a certain Brillanti, of Pistoja, who is doing so well, that all the others are idle, so it would be throwing good money away for your friend to undertake a journey hither.

The Royal Academy of Music, now established at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, opened its doors on the 2nd April, 1720, with an opera entitled "Numitore," written by Rolli and composed by Giovanni Porta, which kept the house warm until the great novelty of the season, Handel's "Radamisto," was produced on the 27th of April. On the 30th of May, "Narciso" by Domenico Scarlatti, was produced, the original libretto having been adapted to suit English taste by Rolli, who dedicated his work to the Princess of Wales. These three operas seem to have held the boards, until the season closed on July 6th, with a performance of "Numitore." So far all had been peace. Bononcini had not arrived to threaten Handel's supremacy, and the great man ruled alone. But troubles were in store, not the least of which was the bursting of the South-Sea Bubble, which brought the King in a hurry back from Hanover, and threw all London into disorder and confusion. Everyone, from the highest to the lowest was affected by the "slump." Rolli wrote to Riva: "But, my dear Riva, what a ruin is this of the South-Sea! All the nobility is in the depths of anguish. One sees none but gloomy faces." And in a later letter he adds: "They ought to gibbet these South-Sea directors, who have ruined all my friends, and in consequence will, it seems, come near to ruining the Academy."

In spite of Rolli's sinister predictions, the Academy re-opened the doors of the Haymarket Theatre on the 19th of November,

1720, with Bononcini's "Astarto," adapted by Rolli, who, in dedicating the work to Lord Burlington, reminded him of the fact that he first heard the work at the Teatro Capranica, Rome, under the direction of Rolli himself. "Astarto" saw the first appearance in England of the famous male contralto, Senesino, whose marvellous voice and singing had a good deal to do with bringing about the craze for Italian opera which devastated London society for the next twenty years. Senesino was the favourite butt of the anti-Italian journalists and caricaturists. Many were the lampoons in which his effeminacy was pilloried; many the cartoons in which his spindle-shanked figure was held up to ridicule. Of his musicianship there could not be two opinions. His character was venomously attacked by his enemies, but Rolli, at any rate, had a good word to say for him. He wrote on the 23rd September, 1720:

Last Monday Senesino arrived, in company with Berselli and Salvai. I heard the news while dining at Richmond on Tuesday, and at once came up to Town with our dear Casimir.¹ I am delighted to find that the celebrated artist is a man of polished manners, well-read, extremely agreeable and imbued with the highest sentiments.

Rolli was now in the thick of the operatic conflict. There is a long letter at Modena sent by him to Riva in October, 1720, abominably written, grievously blotted, torn, defaced, and almost illegible, referring to the proposed production of an opera entitled "Amore e Maestà," which was supported by Durastanti and Senesino and opposed by Handel, of whom Rolli speaks in no measured terms, calling him "the Man" ["l'Uomo"], "the Savage" ["il Selvaggio"], and everything else in the way of insult he could lay his pen to. Heidegger, who was another of his *bêtes noires*, appears as "l'Eideggherone." Much of the letter defies transcription. Here is an extract from it:

Learn that la Margherita [Durastanti] in concert with our friend Senesino has proposed the opera, "Amore e Maestà," which cannot be given in the version used at Florence, because it contains such an immense amount of recitative, and so few ariettas that Senesino would only have four solos in the whole work. So I had orders to shorten it, and with the assistance of I added to it and changed it where necessary. The Alpine Faun ["l'Alpestre Fauno," *i. e.*, Handel, possibly in allusion to his German origin], is all for the old system, which he is always advocating, because he says that the more one works at a

¹Casimiro Avelloni, the husband of the famous soprano, Durastanti.

thing, the more it remains the same as before. He proposes Polani¹ to adapt and direct the opera. Senesino is furious. . . .

"Amore e Maestà" was produced on the 1st of February, 1721, under the name of "Arsace." The music was by Orlandini. It won little success, and the town still talked of nothing but the rival charms of "Radamisto" and "Astarto." A new way of settling the point of precedence between Handel and Bononcini was exploited by the Academy in the production of "Muzio Scevola," an opera in three acts, of which the first was composed by Filippo Mattei; the second by Bononcini, and the third by Handel. Rolli, who supplied the libretto, must have had a difficult task to satisfy the requirements of the three composers. No one profited much by "Muzio Scevola," which fell very flat; indeed, at the first performance (15th April, 1721), the great excitement of the evening was not the decision of the respective merits of the three composers, but the news of the birth of the Duke of Cumberland, which was announced during the entr'acte. If "Muzio Scevola" left the supremacy of Handel still intact, and "Ciro, o l'Odio e l'Amore" (20th May, 1720) failed to establish Attilio Ariosti as a serious rival to his two greater brethren, "Crispo" (10th January, 1722), and "Griselda" (22nd February, 1722), both written by Rolli, made Bononcini the hero of the hour. Bononcini's graceful little melodies enchanted ears which were deaf to the nobler strains of Handel, and the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, who was not musician enough to do justice to Handel, won the hearts of all the amateurs by her delicious warbling of the still famous "Per la gloria." Handel was for the moment out-manceuvred, and his attempt to take a leaf out of his rival's book by imitating the almost ballad-like simplicity of Bononcini's songs won little success for "Floridante" (9th December, 1721). Bononcini was at the top of the tree, and the favourite topic of discussion at London tea-tables was no longer whether he or Handel were the greater, but, if we may judge from the chatter of two opera-goers in Steele's "Conscious Lovers," whether "Crispo" was to be preferred to "Griselda." But Bononcini's triumph was short-lived. He had trouble with the directors of the Academy, his haughty, obstinate temper serving him, as usual, but ill, and in October, 1722, Lady Bristol wrote to her husband: "Bononcini is dismissed the theatre for operas, which I believe you and some

¹ Girolamo Polani was a Venetian singer and composer, whose acquaintance Handel may have made, as he must almost certainly have heard his music, in Venice ten years before. Polani's arrival in England is mentioned by Rolli earlier in the same letter.

of your family will regret. The reason they give for it is his extravagant demands." He did not, however, leave London. The Duchess of Marlborough took pity on him, gave him a roof over his head and £500 a year, and allowed no music but his to be heard at her parties. Bononcini's quarrel with the Academy seems to have been patched up, as he certainly continued to write for them, his "Erminia," to a libretto by Rolli, being produced on 30th March, 1723, his "Farnace" 27th November, 1723, his "Calfurnia" on 18th April, 1724, and his "Astianatte" 6th May, 1727. Long before this, however, Bononcini's vogue had deserted him. The fickle public tired of his pretty tunes, and the advent of the great Cuzzoni gave Handel an interpreter worthy of his genius, so that in the blaze of his triumph Bononcini's taper paled its ineffectual fires. In the success of these brilliant years Rolli had little share. For three years his name did not appear on the opera bills, and we do not meet it again until 1726, when he figures once more in his accustomed place as the author of Handel's "Scipione" (12th March, 1726).

Why Rolli was deposed from his place as poet to the Academy is not known, but a shrewd guess may be hazarded when the character of Handel is taken into consideration and the sentiments of Rolli with regard to his autocratic chief. The way in which Rolli speaks of Handel in his private correspondence shows pretty clearly the mingled fear, awe and detestation with which he regarded him, and if we remember the description of Handel and his methods of working supplied us by another of his librettists, Thomas Morell, we may gather that Rolli's occupation was very far from being a bed of roses, and may take for granted that a particularly stormy interview with the irate composer ended in Rolli's precipitate retreat from the opera-house and retirement to the idyllic seclusion of Richmond. In 1726, as we have said, the quarrel was patched up, and Rolli returned to his allegiance.

From this point to the collapse of the Academy in 1728, Rolli played a more active part, furnishing Handel with the librettos of "Alessandro" (30th April, 1726) and "Riccardo" (11th November, 1727). In "Alessandro" he and Handel had the difficult task of providing parts of equal importance for the rival prima-donnas, Faustina and Cuzzoni. The balance was cleverly held between the two jealous women. They sang song for song throughout the opera. Each of them sang a duet with Senesino, and they had one duet together which was so skilfully composed that neither of them could say which was singing the principal part. If Rolli's

verses were pedestrian, his "Alessandro" was at least a triumph of *savoir-faire*.

During the years of Rolli's enforced absence from the opera-house, his time was mainly devoted to literary work. We may pass lightly over his minor tasks, such as his editions of the Decameron and Berni's "Opere burlesche," to linger over a work which will perhaps immortalize his name, when the fame of his operas is sunk in the dust—his translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Rolli had been at work upon Milton for many years. In 1717 Riva announced to Muratori that Rolli was beginning upon his gigantic task, and by 1722 he could report material progress. By 1726 six cantos were completed, and Cocchi, of whose critical acumen Riva evidently thought highly, was loud in Rolli's praise. In the following year we hear that

Rolli with his intrepid Muse is hard at work at the translation of Milton. He is thinking of leaving a *lacuna* where the English poet speaks of indulgences and of the Trinity, lest the book should be prohibited in Italy. But he has not made up his mind on this point, and I really do not know how to advise him, since it seems impossible to be at the same time a good Catholic and a faithful translator.

In 1729 Rolli published in London the first six books of his translation of "Paradise Lost," and six years later the whole work appeared in a sumptuous folio edition with engraved portraits of Milton and his translator. Rolli won warm eulogies for his version of Milton, which was the first ever made into Italian verse. It is said by Italian critics to be singularly faithful, though lacking in elegance of style and poetical quality.

The Academy collapsed in June, 1728, and Rolli was once more out of employment. A new Academy was speedily formed under the auspices of Handel and Heidegger, but in this Rolli had neither part nor lot. He took refuge from poetry in criticism and some months before the new Academy had begun operations we find him sending a budget of operatic gossip to Senesino, whom Handel had refused to include in his company, and who was then in Italy. Writing in January, 1729, he says:

Heidegger came back and said he could find no singers in Italy. He declared he would not undertake anything without the two ladies (Faustina and Cuzzoni). He would not even consider any but these two, and he also proposed Farinelli. At last, hearing that your friends wished to get you back, he gave way and you came on to the *tapis* once more. He was thinking, of course, a good deal more of a big subscription than of anything else and rightly so, for the two parties (*i. e.*, Faustinians and Cuzzonites) and your friends in both would have filled up the

annual subscription at twenty pounds a head. This was the supposition on which my first letter to you, as you will remember, was founded. But Handel was not to be lulled to sleep by this sort of piping. He speedily exposed the malice of his rival (Heidegger), the useless folly of his ridiculous journey abroad, and his hopes of private profit. He said that what was wanted was variety. He was in favour of reviving the old system of constantly changing the singers, so as to have an opportunity of composing new songs for new artists. He found supporters for his new scheme in the Court, and soon won everyone to his view. He would not have Faustina. He saw through all your schemes. He wanted Farinelli and Cuzzoni, if she could be got away from Vienna, and in fact anyone who could be got. My Lord Bingley is at the head of the scheme; but then comes the question of the theatre, so Heidegger is called in, and they agree to give him £2,200 for providing theatre, scenery and dresses. Handel is to have £1,000 for composing music himself, or providing that of others. The subscription is to be fifteen guineas, and so far that seems to be enough. It is proposed to spend £4,000 on the singers in all, two at £100 a head, with a benefit and all the rest of it, and Handel is to start shortly for Italy, to choose the company.

On 2nd February, 1729, he writes again:

The new Handel-Heidegger scheme is finding its feet. There was a general meeting, with a lot of talking. Only a few people came, and of those only six or seven actually subscribed. Some others did not absolutely refuse, and others again insisted on knowing who the singers were to be, before they committed themselves. The royal wishes were explained, and it was decided that Handel should shortly start for Italy to look out for singers. The use of the dresses and scenery of the Academy for five years was unanimously granted to the two managers. Handel is now on the point of starting, and ten days ago Haym sent circular letters to Italy announcing the new undertaking and Handel's speedy arrival to all the artists concerned. Everybody is talking about Farinelli, all the more so because a short time ago letters came from Venice, in particular to the Ambassador Vignola saying that the theatre where Farinelli was singing was crowded, while that where you and Faustina were was almost empty. The Ambassador also made this statement with regard to the two *virtuose*, that if both Cuzzoni and Faustina returned he would contribute what he had promised; if Cuzzoni alone returned he would contribute the same, but if Faustina alone returned, he would contribute nothing. It is quite uncertain whether Cuzzoni returns or not. We get no letters from Vienna owing to delay in the post, but the last news spoke of presents and not of engagements, all the same as her great aim always is an engagement, they may succeed in getting her, as she has already made a success here, and is perhaps disposed to content herself with a moderate and permanent certainty rather than wait for a more profitable uncertainty.

The aim of the new scheme is to have everything new. Our dear little Handel ["il caro Handelino"] is determined to try experiments and to pay court to the right people. . . . I am still on bad terms with him, and shall remain so, and I refused to wish him a successful journey.

But a few days ago Goupy came to pay a visit to my brother, questioning him about Handel's jaunt abroad and the new scheme, so as to hear what we had to say, and our replies were all approving. He said further that Faustina had been the reason of the disagreement between me and my friend—to which the reply was indifference and resentment. He hated the lady, and said that everything was going to be new, saying also that our friend still hated Cuzzoni. Riva is furious because he sees that Bononcini had been turned out owing to his own arrogance as well as through the arrogance of the Chief Composer, on whom everything depends. . . .

The gossip in this letter is difficult to make out, and some parts of it, which I have omitted, are absolutely incomprehensible. Still, the sentiments of the Italian small fry in London are unmistakable. One and all groaned beneath Handel's yoke. He ruled his myrmidons with a rod of iron, and though they murmured they had to obey. On September 3rd Rolli was still grumbling:

You knew before that Attilio and Haym have joined forces. Now learn that the famous Rossi, Italian author and poet, is Handel's accredited bard. Nothing is yet known of Cuzzoni.

By the beginning of November the opening of the new Academy was imminent. The singers were already in London, rehearsals were in progress, and everyone was talking about the new season.

Do you really want me, writes Rolli (6th November, 1729), to give you musical news? If everyone were as well satisfied with the company as is the Royal Family, we should have to admit that there never had been such an opera since Adam and Eve sang Milton's hymn in the Garden of Eden. They say that little Strada has all the rapid execution of Faustina and all the sweetness of Cuzzoni, and so on about all the others! We shall see how it turns out. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, as the English proverb says. The truth is that Strada is simply a copy of Faustina with a better voice and better intonation, but without her charm and *brio*.

The new Academy began operations on the 2nd of December, 1729, with Handel's "Lotario." A few days later Rolli writes to Riva:

Ten days ago the opera began with "Lotario." I only went last Tuesday, to the third performance. Everyone thinks it a very bad opera. Bernacchi failed the first night, but at the second performance he changed his method and had a success. In person and voice he does not please like Senesino, but he has his great reputation to fall back upon. The libretto was sung last year by Faustina and Senesino at Venice under the name "Adelaide." Strada pleases mightily, and the Great Man says that she sings better than the two who have left us,

because one of them never really pleased him, and he would like to forget the other.

The truth is that she has a penetrating thread of a soprano voice which tickles the ears—but, oh! how far removed from Cuzzoni! Bononcini, who was with me at the opera, agrees entirely with me as to this. Fabri is a great success. He really sings very well. Would you have believed that here in England, a tenor could have such a triumph? Merighi is really a perfect actress, and this is the general opinion. There is a certain Bertolli, a Roman girl who plays men's parts. O! my dear Riva, if you could only see her perspiring under her helmet—I am sure you would fall in love with her in your most . . . Modenese fashion. ["Son certo che la desidererete Modenesissamente!" An untranslatable pun.] O! she is a pretty girl! There is also a bass from Hamburg [Riemschneider], whose voice is more of a natural contralto than a bass. He sings sweetly in his throat and nose, pronounces Italian *alla Cimbica*, acts like a sucking-pig, and looks like a *valet de chambre*. O! it is fine, you may trust me. They are preparing "Giulio Cesare," perhaps because the audiences are diminishing. I think the storm is about to break on the head of our proud Bear. Beans are not for all markets, especially beans so badly cooked as this first basketful. Heidegger has got great credit for his dresses and scenery, though the latter does not rise much above mediocrity. We shall see what we shall see!

The season wore to its close with only moderate success. On the 12th of June Rolli resumed his impressions of it with his usual acrimony:

I have nothing much to say about the Heidegger-Handel couple ["la coppia Eidegrendeliana"], and their miserable opera. They have just succeeded in dragging through the season, and deserved no better. The musicians will be paid, and that is all. No one can say whether we shall have any opera next season or not, or whether the company will be the same, but it is certain that things are going from bad to worse. Strada finds favour with the very few who want to forget Cuzzoni . . . A few days before he died M. Rizzi (?) sent to Goupy a caricature of Cuzzoni and Farinelli singing a duet. Goupy had added the figure of Heidegger seated in a chair with his face turned up, and this has been engraved to the honour and glory of the great army of tuneful *canaille*."

Goupy was an artist, who painted scenery for Handel, and evidently quarrelled with him. He painted the famous pastel caricature of Handel, now in my possession, entitled "The Charming Brute." His engraving of Cuzzoni, Farinelli and Heidegger, here referred to, has often been reproduced.

At the close of the season Handel, if he had not precisely to face defeat and disaster, could not conceal from himself that Bernacchi, his *primo uomo*, was a failure. There was no help for it, he must swallow his pride and have recourse to Senesino. Consequently, when the second season opened on the 3rd of November, 1730, the great *castrato* was once more singing under

Handel's banner. The next three years must be rapidly passed over. The story of Handel's struggles and defeats has often been told, his indomitable efforts to win success with his operas, and his gradual realisation of the fact that the road to fame and fortune led through oratorio.

In the spring of 1733 came the troubles occasioned by Handel's having raised his prices for a performance of "Deborah," which led to the secession of many of his most influential subscribers, and to the foundation of the rival institution, the "Opera of the Nobility." In April, 1733, there appeared in *The Craftsman* a letter signed P--LO R--LI, which purports to be an attack upon Handel, but is in reality a skilfully veiled assault upon Walpole. In all probability Rolli had nothing whatever to do with it. The squib is now generally attributed to Bolingbroke, who seems to have borrowed Rolli's name for the occasion. Apart from its political value, it has an interest for musical historians, since, though it is not what it professes to be, it must necessarily represent pretty accurately the state of feeling that prevailed against Handel at that time in the fashionable world; otherwise its point as a satire would be lost. It also shows us that Rolli was considered sufficiently notorious as an enemy of Handel for Bolingbroke (if he actually was the author) to use him as a stalking-horse in furthering his political campaign.

With the opening of the "Opera of the Nobility" on 29th December, 1733, Rolli reappears in the world of London music. Porpora's "Arianna in Nasso," with which the season began, was written by Rolli, and until the collapse of the venture in 1737, when the rival opera schemes, like the Kilkenny cats, abolished each other simultaneously, Rolli did a large amount of hack-work for his aristocratic patrons. It would be wearisome to the reader to detail the long list of now forgotten works in which Rolli had a share. Among his operas were "Fernando"; "Enea nel Lazio"; "Polifemo," a setting of the tale of Acis and Galatea, which had the advantage of being sung by Cuzzoni, Senesino and Farinelli; "Ifigenia in Aulide" and "Orfeo." He also wrote the oratorio "David e Bersabea," and the serenata "Festa d'Imeneo" for the wedding of the Prince of Wales. Most of these works were set to music by Porpora, the director of the "Opera of the Nobility," a composer of great ability, whose talents have never been properly appreciated by historians of the period. The great attraction of the "Opera of the Nobility" lay in the singing of Farinelli, which seems to have completely turned the heads of London opera-goers. "On aimait les autres," wrote the Abbé Prévost,

"pour celui-ci, on en est idolâtre; c'est une fureur." His singing entranced even a jealous rival like Senesino, who, when they first appeared together, burst into tears at the conclusion of Farinelli's first song, ran across the stage and threw himself into the singer's arms. What his audience thought of him may be summed up in the famous exclamation wrung from a too impressionable dame, and afterwards immortalized by Hogarth: "One God, one Farinelli." Rolli, in a letter of 9th November, 1734, gives a pleasant glimpse of the great singer:

I know you wanted me to send you some theatrical news, but though I had a finger in the pie last year, and perhaps shall have another this year also, I am so disgusted with the whole business, that I can hardly bear to speak of it, much less to write. However, I must tell you something about Farinelli, who really deserves it. I confess he has surprised me, and I feel that till now I understood only a fraction of what human song can be, whereas now I am glad to think that I have heard all that there is or can be. Apart from his singing, he is a man of most amiable and courteous manners, and I take the greatest pleasure in his friendship and company. He has given me a present, the poems of Metastasio, which I had long desired, and which will help me to pass many pleasant hours, turning my thoughts to the glory of my country and to the old master [Gravina] who taught the pair of us.

In a later letter (25th March, 1735) he pays a further tribute to Farinelli, adding epigrammatically: "He is in truth a devil of a singer ["*È veramente un Demonio*"].

In spite of Farinelli, the "Opera of the Nobility" was not destined to be long-lived. London could not afford to support two opera-houses, and after the first blaze of the Farinelli furor had died down, the audiences grew small by degrees, and beautifully less. Mrs. Delany, as a devoted Handelian, was naturally contemptuous of the rival establishment. Even for Farinelli she hardly had a good word. "With this band of singers and dull Italian operas, such as you almost fall asleep at, they presume to rival Handel!"

The doom of both houses, in fact, was long since sealed. Rolli's last contribution to the failing fortunes of his theatre was "Sabrina," an adaptation of Milton's "Comus," which was produced in May, 1737. Only three performances were given. On the 11th of June, Farinelli sang, as Colley Cibber affirmed, "to an audience of five and thirty pounds," and on the 14th the theatre was closed, owing to the "indisposition" of the great singer. Farinelli was not advertised to appear again, and the disastrous season closed in disgrace. "With so little *éclat*," says Burney,

"did this great singer quit the English stage, that the town seems rather to have left him, than he the town!"

After the collapse of the two operas, the indomitable Heidegger swept the relics of both companies into his net, and in the autumn of 1737 opened a despairing season at the Haymarket Theatre, for which Rolli wrote a "Partenio," with music by Veracini (14th March, 1738), and for a season organized later on by the composer Pescetti at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket his fertile muse produced three more operas. Towards the close of his operatic career Rolli was once more to collaborate with Handel, for whom he wrote "Deidamia," produced in 1741, with which Handel bade farewell for ever to the stage. The revival of opera under Lord Middlesex in the same year provided more work for Rolli, who, together with the Abate Vanneschi, was engaged as poet to the establishment.

Among Rolli's contributions to the Middlesex season was "Penelope," set to music by Galuppi, regarding which Handel, writing from Ireland to his friend Jennens, indulged in a little good-humoured "chaff": "The first opera I heard myself before I left London, and it made me very merry all along my journey, and of the second opera, called 'Penelope,' a certain nobleman writes very jocosely, 'Il faut que je dise avec Harlequin, Notre Pénélope n'est qu'une Sallope.'"

Whatever were the faults of the Middlesex management, they had plenty of money, and were not afraid of spending it. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, laments the extravagance of the directors:

I am quite uneasy about the Opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. . . . I will give you some instances of their extravagance, not to mention the improbability of eight thoughtless young men of fashion understanding economy. It is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books. Vanneschi and Rolli are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy, to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor—because there are none here. They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has taken a house at thirty pounds a year.

With such princely paymasters it is not surprising to learn that Rolli ere long was able to think of returning home. He left London in October, 1744, and retired to Todi, attracted, as his eighteenth century biographer tells us, by the salubrious climate and picturesque situation of the little Umbrian city, and by

the fact that two of his sisters were nuns there. His leisure, as his correspondence shows, was devoted to literature. He died on the 20th of March, 1765, at the age of 78, tended by a devoted servant whom he had brought with him from England. To this servant, whose name I judge to have been Samuel Ready, he bequeathed his entire fortune, together with a collection of his private correspondence. This is now in the possession of Ready's descendants, who, under the Italianized name of Retti, still inhabit Todi. A passage in Rolli's will relating to Ready deserves transcription:

And I concede to my aforesaid servant, Samuel Retti, the right to be buried by my side with this inscription: *Si est tibi servus fidelis, sit tibi quasi anima tua, quasi fratrem sic eum tracta.* (If thou have a faithful servant, entreat him as a brother: for thou hast need of him, as of thine own soul.—Eccl. xxxiii, 31.)

Happy Rolli! After a stormy and chequered career he found peace at the last among the vine-clad hills of his native land, and the pillow of his tranquil death-bed was smoothed by the hand of a faithful friend.

THE BOOK-PLATES OF MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS *

By SHELDON CHENEY

IF one has a passion for music, it is likely to color every activity of one's life. Friendships naturally are formed with people of the same tastes, and business associations may be largely molded by the influences of one's leisure hour hobbies. And certainly the books of the music-lover's library will bulk large on the musicana side. When love of music thus so often determines the larger aspects of life, it should be no matter for wonder that such a personal little thing as the book-plate again and again reflects that love.

The book-plate, designed primarily as a label to indicate book ownership, was for centuries stiffly heraldic in character. Of recent years it has become, instead, a sort of pictorial coat-of-arms, a graphic index to the tastes of the owner. For the man whose hobbies are primarily bookish, it will probably be purely literary; for the nature lover it may be a landscape; for the boy or girl, a childish bit of sentiment; for the actor, a reminder of the stage; for the architect, a famous building, or a beautiful bit of architectural detail; and finally, for the musician or music-lover, it must, in all appropriateness, be suggestive of the art of music.

During the last quarter-century the book-plate, through its two-fold appeal, artistic and antiquarian, has become a thing much prized by art connoisseurs and antiquarians, as well as an object of interest to the general reading public. There are in America two active associations of collectors and designers of book-plates, and each of the important European countries has its "ex libris" society and its monthly or quarterly journal devoted to book-plate matters. The latest bibliography lists over six hundred books and pamphlets on the subject, to say nothing of a great number of magazine essays. And the interest, especially on the artistic side, seems to be still growing.

When a subject is so large, spanning, as this one does, all the centuries of art from Dürer to Abbey, and reflecting the

y
e
y
l
e
-
r
d

e
-
-
n
y
y
of
al
-
of

s
g
n
n
of
is
d
x
of
y

ll
ne



tastes of all the intervening generations of book-lovers, it is only natural that collectors should single out certain classes of plates for particular study. Thus one collector may gather only the book-plates of famous authors, another only angling plates, another only heraldic plates, another only garden plates, and so on. But of all the specialties so pursued there is none more fascinating than the book-plates of musicians and music-lovers. Indeed, so great is the interest that has been shown in this particular subdivision of the subject, that in Europe three books have been published specifically about musical book-plates.

The music-lover has utilized every conceivable method of bringing some suggestion of his art into book-plate design. The range extends from the most symbolic to the most realistic, from the most elaborate to the simplest, and from the oppressively serious to the annoyingly frivolous. Musical instruments decoratively treated, piping Pans and piping nymphs, bits of musical notation, portraits of famous musicians, choir boys, Cupids playing the violin, musical angels of enlightenment—these appear again and again in the collectors' albums. And of course that time worn symbol of the art, the lyre, is quite as common as the very modern lady languishing at the piano. How cleverly these stock subjects have been varied, and adapted to individual tastes and needs, the accompanying illustrations will show. They have been chosen from a collection of more than four thousand plates; and although reduced in size, they are representative of the best that has been used to label the personal libraries of music-lovers.

Of the purely symbolic and conventional type, one of the most interesting examples is the design used by Arthur Farwell, one of the best-known figures in the American world of music. Within a formal wreath the lyre properly takes the central place. Beside it are the conventional symbols of the art of the theatre, the masks of tragedy and comedy. Above is a ribbon bearing the name. The decorative heavy line used in the execution of this design is especially suited to the requirements of a book-plate. It is characteristic of all the work of the designer, Frank Chouteau Brown, a Boston architect who has made more book-plates for people of musical note than any four or five other American artists together.

A second plate whereon this designer has used the lyre to symbolize musical art is that made for Gertrude L. Hale. Here the human note is introduced in the girl's head, but the central and emphatic impression is that of the instrument. Again the handling of the lines is such that the whole makes a very decorative

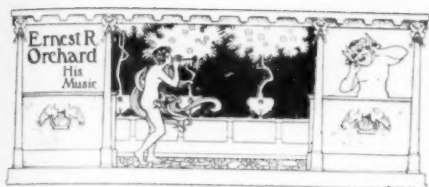
label. The owner of the plate, as one might guess, is a musician—in this case a singer.

A plate similar in theme, but very different in handling, is that of Edna B. Stockhouse. Delicacy and grace, rather than solidity and directness, characterize this attractive little design. The child-figure, with vine-crowned head, is appealing in its youthfulness, and the old-fashioned lyre seems very much in the spirit of the whole design. William Edgar Fisher, one of the best known American book-plate artists, was the designer.

Of all the "Piping Pan" book-plates—and the motive is not at all uncommon—there is none more charming than the "A. A. B." design. The child Pan sits on the bank of a reed-grown stream, and pipes the notes from a sheet of music propped against a tree. From the branches above hangs a name-panel with the initials. The design was made by Frank T. Merrill, and is used in the Allen A. Brown collection of music, at the Boston Public Library.

For Harvey Worthington Loomis, long famous as a composer, F. C. Brown has made a design which shows nothing of the Piping Pan except a portion of his face. By way of contrast one may compare this with the Ernest R. Orchard design, by William Edgar Fisher. Here a nymph has taken the place of Pan, and one can see quite all there is of the graceful piper. Over at one side a Satyr—or perhaps it is Pan himself—takes delight in stopping up his ears. The musical idea is further emphasized by the two winged lyres, and by the piping grotesques at the tops of the columns.

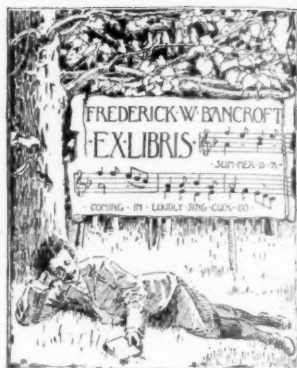
The little Tanisse Barnes Tyler plate, a third design by William Edgar Fisher, is one of the most pleasing of all the posteresque book-plates by American designers. There is no depth of thought back of the design, and the whole affair is slight indeed if one sets up an intellectual criterion. But the artist has done a thing which seems to be the most difficult of all for the average American designer to achieve: he has taken a subject so obvious that it can carry little interest in itself, and he has made an attractive bit of decoration merely by a clever placing of the few simple elements in relation to each other. It is primarily an effective arrangement of black and white, and only secondarily a picture of a girl at a piano. To be sure, it is the latter point that makes the design eminently suitable for use in the library of a music-lover; but it is the decorative quality that lifts it above the average run of American book-plates of the musical or any other class.





EX LIBRIS
MUSICIS

RUBIE LA LANDE
DE FERRIÈRE



HARVEY WOR
FINGTON
LOOMIS

EDNA B. STOCKHOUSE



HER MUSIC

It will be noted that this Barnes design bears the inscription "her music," instead of the usual "ex libris" or her "book." The size and shape further emphasize the fact that this is meant to be a marker not only for books, but for sheet music. It is small enough to be pasted on the cover margin. Thus it serves to record ownership of loose music by a decorative addition to the cover, instead of the usual disfiguring signature—just as the larger book-plate ornamentally labels the books in the library, and at the same time saves their title-pages from the defacement of a carelessly written inscription. The music-lover who is the prospective owner of a design will do well to consider thoroughly this matter of the size of the plate and its wording. Mr. Fisher alone among the prominent designers seems to have grasped the idea. Reference to the Orchard and Stockhouse plates, already described, will show that they, too, have been executed with sheet music in mind.

Another example of the purely decorative treatment of instrument and player is shown in the Iustus Haarmann plate. Here a mandolin player and his book of music, with the streamers and ornamental lettering, form a satisfying design. The workmanship is rough, when one looks closely, but the total impression is unusually effective. The artist is Willi Geiger, a German who has done some of the weirdest book-plates known to collectors, as well as a number of such delightful bits as this Haarmann design.

More conventional, and less successful perhaps, is the Rubie LaLande de Ferriere plate. The violin from which the curious tree grows, and the notes in the branches, leave no doubt that the owner's concern is primarily with music. Such heavy clean-cut line work is exceptionally well suited to book-plates. But the maker's sense of design is in no way comparable to that of Geiger and others of the artists so far mentioned.

An unusual variation of the instrument and player idea is embodied in the little Robert Gable plate. The design was made for a student of music, who "played the drum" in a high school orchestra. It shows an imp of Satan beating a gong—evidently the artist's idea of student music. The plate was designed and cut on wood by George Wolfe Plank, the most imaginative of all American book-plate designers.

The plate used by Frederick W. Bancroft leaves no doubt that the owner is a lover of both music and nature. The man lies full length in the grass, with book closed, and listens with evident pleasure to the singing birds in the branches above. And to

leave no doubt about the sentiment, both music and words are given: "Summer is a-coming in, Loudly sing cuck-oo." This use of a favorite strain of music in actual notation on the plate has occurred more than once on American designs, and is even commoner among those of European music-lovers.

The use of portraits of eminent musicians in book-plate design seems to be curiously restricted in this country, not one satisfying example appearing in a collection of more than four thousand prints. But in Europe, and especially in Germany, this is one of the favorite ways of indicating the owner's musical tastes. Indeed a whole book has been written about "*Beethoven Ex Libris*." Among the illustrations of this essay the only example in which a composer is shown is the August F. Ammann plate. Even here the Mozart bust in its shrine is not the main motive of the plate. The remarkably dressed woman playing the piano, and the Cupid with violin, both go to impress the beholder with the owner's musical propensities. The plate is typical of the delicacy and fantasy in the work of Franz von Bayros, the leader among Austrian book-plate designers.

In the Francis M. Williams design, by Ludwig S. Ipsen, the musical idea is doubly expressed. The central motive is the choir boy, in surplice and with hymn-book. The background shows an organ in an architectural setting. It is hardly necessary to add that the owner is by profession an organist.

Unique among the musical book-plates is that made by William Edgar Fisher for Florence O'Neill. The artist has taken his inspiration from that poem in which Poe describes the angel Israfel, mentioned in the Koran as having the sweetest voice of all God's creatures:

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

In embodying the spirit of music in the figure of Israfel, the designer has expressed something of that aspiring and uplifting quality of the art, which is as difficult to put in words as to portray in a drawing. Appropriately, the only detail outside the central panel is a lyre, with wreath intertwined, below the name.

Occasionally it happens that a well known musician adopts a book-plate without any reminder of the art, whereon the lyre

re
se
as
n-

te
ne
ir
is
s.
x
le
e.
re
o,
h
ne
er

ne
ne
nd
ry
y
en
el
of

he
ng
to
le
e.
ts
re



Robert B. Gable

and the girl-at-the-piano, and the other familiar motives, are forsaken for something quite alien to the musical world. Designs so chosen, without reference to the ruling passion of the owners' lives, may be of interest for various reasons; but usually they remind one of opportunities missed. Two of the plates shown herewith, both by F. C. Brown, were made for composers, and without any hint of musical tastes. The plate for H. F. Gilbert is merely a decorative arrangement of the name with an old-time mask. The plate of Homer A. Norris, equally well known as composer, organist, and writer about music, is more or less of a caricature. It shows a page bringing an overflowing armful of books, with the explanatory and unusual wording: "Returning books to Homer A. Norris."

When the book-plate is used only in music books the ownership inscription is sometimes changed from the usual "ex libris," to indicate the nature of the special collection. The deFerriere design is worded "ex libris musicis," which seems to be the commonest way of expressing "from the music books." "Ex musicis" is similarly used. But the "e cantibus" of the Haarmann plate expresses the same thing more pleasingly. One sometimes wonders, though, why so many people forsake plain English for the sake of a Latin phrase that has no advantage except that it "is the usual thing." After all, "Jane Smith—her music" expresses all that is necessary, simply and directly. An interesting variation is found in the plate of Carolyn Lewis, by Charles R. Capon, which is shown herewith. The inscription is in the form "her music-marker."

In European countries the book-plate has served as a place for many music-lovers to record their favorite mottoes. J. F. Verster, in his monograph on musical ex libris, quotes more than three hundred mottoes found on this class of plates. Of the designs shown here, only that of Francis M. Williams has a motto: "Pro aris et focus," or "For our altars and our firesides." This of course would be as appropriate on a non-musical plate. A more direct sentiment, from the plate of Samuel Reay, is "Laetitiae comes, dolori medicina, musica" (Music, the companion of joy, the cure for pain). A German design has this wording: "Ihr seid doch alle aus Musik geboren." A motto of broader import is quoted from Edward MacDowell on a recent design: "There is only one art—and that is the correlation of them all."

The musician must necessarily have many books, and it is probably true that he has a greater affection for them than people in other walks of life have for the libraries that accumulate

on their shelves with little or no purpose. By that token he should take special pride in labelling his volumes with a book-plate that will give them a distinctive personal touch, and at the same time secure them against loss at the hands of forgetful book borrowers. That some noted musicians, as well as many music-lovers, have adopted this delightful method of book identification, this essay has shown. That others would adopt it when they read of its peculiar virtues, was the firm conviction of the writer when he brought together the material for the essay. May you, reader, if you combine in one person the traits of the real music-lover and of the true book-lover, come to enjoy that peculiar sense of pride in possession which only the musical book-plate can afford.

HECTOR BERLIOZ AND RICHARD WAGNER

By JULIEN TIERSOT

I

HECTOR BERLIOZ, born in 1803 in a small town of southeastern France, within sight of the Alps, was a contemporary of the poets, artists and thinkers who devoted their genius to the triumph of the Romantic School—of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Eugène Delacroix, Rude, Michelet, Edgar Quinet, etc.—and in the domain of music he occupies a place equivalent to that held by each of these great men in his specialty. Coming to Paris at the age of eighteen, with the intention of engaging in pursuits wholly different from those to which he finally dedicated himself, he first of all (as a student of music) came under the influence of the classic masters whose works were then in the musico-dramatic repertory,—chiefly Gluck, the last interpreter, and a powerful one, of the spirit of the *ancien régime*, and his successors, Méhul, Lesueur, Spontini, the representatives of the grand musical traditions of the French Revolution and the Empire. His most lasting impression from hearing them was the passionate emotion which breathes in their works, together with the character of grandeur wherewith they stamped their conceptions; as to their forms, whose excessive regularity and too bare simplicity comported but ill with the impetuosity of his genius, he imitated them very sparingly. But he soon found other models when he gained an intimacy with the works of two German masters, Weber and Beethoven, still living while he was yet a youth. From the former he borrowed the picturesque orchestral coloring, and lost no time in adding to the treasure committed into his keeping. The latter, besides an inimitable genius, revealed to him the forms of the symphony; Berlioz forthwith adopted them in preference to those of the opera, recognizing in them a more favorable medium for conveying the impulsion of his individual feeling, for giving full scope to his passions and his dreams, for representing in tones the images born of an imagination at times erratic, but always creative.

And his first attempt was a masterstroke. In the memorable year 1830, when Victor Hugo gave the first representation of *Hernani*, and a fresh popular revolution definitively abolished the old order, Berlioz wrote and procured the first audition of his *Symphonie fantastique*, a work of marked originality and novelty, in which the orchestra attains to a puissance of expression and a vividness of coloration previously unapproached. Continuing on his course, he composed several further orchestral works, some of which are veritable musical pictures, glowing with color, like the symphony *Harold en Italie*; others, like the *Requiem*, evoke the mysteries of the great beyond with an incomparable grandeur; while in a third symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, in which he mingled voices with the instruments, he makes the orchestra speak with as much eloquence, and almost equal precision, as the Shakespearean word whose interpretation he had undertaken could command. He thus, at the very outset, reached the loftiest realization of the symphonic drama, whereof, in this work, he supplied the prototype. By such bold innovations he had not failed to bewilder the intellects of a public so ill-prepared to appreciate art of this nature. An opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, vivid and colorful as his purely symphonic works, had come to grief, and this failure had caused its author great chagrin. However, he was surrounded by a chosen few who had penetrated his arcanum and foresaw the future of his efforts; and when *Roméo et Juliette* appeared (in 1839—he was then thirty-six years of age) he was held to be a genius whose very superiority rendered him inaccessible to the vulgar.

Richard Wagner, per contra, was ten years younger; and although a disparity of ten years seems to be effaced between men who have reached maturity or old age, it is very noticeable at their entrance into the public arena. He was born in 1813, in Leipzig, the town already known to fame as the dwelling-place of the great Bach. Having passed his childhood in an artistic environment, he early devoted himself to music and the theatre; took the first steps in his career as an orchestral conductor in various provincial towns of Germany and Russia, and tried his hand at composition—not without feeling his way and being subjected to very diverse influences, like that of Weber and the masters of German romanticism, or that of Italian opera à la Bellini, or from that of Adolphe Adam's comedy-opera up to French grand opera, of which latter the author of *La Vestale*, Spontini, had furnished him with superb examples. Being thus predisposed, he produced two highly dissimilar dramatic works—

Das Liebesverbot and *Rienzi*. But where was he to bring out works of such calibre? The small cities on which he exercised an influence as music-director were far from affording him sufficient resources. He did not hesitate. He betook himself to Paris. This was in the summer of 1839; Wagner had just reached the age of twenty-six.

He arrived in the French capital on September the 16th—and on the following 24th of November Berlioz gave the first hearing of his *Roméo et Juliette*. In the meantime the young German had been doing his utmost to establish connections in the great city. It was at Schlesinger's (the publisher), a German like himself, and to whom he had been introduced by another German, Meyerbeer, that he met Berlioz, then a contributor to the "Gazette Musicale." Wagner so quickly succeeded in attracting his attention and engaging his personal interest, that Berlioz included him among the number of those who enjoyed gratuitous admission to the first performance of his work. I have found proof of this in a list of invitations written by Berlioz's own hand, and deposited among his papers in the library of the Conservatory; in it the name of "R. Wagner" is entered for a seat.

So it happened that the future author of *Tristan und Isolde*, almost immediately after his arrival in Paris, was afforded an opportunity of hearing French music of a sort quite different from that for which he was prepared; his acquaintance with it having been confined to the *Postillon de Longjumeau* and the *Muette de Portici*. And, in his posthumous autobiography, he admits that the impression it made on him was both extremely vivid and unexpected:

It was unquestionably a totally new world for me. First of all, I was almost bewildered by the puissance of an orchestral virtuosity of which I had never dreamed before. The reckless boldness and severe precision with which the most daring combinations were attacked, made them fairly palpable. They took me by storm, and impetuously fanned the flame of my personal feeling for music and poetry. I was all ear for things of which I had never had the slightest notion, and which I sought to explain to myself.

Afterwards he heard the *Symphonie fantastique* and the *Harold* symphony, listening to the former "with an emotion full of admiration," and conscientiously analyzing the latter. Still later, in July, 1840, when Berlioz had brought out a work of vast proportions, composed on the occasion of a popular festival, the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* for the victims of the July revolution, Wagner paid homage to the grandeur of this creation;

he states that on hearing it "he was unable to resist a strange and profound feeling of respect for the individuality of this marvellous master," and that he then comprehended "the greatness and the energy of this incomparable artist-nature, unique in the world."

It is not as though he had surrendered himself completely to the spell, for, in conclusion, he sums up his impressions as follows:

After the hearing, however, I was haunted by the uneasiness one feels when confronted by some strange thing which will never become congenial; and this uneasiness compelled me to ask myself why Berlioz's music should waken my enthusiasm one day, and should repel me, or be positively tiresome, at another time. For years Berlioz presented a problem at once perplexing and irritating, which I did not succeed in solving until a long time afterward.—Nevertheless, (he concludes,) I still felt like a pupil in his presence.

Such is the sincere narration, written down for himself, wherein Wagner describes his first memories of Berlioz.

But, at the same time, he communicated his impressions on the subject to the public—to the German public. Let us compare them with those whose mark is recorded in the private diary from which, thirty years after his death, the secrets of his real thought were made known to us. What he wrote, as the correspondent of an art-review ("Europa") in Dresden, when the period of his sojourn in France was drawing to a close (May 5, 1841), follows:

The *Symphonie fantastique* is a strange, unheard-of thing. A teeming, towering imagination, an inspiration of epic energy, vomit as it were from a crater a turbid torrent of passions. Herein one can distinguish smoke-clouds of colossal proportions, lighted up solely by lightning-flashes, striped by fiery zones and fashioned into wavering phantoms. Everything is extravagant, audacious,—but extremely disagreeable.

As for *Roméo et Juliette*, this is the record of his impressions in the German periodical:

On hearing this symphony I experienced the most poignant regrets. In this composition, side by side with passages of incontestable genius, we find such a mass of transgressions against good taste and artistic economy, that I cannot help wishing that Berlioz, before the performance of his work, had submitted it to such a man as Cherubini.

The above verdict is notably severer than the one transmitted in the autobiography. It is true that Wagner unreservedly praises the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*, which he recognizes as possessing a "popular" character in the most ideal sense of

the term, and rather "national" than "popular," for (he adds) "from the *Postillon de Longjumeau* to this Symphony of July there is a long step to be taken." In these last words one may see the surprise of the German musician on discovering that a Frenchman could compose in any other style than that of *opéra comique*; indeed, in the very beginning of his article he set forth the following observations:

From remotest Germany the spirit of Beethoven has breathed upon him; and assuredly there have been hours when Berlioz wished that he was a German. In such hours it was, that his genius urged him to write in imitation of the great Master, to express the same things that he felt were expressed in his works. But no sooner had he grasped his pen, than the natural ebullition of his French blood regained the ascendancy.

We shall have to return to the ideas contained in this last quotation. For the present, let us be content to note the dissimilarity between Wagner's opinions as recorded in the sincerity of his personal recollections and as formulated in an article for publication, designed to influence the judgment of his compatriots. How different was the procedure of Schumann, who, in an article on this same *Symphonie fantastique* in which Wagner affected to discern nothing but dense clouds of smoke, heralded the advent of Berlioz as that of an original genius.

"Berlioz presented a problem at once perplexing and irritating," said Wagner. Very good. But why, then, at a time when he had not found the solution of this "problem," should he have given publicity only to those points which struck him as the most questionable, whereas, when left to solitary meditation, he could visualize their significance under a sensibly more favorable aspect?

As for Berlioz, he, for his part, was all courtesy and kindness for his young confrère. He doubtless kept him at a certain distance, and did not meet him on a familiar footing; there was no reason whatever for his doing so, and no other Frenchman would have acted differently. The only friends that Wagner had during this first sojourn in Paris were some Germans who had come, like himself, to seek their fortune, or who possibly had reasons for putting the frontier betwixt them and their own dear country, and were none too well off. "In Paris (so he writes again) you cannot find one artist who has time to make friends with another; each lives and moves for himself alone." In spite of this, Berlioz, whenever they happened to meet, did not fail to show him his good-will. As we have seen, he invited him to the first perform-

ance of his new work, *Roméo et Juliette*, and to other of his concerts; he himself attended the one at which was heard the sole work that Wagner succeeded in bringing out at Paris, an overture to *Christopher Columbus* whose reception was not favorable; and on this occasion accosted him with a few words of kindly encouragement. Finally, after Wagner had published a sketch entitled "A Visit to Beethoven" in the "Gazette Musicale," Berlioz complimented him upon it, not merely verbally, but by penning some sentences which—a rare favor!—were printed in his musical feuilleton in the "Journal des Débats." Thus it was that Wagner's name was first introduced to the French public, with praise, by the pen of Berlioz.

It should not be objected, that this was a trifling matter. It was all that Berlioz could do for a stranger artist just making his début (he himself then being only a "young master")—an artist wholly unknown and, to speak impartially, with nothing to give. For if Wagner came as early as 1839 with the—very German—notion of conquering France, every one will agree that he set about it the wrong way, being quite unprepared to insure his conquest. We must remember that the Wagner of 1839 was not the author of *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*; all that he brought us, his sole arms of offense, his sole munitions, consisted of the manuscripts of *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, two operas written in German, neither of which was in any way representative of Wagnerian genius, and which he himself later disowned. His efforts to have them brought out in Paris led to nothing, which was undoubtedly fortunate, because the probable outcome of their performance would have been the failure of works so immature and lacking stylistic form. Under these circumstances he could blame only himself and his own imprudence that he vegetated in misery; he only needed to stay away! Besides, he took his revenge by sending the periodicals of his country ill-natured articles of whose tenor we already have some idea from the above quotations concerning Berlioz. When writing the story of his life he did not conceal the fact that, in taking it upon himself to communicate his impressions of Paris to German readers, he had been tempted by the thought that he could express "the contempt which the ways of this city inspired in him." And that, again, is "very German"; of this we have had far more recent proofs. In a word, if Wagner, in 1839, did not succeed in winning the place in Paris to which he aspired, he had only himself to thank. As for his French fellow-musicians, his elders, they all treated him quite as well as he could have expected; and

Berlioz, in particular, received him with a cordiality fully on a par with his deserts on this, their first meeting.

After a stay in France of two years and a half, Wagner returned to Germany in the spring of 1842. He took back with him a new work wherewith he had enriched his repertory, the first in which his individuality was manifested—*Der fliegende Holländer*, both poem and music having been written by him in the environs of Paris. Having brought about the performance of this work, and also of *Rienzi*, at Dresden, he settled in that city, where he was speedily engaged as Kapellmeister and Music Director at the Royal Theatre.

Berlioz, on his part, had realized the project, conceived long before, of going to Germany to give concerts in which he could make his music known to the compatriots of Beethoven. He reached Dresden towards the beginning of 1843, on the very day of the formal induction of the new Kapellmeister into his office.

Thus they met again a few months after their leave-taking in Paris.

Berlioz therefore had an opportunity to hear both these works of Wagner's, or at the very least *Der fliegende Holländer* and the second half of *Rienzi* (for this last-named opera is so long that it had become customary, from the outset, to give it on two evenings—a foretaste, as it were, of the *Nibelung's Ring* in four). He made a report on them, on his return, in an article for the "*Journal des Débats*" which was reprinted later in two of his books, and was highly favorable to the author of the works;—though not withholding certain criticisms justified by a style frequently too diffuse, or sometimes extravagant, in their music, faults quite natural in the first essays of a young composer. Berlioz lauded the effort which had culminated in the production of two works wherein both poem and music were the creation of the same author, saying:

It must be admitted that men are rarely found who are capable of twice accomplishing successfully this dual literary and musical task, and that M. Wagner has given a proof of capacity more than sufficient to attract our attention and interest.

Alluding to the fortunes of the artist, the article proceeded:

After having undergone, in France, a thousand privations and all the sufferings attendant on obscurity, Richard Wagner, on returning to Saxony, his native land, had the courage to undertake and the satisfaction of accomplishing the composition of the two operas through which his merit has been established. The king of Saxony (he continues) perfectly understood the situation; and on the day when, by giving his

first Kapellmeister an associate like Richard Wagner, he assured the existence of the latter, the friends of art should have said to His Majesty what Jean Bart responded to Louis XIV when the monarch told him that he had created him rear-admiral: "Sire, you have done well!"

It was by such generous praise that Berlioz, who had previously informed the readers of the leading French periodical at that time of Wagner's literary firstlings, was the first to announce to them his début as the author of musical dramas; it will be seen that he did so in terms far more amiable than Wagner employed in his critiques, sent from Paris to the German papers, of Berlioz's works.

As to their personal relations during this sojourn of the French master in Dresden, our sole source of knowledge is a few observations which he himself recorded. Wagner—who otherwise made daily notes of the most inconsiderable events of his life in the blankbook which afterwards did duty in the editing of "Mein Leben"—has nothing to say on this subject, and alludes to Berlioz's visit only in a brief observation occasioned by one of his "appreciations" of Frau Schroeder-Devrient. Berlioz, on the other hand, while remarking on the preoccupation of the young Kapellmeister and "the first flush of a very natural delight" which infected him on the day of his induction into office, writes: "He had to exercise his authority for the first time by assisting me in my rehearsals, which he did with zeal and most obligingly." Why must a certain letter (as yet unpublished) which Berlioz soon after wrote to another Dresden artist, Concertmeister Lipinski, whom he had occasion to praise ungrudgingly and unstintedly, give us the impression of a certain uneasiness with regard to the kind intentions which he predicates of his colleague? In this letter we read: "You will see, on reading my letter on Dresden, that I did not care to give room to the suspicion suggested by you with respect to Wagner." A suspicion? And of what? Could it be that Wagner, under the cloak of an amicable attitude, was attempting to place obstacles in the path of his French guest? Perish the thought! for Berlioz himself repudiates it. None the less, it clearly appears that at this first meeting of the two masters in Germany, perspicacious minds had recognized that they were rivals rather than friends.

Seven further years went by, during which they both wrote momentous works, and at the same time arrived at disastrous developments in their career. Berlioz composed the *Damnation de Faust*, whose failure caused his ruin. Seeking exile from France, he travelled to far countries, giving concerts in Russia, trying to

make a place for himself in England, and—rightly or wrongly—dreading the consequences which the Revolution of 1848 might bring in its train both for the arts and for his own person.—Wagner created *Tannhäuser*, whose success in Dresden was by no means uncontested (for the time had not yet come when the public was prepared to comprehend and appreciate this new art of Wagner, any more than that of Berlioz). He wrote *Lohengrin*, but could not bring it out. Then he took part in the revolt which, in Germany, followed the French revolution of 1848; he fled the country, was condemned *in contumaciam*, and lived in exile for twelve years or more.

His first idea was to take refuge in Paris and seek to win a position there in the musical world. To help him, he counted on Berlioz, the only French artist with whom, as it seemed, his genius predestined him to consort. But—from a practical standpoint—to what illusions did he yield himself! How was it possible for Berlioz to serve him in an attempt to facilitate an impossible task, seeing that he himself had failed and was beset by so many difficulties! In both cases, misconception of their art was greater than ever. Just then nothing could get a hearing in musical Paris but operas which followed an Italian formula already in its decadence, and comedy-operas growing more and more trivial in style. The composers who had succeeded in forcing their way to the front, to the exclusion of all others, were not merely Donizetti, Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, but men of mediocrity even in their own line, like Carafa, Clapisson, and a score of others who (as the great Corneille put it) do not deserve the honor of being mentioned, but who were entrenched in all the places. Above all these throned Meyerbeer, creator of the awesome illusion that he alone represented “grand art.” Between him and Wagner misunderstandings had arisen almost immediately after their first interviews, and Berlioz conducted himself towards him with a courteous reserve whose appearance concealed a reality of sentiments in no way amicable on either side.

Wagner required considerable time to discover that there was no place for him in such an environment. Liszt, who had aided him to escape from Germany, and continually wrought in his behalf with the most generous zeal, gave him to understand that he would be doing Berlioz an injustice to demand of him what he could not do for himself. So Wagner withdrew to Switzerland, where he worked for several years in retirement.

We have just witnessed the entrance on the stage of a new personage who will hereafter play an important rôle between

Berlioz and Wagner. While the memorable events chronicled above were taking place in the lives of these two, great changes were likewise going on in Liszt's affairs. After a precocious youth, in the course of which he had achieved the most dazzling successes ever known to a virtuoso, his ambition sought another path to glory, and he retired to a small German town, Weimar, famed for many years by reason of the part it had played in the life of intellect, and which he now proposed to elevate into a centre of musical art.

Franz Liszt, born in 1811, and consequently two years older than Wagner and eight younger than Berlioz, had known the latter since 1830; he had attended the concert at which the *Symphonie fantastique* obtained its first hearing, and manifested an enthusiasm for the work which (as we may imagine) touched its author. From that day they were friends, and the bonds of their affection grew ever closer as time went on.

His sympathies for Wagner were not awakened so spontaneously; for some time, indeed, the two future friends regarded each other with a certain degree of suspicion. But on gaining a better acquaintance with the work of the artist, Liszt conceived a growing cordiality for the man. At the very time when he had brought out *Tannhäuser* in the Weimar theatre, and Wagner had come to see him and to assist at the production, they were informed of the consequences threatening the latter on account of his participation in the revolutionary movement in Dresden. Liszt assisted in his escape, and kept up a correspondence through which he gave him advice and aid.

Wagner took with him the score of *Lohengrin*, already finished but not published. He no longer cherished a hope of bringing out this German work in Germany, whence he was excluded, and so had perforce to resign himself to its non-existence for the world.

Liszt did not hesitate. Disregarding hostile opinion, he himself produced the work on the stage of his little court theatre, from which, after winning success, it found its way to all the important cities of the Germanic Confederation.

Following this first and fortunate attempt, he turned to Berlioz with a request for his *Benvenuto Cellini*, which had failed some twelve years earlier at the Opéra in Paris, and whose rehabilitation he contemplated. All was done according to his wish, and the theatre at Weimar could pride itself on having set a good example by bringing the works of Wagner and Berlioz before the German public.

Thus there was formed at Weimar a sort of art-association, a musical triple alliance combining the far-famed names of Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt.

Berlioz manifested deep gratitude to his friend. He himself came on to assist at a "Berlioz Week" which Liszt had arranged in his honor, and experienced keen delight on recognizing the happy result of his efforts in favor of the new art.

As for Wagner, he could come neither to Weimar nor to any other place in Germany, and so was devoted to solitary seclusion abroad. But he wrote—he wrote a great deal; Liszt was among those to whom, in his letters, he confided his most intimate thoughts. He also indited books which constituted, so to speak, a profound self-examination. Therein the artist sought in his own past career, as well as in history and the contemporary status of the art, after the reasons for bringing about the revolution in the musical drama which he himself was to consummate.

He wrote; besides that, he talked; his words were occasionally carried far away, and it would seem that they testified to a scantier appreciation of Liszt's undertaking than one might have expected. Oh! Wagner doubtless found it quite right that *Lohengrin* should be represented at Weimar; but at the same time his behavior was more than cool with regard to the attempted resurrection of *Benvenuto Cellini*. His remarks reverberated so loudly that Liszt felt himself obliged to respond thus:

Why bring out *Cellini* at Weimar? (he writes to Wagner on April the 7th, 1852). That is a question which I should not answer to everybody, but to which the practical reply will be such that *we* can be satisfied with it. Maybe you yourself have not as fully realized the practical side of the matter as you will later.

Truth to tell, these same explanations strike us as contracting the scope of an initiative which at first view seemed to spring from a loftily artistic purpose, and which he who grasped it now appears to debase to the level of the devices of a less disinterested diplomacy or political expediency. Even to this, be it noted, Wagner did not wish to grant houseroom. With eyes fixed on a different objective, he would have no one pay attention to anything else. This he flatly stated in his answer to Liszt: "It is absolutely impossible for me to believe in the consequences you associate with the representation of *Cellini*."

Liszt, however, sought to explain himself and defend his friend's work, "which ought not (he said) to be thrown aside because of all the nonsense set afloat concerning it." He added:

"*Cellini* is an altogether remarkable work; I feel sure that it would please you in many respects."

But Wagner was impervious to argument. Wholly absorbed in maturing his conception of the art-work of the future, he would have had the art of the past conform itself to his ideal in advance, and found fault with Berlioz for having followed a path other than the one which he himself had not yet opened. In so doing, his use of somewhat uncourteous terms was accompanied by a rather extensive lack of knowledge of the subject. He roughly condemned *Benvenuto* as an old work of some twelve years ago, which deserved nothing better than to be left to its unhappy fate. Incidentally he spoke of the "platitudes in the Faust symphony" (meaning the *Damnation de Faust*, which is not a symphony at all), deploring the "aberrations which, if Berlioz continued to pursue them, could not fail to render him totally ridiculous." Now, it is a well-authenticated fact that when Wagner wrote thus, HE DID NOT KNOW ONE NOTE of the *Damnation de Faust*, either from hearing or by reading; for the work was unpublished, and had been performed only in Paris, or (fragmentarily) in two or three German towns where Wagner had not been; as for *Benvenuto Cellini*, whose performances at the Opéra in Paris antedated his first visit to that city by more than a year, his ignorance was equally complete. Hence, it was solely on the opinions of others—taking his cue from what Liszt called "the nonsense set afloat"—or simply because swayed by a hostile prejudice precariously founded on his superficial acquaintance with earlier compositions, that Wagner thus condemned to silence and obscurity the works of his precursor, a masterful genius, whose stimulating influence he had felt in bygone years and whom he had sometimes praised in terms very different from those which he now employed.

The fact is, that just then his mind was absorbed in its conception of that new art—a conception which was later to culminate in the series of definitive works wherein the glory of Wagner is enshrined. In preparation for them he was occupied, in the solitude of his exile, with the composition of literary writings in which he examined, from an entirely novel point of view, the conditions essential to the existence of the art, considering its past as well as its future.

With regard to the art of the future, he took upon himself the task of its creation, and to him it seemed something quite different from art-creations of the past, which, from whatever side he viewed them, appeared to him as founded in error. In

his great theoretical work "Oper und Drama" he devotes the entire first part to the tracing of error in Gluck, in Mozart, in Weber, in Rossini, even in Beethoven; then he takes up Berlioz. The three pages which he devotes to him are so full of significance and so intimately connected with the subject of the present article, that we must repeat them word for word:

It was in Paris, where all tendencies in art are seized as in a maelstrom, that a Frenchman gifted with extraordinary musical intelligence forced the above-mentioned tendency to its extremest limit. Hector Berlioz is the immediate and most vigorous offshoot of Beethoven on the very side from which the latter turned away the moment he—as I indicated above—proceeded from the sketch to the actual painting. The bold, rough strokes of the pen with which Beethoven often vaguely outlines his experiments for the discovery of new means of expression in hot haste and without careful selection, fell as nearly the sole heritage of the great artist into the avid pupil's hands. Was it a foreboding of the fact that Beethoven's most finished picture, his last symphony, would also be the last word in this domain of art, that withheld Berlioz—who likewise had a mind to create grand works—by a sense of selfish calculation, from searching out the Master's real incentive behind these paintings—an incentive whose aim was assuredly anything rather than the satisfaction of fantastic wilfulness and whimsicality? It is certain that Berlioz's artistic inspiration was begotten by his fixed, fascinated gaze on the said strangely involved pen-strokes; he was seized with dismayful rapture on beholding these magical hieroglyphs, wherein the Master had left the traces of his own rapture and dismay, thereby giving to the world the secret which he never could divulge in music, yet for which he dreamed music to be the sole means of expression. While gazing thus, a dizziness came over him; the motley tangle of a chaotic witches' dance swam before his vision, whose natural clearness gave way to a vague multipolarity through which his dazzled eye appeared to view forms of vital hue and mould, while, in truth, his fancy was mocked by a tribe of bony phantoms. But this whole phantasmagoria was, in reality, only Berlioz's own fevered fancy; once the dream was over, he awoke like an unnerved victim of the opium habit to the chill of an empty reality, which he sought to revivify by an artificial auto-suggestion of his delirious dream; an attempt in which he succeeded only by dint of a painfully laborious elaboration and manipulation of his musical stock in trade.

In the attempt to bring to paper the weird creations of his heated imagination, and to set them before the skeptical and prosaic audiences of his Parisian environment both plainly and convincingly, Berlioz spurred his vast musical intelligence to efforts never dreamed of theretofore. What he had to say to his hearers was so fantastic, so unusual, so wholly unnatural, that he could not say it straightforwardly in plain, simple language; he required a monster apparatus of the most complicated machines, so that with the aid of a mechanism organized down to the least detail, and adjusted to meet every demand, he could set forth whatever a simple human throat could not possibly express—just

because of its unhuman quality. To-day we can account for the supernatural marvels by which the priesthood once deluded childlike men into the firm belief that some high god was revealing himself to them; it was mere machinery that wrought those miracles. In the same way the Supernatural, just because it is the Unnatural, is now served up before wonderstricken audiences merely by the magic of mechanism; and such magic is, in very truth, the orchestra of Berlioz. Every height and every depth in the capacity of this mechanism has been explored by Berlioz in developing a positively astounding proficiency; and if it is proper to consider the inventors of our present-day industrial apparatus as benefactors of the bondsmen of the modern state, we should extol Berlioz as the true redeemer of our absolute world of music; for he it is who made it possible for musicians to obtain the most extraordinary effects for the tawdriest and least artistic aspects of music-making by means of an unheard-of multiplicity of merely mechanical devices.

At the outset of his artistic career Berlioz himself was assuredly not tempted to seek fame as a mere mechanical inventor; he was moved by a true artistic impulse, and this impulse was of an ardent, consuming sort. The fact that, to satisfy this impulse, he should have been forced by the morbid, unhuman strain in the above-mentioned tendency to the point where the Artist was submerged by the Apparatus, where the superhuman, fantastic visionary was swallowed up in an all-devouring materialism—this it is that makes Berlioz serve not only as an awful example, but still more as a most lamentable phenomenon; for he is still consumed by genuine artistic longings, though buried beyond hope of escape beneath the mass of his machinery.

He is the tragic victim of a tendency whose triumphs have been exploited, from another side, with the most impudent insensibility and the most self-satisfied indifference imaginable. . . .

These few pages inspire us with very mingled emotions.

And first of all, we cannot escape a feeling of wellnigh painful surprise on realizing the kind of infuriation with which Wagner pounces on the works of an artist, where everything would seem to require him to make a less malevolent estimate.

According to him, all of Beethoven that Berlioz was capable of assimilating was a few "strokes of the pen" which were nothing but the leavings of his art! For the living creations of the symphonist he substituted phantoms of artificial mould! He invented a mechanism which was naught but a snare and a delusion! He lost himself in a barren materialism! And this is what Wagner has to say now—the same Wagner who, on hearing the first performance of *Roméo et Juliette*, felt himself enthralled from the very first; who somewhat later admits (as we shall see) that the love-song, the essential theme of that work, "overwhelmed him with a transport of delight," that "the scene is admirably thrilling in its principal motifs," and who (as we shall show further on)

paid yet further homage to the inspiration and emotional genius of Berlioz.

As for the orchestral apparatus, Wagner did not despise it when he himself employed it. For the moment it will serve our purpose to note that he recognized explicitly, through his own observation, that its invention was due primarily to Berlioz.

But he simply republishes dull-witted criticisms when he affects to see nothing in Berlioz but a composer of descriptive music having no other aim in art than the imitation of natural and external sounds: which he does not assert in so many words, but which is plainly implied in the totality of his explanations. Now, it is not accurate to say that the essential principle in Berlioz's art is the imitation of the sounds of nature. Although the French master has given proof of a rare superiority in the eliciting of sonorous images, that is not his sole merit; and even if, in certain pages of his works, he has vastly enriched a region in the domain of musical art wherein Beethoven before him, and Wagner himself after, made numerous incursions, it does not follow that the essential idea which possessed him was not the expression of the effects and emotions of the human spirit, the lofty aim of music. The reprobation directed at him by Wagner is, therefore, in this particular, wholly without justification.

Having said this, it should be acknowledged that Wagner's intent in penning these lines was not to make a personal attack on Berlioz or by reason of rivalry in point of production. "Oper und Drama," the work in which they are found, is one of those revolutionary essays in which the author manifests his resolution to destroy everything so that he may rebuild it afterwards. In it the greatest masters of the past share the fate of Berlioz, who might, at bottom, have felt flattered to be mentioned among such a glorious company! Shall it be taken as a proof of an evil disposition, if he did not feel so?—However this may be, these propositions are put forth in a book dealing with the highest—and frequently the most recondite—questions in esthetics. But mark well the injustice of men! While Wagner was occupied far more with what he proposed to realize through his art of the future than with what had already been accomplished by artists of the past and of his own time, his readers were chiefly interested in his direct personal imputations! He himself declared, in the preface to the second edition of his book, that for a time people had read only the first part (that in which he destroys), and that "the amusing observations found therein" were all on which their attention was fixed. Yes, undoubtedly—it is amusing to

see glory brought low! Any "scene of butchery" has power to attract the gaze of the galleries—and when merely the dead are slain again, only half the harm is done, for, after all, such sport hurts nobody. But it may have the disadvantage of annoying or irritating the living. That was something which Wagner lost sight of when writing such of his "amusing observations" as concerned Berlioz. For really, a friend who thus expresses himself about his friend may very easily be regarded as an enemy!

It may be imagined that Wagner, after these pronouncements which he had penned in solitude were sent abroad by his German publisher, may have experienced a momentary uneasiness when, upon reëntering the civilized world, he considered the prospect of being brought face to face with Berlioz.

It is known that he wrote to Liszt, at a time when he was thinking of making a pleasure trip to France, "The idea of going to Paris begins to be almost unpleasant to me. I am afraid of Berlioz. With my bad French, I should be lost." (Letter of Sept. 12, 1853.)

On his part, Berlioz wrote (end of July): "Like yourself, I am persuaded that Wagner and I can get along together if he will only smooth the way a bit. As for the 'few lines' (*quelques lignes*) of which you speak, I have never read them, I do not feel the slightest resentment with regard to them, and I myself have fired so many pistol-shots into the legs of the passers-by that I am not surprised when they happen to be returned."

After all, their meeting (at which Liszt made the third party) was pacific, in appearance at least. In October, 1853, Berlioz and Wagner met in Paris at the house where Liszt was bringing up his children, on a day which was doubtless that of the first interview between Richard and little Cosima. He was requested to communicate to the company some portion of the new works on which he was then engaged; he drew from his pocket the final act of the poem of *Götterdämmerung*, and Berlioz had to listen to its reading in German, "which he did (so writes Wagner) with gentlemanly amiability." He invited them to breakfast with him the day following.

Eighteen months later, in the spring of 1855, they met again in London, both having been engaged at the same time to conduct the orchestras of two rival societies; and their relations were then so good that one might have expected a sincere friendship to be cemented between them. They dined together, and passed several evenings at each other's lodgings or at the homes of mutual acquaintances, and Wagner thereupon indulged in his

customary exuberance; he states that Berlioz, "ordinarily somewhat reserved, thawed out visibly during these cordial meetings," and that he "appreciated his cheerful familiarity." They conversed on the most diverse subjects, recalled their artistic experiences, and related to each other details concerning the masters they had known. Naturally, Wagner could not avoid giving way to his penchant for the discussion of philosophical questions; gradually gaining confidence in his French, he finally undertook to reveal to Berlioz, with a vast display of dialectics, the secrets of artistic conception, which he explained as resulting from the intertwining and combination of psychic or other influences on the spiritual faculties; etc. Berlioz, on whom this philosophical jargon did not impose, smilingly replied with the simple remark, "We call that digesting"; and Wagner was astonished that he should "so swiftly comprehend his difficult explanations." Probably neither of them was aware that Berlioz had merely repeated an observation made by Descartes on one of the opening pages of his "*Discours de la méthode*," where he speaks of "those who best digest their ideas in order to render them clear and intelligible." Thus it was that German philosophy and French thought confronted each other on that night in London when two musicians were exchanging confidences!

Touching their interview, Berlioz testified to no smaller satisfaction. He wrote to Liszt:

Wagner is superb in his ardor, in his warmth of heart, and I admit that even his violent moods transport me.—There is something singularly attractive about him; and although we both have our asperities, these asperities at least fit into each other.

To another correspondent he confirms the same impressions, saying,

He is very engaging in his ideas and his conversation.—After the concert he renewed his pledges of friendship, he kissed me impetuously, saying that he had been sadly prejudiced against me; he wept, he stamped the floor—and scarcely had he made his departure when "*The Musical World*" published those passages from his book in which he hauls me over the coals in the most humorous and ingenious fashion.

This ending was to be foreseen! The passage in question are the extracts from "*Oper und Drama*" given above, at which Berlioz chose to laugh. "Twas better thus than to complain," as our fabulist has it.

As for Wagner, he could not refrain from finishing his depiction of these same interviews by ascribing mean motives to his new-

found friend. After stating that their farewell meeting had been cooler than the one preceding, he asserted that Berlioz was "vexed" at the over-enthusiastic reception accorded him by the public at his last concert; a wholly gratuitous imputation, for if a certain restraint were manifested in the cordiality of this leave-taking, we have just seen that it arose from a reason quite other than that which Wagner insinuates.

At all events, Liszt, the recipient of confidences from both parties, was happy in the thought that he had not wasted his time in the rôle of a musical diplomat which he had been playing for several years.

This epoch did, in fact, mark a turning-point. Strongly opposed by the critics, and still uncomprehended by the majority of the public, the new school had begun to rivet the attention of an enthusiastic élite. It had received a label which at the outset had been applied in derision: it was dubbed the "music of the future"! But while the crowd was laughing, Liszt haughtily took up the gauntlet and declared that, in very truth, the art of which he had made Weimar the rallying-point was indeed the art of the future. Nor did he indulge in self-delusion; the twentieth century is at hand to prove his claim.

The Weimar group, therefore, had its banner, its device, and—in Liszt himself—its standard-bearer.

Who was to be the commander-in-chief?

Two names were on every one's lips—Berlioz and Wagner. Some even began to pronounce them in the inverted order—Wagner and Berlioz. For the age had arrived when priority of birth no longer counted for much; and Wagner, then but little beyond his fortieth birthday, seemed in the depth of his exile to have attained a grade of service which placed him on an equality with the elder musician.

Nevertheless, and from all sides, homage was still done the latter; and despite certain misgivings, it appeared for a time as though Berlioz had made up his mind to accept the post of honor toward which the force of circumstances was bearing him. He remained in constant and always affectionate relations with Liszt; he maintained a cordial correspondence with Peter Cornelius and Hans von Bülow, both adherents of the group. When submitting to the latter, in 1856, a proposition for the performance of certain works, he wrote: "The outcome of this would be very favorable and highly important *for the cause*." From time to time he wrote to Wagner, garnishing his compliments with facetious familiarities and puns; he sent him the scores of his new

compositions, requesting that of *Tannhäuser* in exchange; as for Wagner, he wrote to Liszt asking for the loan of the scores of Berlioz's symphonies, which he desired to study with care: "I must say that I am strongly inclined to become well acquainted with them." Be it remarked, in passing, that this sentence contains the admission that he was not at all familiar with the works which he, none the less, had freely criticized.

This era of good-will was not destined to endure. In the first place, between Berlioz and Wagner there were deep-seated causes for misunderstanding, for reasons of art on which we shall not expatiate at present, intending to explain them further on; for the moment suffice it to say that, although we do not know as much concerning Berlioz's opinion about Wagner's music as of Wagner's on that of Berlioz, (Wagner's opinions having been expressed quite frequently both in private and in public,) we are, however, well aware that Berlioz's attitude was not much more sympathetic, and that he no further approved of Wagner's tendencies than Wagner admired his.

As regards personal causes, they are readily deduced when we consider that Berlioz and Wagner were just then in the position of two potentates at their accession, each of whom wished to extend his sway over the world. How could war fail to result from such rivalry? To prevent it, one or the other would have been obliged to make sweeping concessions and to accept second place. But who could require such a sacrifice from a man conscious of his power and his greatness? Neither Berlioz nor Wagner was disposed, in point of character, to consent to it, and we can hardly blame them.

Wagner, especially, was aggressive by nature, and never felt any scruples at establishing himself in the domain of others.

We know him thoroughly, now that he has told the tale of his own life.

Time was, when the author of *Parsifal* passed for a kind of saint; this was after his death, when, his magnificent efforts having brought about the organization of Bayreuth, there was a feeling that an immortal soul had left its tenement of clay and soared upward in the immaterial harmonies of that supreme masterwork. How could one whose incessant striving had attained such conclusion, be an ordinary man? The mere statement appeared superfluous, so far was he removed from the common standard!

However, he has been restored thereto—and by his own act. He has told us of his life, and thereby we have seen that

Wagner was not a saint, but a man;—a very great man, unquestionably, but now and then as great in the evil aspects of his human nature as in the supremacy of his genius.

As to that, even his contemporaries did not invariably deceive themselves. Let us read what was written by one of the most faithful adherents of "the cause," as they called it—Peter Cornelius:

His whole life is stamped with egoism; the rest of mankind was created solely for him, yet he has no place in his heart for them, he pays them no tribute of pure and sympathetic affection.

Cornelius takes note of his "power of absorption," of his "destructive influence" on any composer less fully equipped than himself. More than once Wagner invited him urgently to come and keep him company at the place he happened to be in; but does any one fancy that a proffer of friendly and disinterested hospitality was intended? Not in the least! "I can not be alone," thus he writes imperiously; "I have already had Bülow come; now I am still in need of you." But Cornelius was on his guard. "Wagner consumes me. . . . There is something stifling in his atmosphere; he scorches me and deprives me of air." All this was written in 1863 and 1864, in private records which were not published until long after the death of the writers.

These observations are entirely justified; they are susceptible of generalization, and might have been made by any of Wagner's friends. Most of these latter, in their admiration and devotion, immolated themselves; but Wagner's own avowals afford full and frank confirmation of the facts. To make him content he needs must be surrounded like a great lord by a tribe of vassals, each bringing whatever he could furnish to serve him. He appropriated the time of one, and the wife of another ("I had Bülow come," as we have already seen—Madame Bülow also!), the influence, or the talents, or the house, of others, not to mention their money. In a word, he considered that everything in the universe, or at the very least in the circle of his friends, belonged to him in fee simple and absolutely; they might have said as much, and some among them could not refrain from protesting:—the Wesendoncks, the Willes, the Bülows (as noted above!), and Röckel, and Fischer, and the Ritter family, and his publishers in Mayence and Leipzig, and his hosts and good friends in Vienna, Biberich, and elsewhere, and the excellent Liszt himself, and even the king of Bavaria!

Why should it not have been the same with regard to Berlioz?

The fact is, that Wagner, in his desire to conquer the world, had not waited until he was master in his own country before seeking to invade France; and in his imperturbable confidence in his mission he considered it to be a matter of course that Berlioz should aid him.

That was a singular view to take of the matter!

Accordingly, in a place where there was not room even for one, a position was claimed by another, and a stranger at that!

At this juncture the situation of Berlioz was a difficult one, and far less favorable than in 1839. Far from having made progress in the public estimation, the French artist had reaped, in his own land, nothing but mortifications for a number of years. The *Damnation de Faust*, destined to win universal applause in times to come, had fallen flat on its first production, and involved its author in ruin. Works of minor importance, like *l'Enfance du Christ*, had met with a better reception. But Berlioz cherished loftier aims. While Wagner, in the confinement of his Swiss exile, was patiently laying stone on stone for the imposing monument which was to arise in the tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, Berlioz, wellnigh as solitary in the midst of Paris, labored on another epopee whose theme was drawn from the purest poetical sources of Latin tradition—*Les Troyens*. And even as Wagner, before he could see his work live, had to await the final conclusion of his striving in the erection of the theatre at Bayreuth, so Berlioz, though of lowlier ambition, was not to see his work produced under ordinary conditions; indeed, it was only long after his death that *Les Troyens*, divided into two parts and presented on two evenings, could finally be brought out in its integral form.

That some one else, an outsider, should arrive at this time to pose as a competitor, and attempt to take a place which the Frenchman vainly aspired to occupy in the future—that was the most inopportune move imaginable.

In fact, this fine friendship whose somewhat troublesome upbuilding in 1855 was detailed above, could not withstand the shock.

They met each other several times in the course of the following years; for Wagner, comparatively quiescent during the first years of his sojourn in Switzerland, was just then seized by a veritable mania for moving about. In 1858 we find him in Paris, whither he went (he says) on a pleasure trip, to rest himself after the composition of *Tristan und Isolde*, and to divert his mind from the strong passion which this work had inspired in him;—in reality, to look after his affairs and to prepare the way

for his art in France. Now, what does he find to say, in his memoirs, about his relations with Berlioz in that year? First: "I found him well disposed towards me, for I had informed him that I was in Paris only for the sake of diversion." As for himself: "Berlioz devoted an evening to a reading, for me alone, of the poem of *Les Troyens*, to my vast discomfort; the poem in itself, and the dry and theatrically affected declamation of the author, gave rise to a foreboding that the character of his music would be of a piece with them." Such was Wagner's sympathetic response to the grand Virgilian effort on which he found his friend engaged!

Thus, although apparently no difference had as yet arisen between them, it was thenceforward manifest that the alliance dreamed by Liszt was altogether too fragile. Berlioz, writing about the same time to his son, speaks of "that absurd school called, in Germany, the school of the future," adding, "they are determined to make me their leader and standard-bearer. I say nothing, I write nothing, I can only let them do as they please; people of sense can see how much truth there is in it." At Weimar he attended a representation of *Lohengrin*, and could not refrain from expressing himself with customary frankness concerning the faults he found in the work; whereby he greatly displeased the members of the group. To Princess Wittgenstein, the friend of Liszt, he wrote apropos of the style of dramatic music as he would write it: "Herein lies the crime of Wagner" And in his *Mémoires*, which he finished during this period, he makes only this brief allusion: "This school is now an accomplished fact in Germany, and I loathe it."

Hence, the first untoward incident would hasten an explosion. It came to pass in 1860, when Wagner, prosecuting his slow and tenacious campaign of invasion, arrived in Paris to give concerts of his works, as Berlioz had done before. He, too, ruined himself; but he did not care for that—he was not the one who had to pay. Later he accused Meyerbeer of having provoked the hostile state of mind manifested against him on this occasion in the Parisian press, and made pointed mention of this detail:—that the author of *Les Huguenots* had recently offered Mme. Berlioz a bracelet. As for that, we can confidently assert that Wagner's suspicions were wrongly directed, and, if he found Berlioz and his wife unfavorably disposed towards him, that Meyerbeer had nothing whatever to do with it. Wagner relates that on his arrival he went to see Berlioz to enlist his aid in the arrangement of his concerts; that Berlioz himself had obligingly yielded to

his request at first, but that Mme. Berlioz, on entering the scene, loudly protested: "What! are you giving M. Wagner advice about his concerts?"—and that the husband's obliging mood was thus turned into the reverse. That may be so, without Meyerbeer's having had a hand in it. Besides, let us not believe too blindly everything that Wagner says. He writes, on the same page, that on his first interview with Berlioz the latter "was unable to dissemble a nervous affright which was displayed in a positively painful manner in his attitude and countenance." Berlioz explained that he was suffering from a painful neuralgia, requiring a treatment which he had just been undergoing; and this was only too true, for this malady cruelly tormented him until he died. But Wagner did not take this excuse seriously, preferring once again to ascribe evil intentions to his interlocutor. To reassure him, he assured him that he had come to Paris simply to introduce certain of his compositions to the Parisians and to hear them himself; but that he had "absolutely renounced" the help of French representations of *Tannhäuser*—which was a fib, not to say a falsehood.

We know, in fact, that *Tannhäuser* was produced at the Opéra the following year, after a series of court intrigues in which the Austrian ambassador's lady played the leading rôle over against Napoleon III. For the time being (in 1860) Wagner contented himself with giving a concert, whose program was thrice repeated, in which he brought out the symphonic numbers and choruses that could be most effectively detached from *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin* and *Tristan und Isolde*.

Berlioz reviewed them in his feuilleton in the "Journal des Débats." He did so with impartiality, bestowing praise on certain pages of the works, alluding to the prelude to *Lohengrin* as a "masterpiece," regarding the theme of the wedding-march as "formidable, irresistible," extolling the brilliancy and superb pomp of the *Tannhäuser* march as well as "the power and grandeur" of the overture; but also making some reservations, occasionally severe, with respect to various peculiarities of style of which he did not approve, notably in referring to the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, a score so novel in form that it is not surprising that Berlioz, or any one else in France at that time, should fail to comprehend it on a first hearing.

He supplemented these comments by reflections of a general character, and by a statement of principles which was, in effect, a declaration of war. Berlioz, who at other times had discovered less animosity towards attempted innovations, now resolutely

took his stand as the champion of a classicism whose tradition, to be perpetuated, required (in his opinion) merely to be renovated through the accession of some new elements calculated to enrich and reinvigorate it; whereas "the school of the future" was (to his mind) a total subversion of the eternal conditions of the art; to the aforesaid school he attributed all sorts of designs, in some cases quite wrongly, and, after defining them in his own fashion, he solemnly declared:

If such be this religion, I am very far from professing it; I have never owned it, I do not own it, and I never shall own it.

I raise my hand, and swear: Non credo.

This was a formal disavowal, and the foundations of the Weimar School were shaken thereby. Thenceforward, in fact, there was no Weimar School, but each worked in his own way and on his own hook, whether in Germany or in France; Liszt himself soon deserted the town, and all the musical glory of the German school descended upon another city—Bayreuth.

As regards Berlioz, he had nearly reached the end of his career and of his life, and not until after his death did his country bestir itself to proffer him the rehabilitation which restored him to his true place in the domain of art.

In winding up our account of the personal relations of these two masters let us record the fact that, whereas the reiterated attacks of Wagner during twenty years and more had not succeeded in disturbing them, a single article by Berlioz sufficed to bring about the rupture. Wagner sought to answer Berlioz in the latter's own paper; he had slight difficulty in exposing his errors and showing how mistaken were the prevailing notions with regard to his (Wagner's) aims.

The art-work of the future, (he wrote, speaking of the book from whose title had been borrowed the very device of the School,) does not embody any of the absurdities foisted upon me, neither have I discussed the question of the grammar of music in any way whatever. My speculations have a somewhat loftier aim.

And this was the truth. But theories were then not under discussion; those of Wagner, set forth in a series of works not wholly easy of comprehension in their original language, were totally unknown to the Frenchmen of 1860, who, moreover, if they could have been acquainted with them, would not have approved of them. The only matter in question was the art-work, to which Berlioz, taken all in all, had always paid homage, despite certain reticences, during the very time when Wagner was speaking

of him with so great injustice; then there was the notion, still obscure, of the radical disparities between the classic Latin art to which Berlioz was proud to announce his adhesion, and the essentially Germanic art, destructive of the past, which was that of Wagner; finally, we have the melancholy spectacle of a quarrel between two men of genius, both innovators and in advance of their time, who had been thought to be two brothers, and who—the younger having come to dispute the elder's place in the sun, even in his own country—had become bitter enemies.

For the year was not yet ended when the order was given by the emperor of the French to bring out *Tannhäuser* on the stage of the Opéra at Paris, and to deny Wagner nothing to make him satisfied with the production.

As for *Les Troyens*, the French master's work remained in its portfolio, and could never be given at the Opéra, for which it had been written. Only a section of it, after waiting several years, was detached from the score to provide a spectacle on a lyric stage of second rank; and in Berlioz's death the sorrowful words which he wrote in his *Mémoires* were justified: "Oh, my noble Cassandra, my heroic virgin, resign myself I must—I shall never hear thee!"

It may be imagined that, confronted by such a piece of injustice, he could not contain his indignation. But it was impotent, and made no attempt to reach the world at large. As the music-critic of the "*Journal des Débats*," Berlioz protested solely by abstention, leaving to a colleague the care of writing a review of the representation of *Tannhäuser*. But in private correspondence he gave free rein to his anger. And when the production arranged by imperial incompetence had come to its scandalous conclusion, he clinched it with the bitter remark: "I am cruelly avenged!" A sorry revenge, that left thus beaten down and disarmed these two champions of the best of causes, who, instead of uniting their forces, had drawn apart, with the sole result of leaving the field free for a long time to come to their common foes!

For it was not until after many years that the rehabilitation of Berlioz began in France; and Wagner had fully as long to struggle before realizing the triumph of his art in his own land.

They were never to meet again. Berlioz ended his life without indicating by a single word in his writings that he was interested in any way whatsoever in the further career of his earlier comrade.

Wagner took the same course. When Berlioz died, he had no word of remembrance for him. He who, ever attentive to current events, had profited by the occasions afforded by the

decease of artists like Rossini, Spontini, Auber, and others less renowned, to devote long articles to them, contented himself with consigning the details of his varied intimacy with the French artist to his private diary, which was not to see the light until more than thirty years after his death.

This, by the by, was the way he treated all the leaders in thought with whom he came in conflict, for Berlioz was not the only one. It was precisely the same with Nietzsche, long the most intimate confidant of his highest conceptions, who broke away from him when he had appraised the man—even the artist—at his exact worth; from the day when their rupture was an accomplished fact, the philosopher's name was never again pronounced by the musician, nor would he have it mentioned in his presence.

Nevertheless, a few words escaping in the freedom of familiar intercourse attest that Wagner was sore at heart over these broken-off friendships. He once said, on meeting Nietzsche's sister: "Since your brother parted from me, I have been alone." And Kapellmeister Mottl, his faithful disciple, relates that one day when, possibly to flatter him, he amused himself by criticizing one of Berlioz's scores, Wagner fairly flew into a rage, shouting that the work of "a genius of that stature" ought to be treated with respect. It had been borne in upon him that there are certain heights whereon spirits of a loftier sort should meet; and he regretted that their mutual esteem had not been able to survive.

II

After this historical exposition of the conflict which resulted in their personal embroilment, we now have to elucidate the profound causes which rendered it equally impossible for Berlioz and Wagner to agree from the artistic point of view.

Even so, they had set out from the same point and, for a while, followed the same direction. Their lives, in both cases, were a striving against a musical conventionalism to whose destruction each devoted all his energies. But when it came to reconstruction, the monuments carved by their hands seemed to be of an absolutely different and, sometimes, contradictory nature.

However, let us seek their points of resemblance in the beginning. For their discovery, we must go back again to the outset of their careers.

As we have seen, Berlioz was, in point of age, ten years in advance of Wagner. And we know that he had employed them

well. The first pages of music which he wrote were a proof of his orchestral genius. The day he heard a Beethoven symphony, his course was set; then and there he declared his determination to continue the master's work by taking it up where the latter had laid it down. Pursuant to this purpose, he strove to enlarge the forms of the symphony, to augment its power of expression, and to enrich its tonal resources by enhancing the orchestral technique. Let us first of all consider this last part of his program.

Before he had created the *Symphonie fantastique*, even before he had heard a single German symphony, Berlioz had composed, following the forms of the French overture as written by Méhul, Cherubini, and others, *l'Ouverture des Francs-Juges*. In it, among motives in whose interweaving one may recognize the influence of a former period, he introduced a broad and sustained melody twice repeated by the powerful voices of all the trombones combined. This signified a veritable revolution from the very start—the creation of the modern orchestra. Up to that time, even in the mightiest of Beethoven's symphonies, the trombone, like the trumpet, had remained, with all its lustre, a simple harmonic instrument used, for the most part, to double the voices or to reinforce the chords; Berlioz transformed it into a bearer of melody whose power redoubles that of the entire orchestra. The *Symphonie fantastique*, the *Requiem*, the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, all in turn employ this novel resource. In *Roméo et Juliette* the unison trombones, repeating a melody previously sung by the oboe alone, lend to the love-lament a thrill of frenzy, while the violins and other shrill-toned instruments envelop this massive central chain with their brilliant and strongly marked figurations, this entire ensemble forming a web of which no earlier orchestra had known either the formula or the effect.

Wagner assisted at the initial production of *Roméo et Juliette*; he afterwards heard various other works by Berlioz. And when we hear the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, the *Tannhäuser* overture, or the Ride of the Valkyries, down to the Summoning of the Knights in *Parsifal*, all uttered by the mighty voices of the trombones, we decide that the examples set by his predecessor were good lessons for him.

This direct influence did not, even at the time, escape the notice of perspicacious and well-informed minds. For instance, their mutual friend Franz Liszt, on sending Berlioz the score of the *Tannhäuser* overture and advising him to bring it out in France, added the significant words: "You will find something of your own in it." Indeed, Berlioz could scarcely help remarking

to himself that the landscape bore a familiar aspect, on reading the well-known passage beginning:



As a matter of fact, he himself some years earlier had written the *Serment de réconciliation*, the finale to the *Roméo et Juliette* symphony with which Wagner was among the first to become acquainted; and this piece was constructed with materials of which the following three measures embrace the essentials:



It will be admitted that the resemblance is striking; the figure in the violins, whose trenchant brilliancy dominates the graver sonority of the trombones, is nearly identical in the two numbers; and while the two melodies at the foundation of the musical structures exhibit greater divergences, they are none the less melodies of a common style, whose development proceeds in similar fashion enwreathed in the same counterpoint, and forming

an ensemble of such sort that the construction of the one is evidently modelled on that of the other.

But the orchestral inventions of Berlioz were not limited to the sole domain of powerful sonorities; our author made no less happy excursions into the tonal realm of the infinitely little. For example, and without further lingering over the matter, we shall call attention to the Scherzo in *Reine Mab* and the Dance of the Sylphs. But we should, preferably, lay the greater stress on certain pages of a contemplative or mystic character, such as—to mention only one—the Sanctus of the *Requiem*. Berlioz, in this Sanctus, was the first to employ those superacute harmonies which are so suited to the evocation of supernatural ideas and images, and which no one had conceived before. These harmonies have since found very frequent employment, and in very celebrated works: such are those which lend to *Lohengrin*—in the prelude, at the arrival of the mysterious hero, during the Recital of the Holy Grail—that superterrestrial color so warmly admired by Liszt on his first reading of the work.

Wagner was quite familiar with the Sanctus of the *Requiem*, for this number figured on the program of the concert given by Berlioz at Dresden, when his young colleague had just been appointed Kapellmeister; the latter had, indeed, conducted its rehearsal. And one can judge by the results that, although he criticized it, he was able to profit greatly by what this example taught him.

Wagner reproached Berlioz with being merely a musical mechanic, who had lost himself in the materialism of his combinations. But he himself had by no means disdained the apparatus—quite the contrary; and one might easily maintain that one of his chief merits was to make good usage of the invention which, verbally, he affected to condemn.

In point of fact, it was owing to his employment of this tonal material that Wagner was enabled to depict those splendid musical tableaux which are not the least among the things which contributed to his fame; like the prestidigital symphonic finale of *Götterdämmerung*, and that of *Die Walküre*, the Forest Murmurs, even the entr'acte in the Pilgrimage to Rome in *Tannhäuser*. But Berlioz himself had already painted pictures of the same genre and realized by the same means of his own creation: The Last Judgment in his *Requiem*, the *Course à l'abîme*, the *Marche au supplice*, down to the student-experiment of his descriptive symphony, the *Incendie de Sardanapale*—a mere attempt, but one in which we find the entire program, and

a beginning of the working-out, of the finale of *Götterdämmerung*.

Indubitably, Wagner perfected the apparatus by whose aid he was enabled to build up such tonal constructions; with an aptitude peculiar to the Germans he succeeded in elaborating it, and in so doing he outrivalled its very inventor. But when, instead of recognizing what he owed the latter, he took it upon himself to detract from his merit, as we have seen, we can rightly assert that he treated him with positive ingratitude.

Thus it was that Berlioz had "carried on" the symphony from the point where Beethoven left it, by enriching its material and enlarging its forms.

It was his further desire, as aforesaid, to enhance its power of expression. In this regard, he brought about a transformation of the symphony in which it became a veritable drama without words. No work, in this respect, possesses a higher significance than his *Roméo et Juliette*, a "dramatic symphony composed on the tragedy by Shakespeare," as he entitled it. The essential and fundamental ideas of the poem are represented musically by characteristic motives which transform and modify their features according to the progress of the action. The principle of the Leitmotiv (leading-motive), of which Wagner made so fruitful application in his dramas, is fully embodied in the symphony of Berlioz—and by this I do not mean *Roméo* only, for the *Symphonie fantastique*, with its "idée fixe," and *Harold*, in which the viola-part is a veritable singing character, had already furnished completely realized examples of the procedure. In *Roméo*, the love-theme, after having been stated for the first time, with fullest effusion, in the Prologue, is interwoven under most various aspects throughout the love-scene, the culminating point of the work; then, in the descriptive number "Romeo at the tomb of the Capulets," this melody which, in the foregoing passages, had worn a shape of plastic loveliness paired with an expression now contemplative and again ardently passionate, bursts forth anew at the moment of the awakening, breathless, hurried, in fearful suspense—all to be repeated later in the analogous figure with which the violins accompany the arrival of Tristan where Isolde awaits him, and their transports at the close of their night of love.

It is hardly surprising that the *Roméo* of Berlioz should remind us of the *Tristan* of Wagner; because, by the contour of its melody as well as by its oneness of intention, the principal love-theme of the latter work seems to have been patterned after

that of the prototype. It is worth while to demonstrate this affiliation by a comparison of the themes invented by the two musicians.

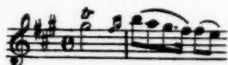
First let us take, in its complete form, the love-theme in Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*:



This melody is developed with sweeping breadth. Let us divide it into two portions, beginning with this one:



Now put this alongside of it:



In these few notes we recognize the essential motive which attains its development in "Isolde's Love-death," after having circulated with several repetitions and in different movements throughout the drama of *Tristan*. These two themes are so intimately related that the continuation of the Wagnerian motive, a pure and simple repetition of the figure last quoted, looks like a natural development of the Berlioz theme and its sequel. This we shall clearly perceive by letting the one follow the other; it will be seen that they blend as two parts of one whole—that, being two, they are but one.

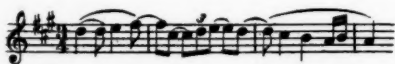


Now examine the second portion of the love-theme in *Roméo*. Here it is:



Now, in the second act of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, in the night scene wherein are so ingeniously combined a multiplicity of dramatic episodes, there is one motive which is introduced to bind them together, winding in and out to effect a

certain relaxation by its reflection of nocturnal mysteries. We have always greatly admired this musical phrase, with its intensity of poetic charm. Sung, by the violins, it unfolds itself in a leisurely development quite at variance with the habits of Wagnerian melody; it begins thus:



But this, too, is found in *Roméo et Juliette*! Allowing for some differences in notation more apparent than real, and which are merely tricks of interpretation, it is the second portion of the theme we gave in the preceding quotation!

So it would seem that Wagner did not waste that day—the 24th of November, 1839—when, soon after arriving in Paris, he heard for the first time the dramatic symphony of *Roméo et Juliette* by Berlioz! He could readily perceive the defects of the work, but he was equally ready to insulate and assimilate its vital substance. The defects were the target of his criticism, and to them he directed public attention with avidity; at the bottom of his heart, however, he may possibly have recognized his injustice, and we seem to perceive an involuntary note of repentance in the simple sentence with which he offers Berlioz the first copy of the engraved score of *Tristan*:

"Au cher et grand auteur de *Roméo et Juliette*, l'auteur reconnaissant de *Tristan et Ysolde*." (To the revered and illustrious author of *Roméo et Juliette*, the grateful author of *Tristan und Isolde*.)

"Grateful"! Although it was not his customary attitude, Wagner might well have been so, for he owed much to the artist who first showed him the way and provided the models which he sometimes, as we have just seen for ourselves, followed very faithfully.

Thus Berlioz and Wagner, later the dearest enemies, began by going hand in hand along the same new path; the elder setting the younger an example which the latter did not at first refuse to follow. They both applied their genius to the enrichment of the orchestra, augmenting its power and brilliancy, making it the principal instrumentality of modern music; and this striving, realized so admirably by them both, constitutes an undeniable point of resemblance.

It is, perhaps, the only one subsisting between them from a musical point of view. In all other regions of the domain of art their mutual resemblance ceases.

With regard to style in writing, they were brought up in two different schools, and the impress of their origin was strong and lasting.

Berlioz is essentially a harmonist employing the system of accompanied melody, being thus a successor of the earlier French masters. Wagner is a polyphonist, continuing in his works the tradition of Bach.

His writing is horizontal. Berlioz, on the contrary, save in exceptional and premeditated cases, regularly proceeds by vertical chords. He likes to employ broad melodies, themes of extended development; these are his peculiar preoccupation, and we have already seen that he wrote, in allusion to Wagner: "I have never dreamt of composing music without melody. This school is now an accomplished fact in Germany, and I loathe it." To the statement that he had always sought "to fill his compositions with a flood of melody" he added: "However, these melodies were frequently so considerably prolonged, that nearsighted intellects could not distinguish their form clearly; or they were wedded to other secondary melodies which veiled their outline; or, finally, these melodies are so dissimilar to the little nonentities that are called melodies by the lower musical classes, that these latter cannot bring themselves to call them by the same name."

Wagner's designs in the matter of musical style were wholly different; this he himself denotes by a simple sentence in his reply to Berlioz's criticisms, in 1860:

I have not raised the question whether it is or is not allowable to introduce neologisms in respect of harmony or melody, neither have I discussed the question of the grammar of music in any way whatever. My speculations have a somewhat loftier aim.

Furthermore, as Berlioz, no less than Wagner, strove to enrich the forms which he had adopted and devoted himself to the search after novel effects, they necessarily met again at various times at some given point, but always in readiness to cut loose from it and fly off in opposite directions.

Each assumed the task of freeing himself from the bondage then imposed by a rigorous observance of the laws of tonality; but it was in the concatenation of melodic forms that Berlioz found the path of this new freedom, as whose guiding principle he assumed the expressive accent and the diversity of emotional effect contained in any given melody; whereas Wagner, proceeding by the method of symphonic development, sought to gain every possible advantage, to the extremest limit, from the system of the succession of chords.

They both made liberal use of chromatics, whose powers of expression have ever been recognized, and which Jean-Jacques Rousseau very neatly defined when he called them "admirable for the expression of pain and affliction; with their insistent ascending tones they harrow the soul." In Berlioz, this style operates through alteration of degrees in the melodic line only; it finds employment in the "themes" rather than in the "accompaniments," and is especially characteristic in melodies developed at length and without any harmonic additions; such as the motive of Romeo's Sadness, the subjects of the fugues in the Offertory of the *Requiem*, in the Funeral Procession of Juliette, and in the introduction to the second part of the *Damnation de Faust*. In Wagner, on the other hand, and more particularly in his later works, the use of chromatics is almost exclusively harmonic. One could hardly find a more characteristic example of his method than is afforded by an analysis of the opening chords in the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*—chords formed of notes which are scale-degrees in which, of the four parts composing the complete harmony, two and often three parts are altered.

Advancing yet further, Wagner, in certain works (like *Siegfried*), makes an almost continual and extremely fruitful use of enharmonics. In this he resolutely draws apart from Berlioz, to whom it was not given to follow him on a path unknown and opposed to his own course. M. Saint-Saëns has made some observations, both interesting and sagacious, on this head; we cannot do better than insert them here:

Since J. S. Bach (so he writes) insured the triumph of enharmonics with his Well-tempered Clavichord, the forms of art have been reconstituted. But Berlioz, who was no pianist, was possessed of an instinctive aversion for enharmonics. Therein he is the antipodes of Richard Wagner, the incarnation of enharmonics, who has drawn from this principle its extreme consequences.

These remarks of M. Saint-Saëns are doubly valuable; first, in themselves and as coming from such a master; and also because he had the privilege of knowing Berlioz and Wagner and of assisting, so to speak, at the inception of their conflict. It cannot, therefore, be out of place to repeat them here; and we add the following:

Berlioz detested *Tristan und Isolde*. As I could speak with him without reserve, I made no bones of challenging his opinion and expressing the admiration with which the general conception and a large part of the work of the great Richard inspired me. Then it was that his profound antipathy to the enharmonic dissonances and modulations was brought home to me in full force. There are, to be sure, plenty

of harsh passages in his own works, but they result from a totally different system.

And more recently, apropos of Meyerbeer, M. Saint-Saëns thus sums up the discussion:

Enharmonics—dissonances resolving one into the other indefinitely—endless melody—all these familiar processes of the “music of the future,” were held in abhorrence by Berlioz. . . . He did not admit that the voice should be sacrificed, relegated to the rank of a simple unit in the orchestra. . . . What dissimilarities in the style of these two geniuses, even in their manner of treating the orchestra and the voices, their construction of the musical phrase, their conception of the lyric drama!

And the author of *Samson et Dalila* derides the attempts to fit “the heads of Wagner and Berlioz with the same cap; this forced promiscuity (so he concludes) will excite the wonder of future ages.”

Hence, from a purely musical point of view, there are wide divergences between Berlioz and Wagner. They are no less marked from the standpoint of the fundamental principle of the art.

This principle, as we have already affirmed, is the Beethoven symphony, established as the basis of their musical conception of the drama. But, while Berlioz strove to make a drama of the symphony, Wagner sought to make a symphony of the drama. The former wrote *Roméo et Juliette*, a “dramatic symphony”; the latter, *Tristan*, the *Ring*, *Parsifal*, “music-dramas.” And this divergence in orientation is so sharp, its results so antagonistic, that it suffices in itself to cause an irreconcilable opposition between the two. Berlioz writes:

Free and all-powerful music can disdain its puissant and frequently dangerous auxiliary, dramatic art; all-sufficient to itself, it gives proof positive of the immensity of its power and the beauty of its genius.

Elsewhere he says, aiming directly at his antagonist:

Music ought not to be the humiliated slave of the word. That is the crime of Wagner; he seeks to dethrone music, to reduce it to expressive accents, by exaggerating the method of Gluck (who himself, most happily, did not succeed in following his impious theory). I am for that music which you yourself call free. Ay, free and proud, and all-powerful and all-conquering!

As for Wagner, he sums up his conception in these imperious words: “There is but one thing that can save Berlioz—the drama!”

In reality, these explicit declarations are needless, for their works bear living witness to the diversity of their ideas. True it is, that Berlioz was most completely himself in the works which

he wrote wholly outside the influence of the theatre. And when he, in his turn, resolved on the production of his dramatic epopee, *Les Troyens*, he set about it quite differently from Wagner when composing the *Ring*. Without renouncing the employ of musical resources wherein he was a past-master, his guiding thought was the supremacy of the voices, of expressive declamation, of pure song.

With Wagner, on the contrary, at least in his last works, the vocal part is nothing more than a notation of the words, whose accents rise here and there to grand lyric outbursts, but in which no genuine musical interest resides; this latter lies entirely in the orchestra, in the expressive symphony, bearing a flood of speech abundant and pliant as an oration. For us their interest and beauty are matters of familiar comprehension, for we, of a later generation, have learned from childhood to understand and admire them. Let us, however, concede that those whose training was of earlier date were excusable for not forcibly transferring their attention, on the shortest notice, from the point to which it had always been persistently directed; and that, in order to appreciate the merits of so novel a form, its underlying principle had first to be recognized. This was difficult of accomplishment for those in France who, towards 1860, with all their atavistic and racial logic, had never dreamed that the theatre was invented to the end that actors charged with representing an action on the stage should confine their rôles to gestures and attitudes, while contenting themselves with uttering words generally drowned by the orchestra and ill understood by their auditors—the instruments meantime being entrusted with the mission of speaking for them. These are questions attaching to the first principles of the lyric drama, and it is allowable to carry out their application in a way other than that chosen by Wagner. Indeed, Berlioz found a different meaning in these same principles,—and *Les Troyens* is, for all that, a work lofty in conception and realizing the noblest ideal.

And so, in despite of first appearances, Berlioz and Wagner offer in their tendencies as well as in their works a wellnigh permanent contrast. And it is not merely in matters of art that each is set over against the other; they are antagonistic in every fibre of their being. Though very nearly of an age, the ten years intervening between them were sufficient to render them representatives of two different and hostile generations. Berlioz is the man of 1830, Wagner of 1848—two decisive epochs in the history of nations, and both accompanied by great conflicts and cruel devastation. Berlioz, a revolutionary by birth, desired that

order, based on the triumph of his cause, should be immediately reëstablished. Wagner goes much further; he felt no dread of the effects of sweeping changes, and would gladly have undermined the foundations of society. On the day of the most decisive act of his life, his ear caught the words of Bakunin, stirring him painfully and profoundly—far more so than he himself ever admitted. His dream of art is essentially the realization of ideas fathered by this contact. And let no one fancy that these general tendencies were without an effective influence on the artistic courses pursued by these two masters; on the contrary, their result was evident and immediate. Berlioz, for all his appetite for innovation, remains a traditionalist; he seeks to augment the stores accumulated by the past, but never dreams of destroying that past. Wagner goes a long way further; he endeavors to point out the errors in all works of human genius antedating his own; not one stone would he leave upon another in his attempt to create an entirely new world.

Following their prodigious effort, they both appeared to be vanquished, and for the time being they actually were so. Their cause did not win through until long after the action, when their environment had gained maturer vision. But in order to attain (at least in part) the aim of their dreams, a king's intervention was needed in Wagner's case; whereas the posthumous triumph of Berlioz, due altogether to the spontaneous, albeit tardy, admiration of the public in his native land, was essentially popular and national.

Finally, there subsists between Berlioz and Wagner one more—and very considerable—point of difference. This is, that the one is French, the other German.

During their lifetime, they themselves were not aware that this diversity of origin must, in itself alone, be the cause of so deep-seated an estrangement. But to-day this fact must be recognized: Berlioz and Wagner could not live in amity for the reason that they were born enemies.

Berlioz is a Frenchman. This he is, not simply as the scion of an ancient family in the Dauphiné, in the valley of the Rhone, in a region well towards southern France; his right to that title springs besides, and above all, from the nature of his genius.

Nota bene, even of this fact he himself was not fully aware. Because he, in his youth, had listened to the works of Weber and Beethoven with admiration, and his spirit had received their impress, it came about that he described himself as "I, a three-quarters German musician." This similitude did not escape the

notice of others, particularly of those interested in turning it to account. On his return from a concert-tour in Germany, and telling, in a private letter, of the success he had reaped, he added: "My sole misfortune is—that I am French; that worries them. The other day the ladies of the Sing-Academie said to me, with a kind of impatience: 'But why do you not speak German, Monsieur Berlioz? That ought to be your language. You are German.'"—So, as early as 1853, the ladies of Leipzig wanted to annex Berlioz! Before that time, immediately after their first meetings, Wagner had written: "From remotest Germany the spirit of Beethoven has breathed upon him, and assuredly there have been hours when Berlioz wished that he was a German."

Such impressions are purely superficial, and form an absolute contradiction of the reality.

No;—Berlioz must not be considered to be a German because he admired Beethoven and felt his influence, any more than because he adopted the form of the symphony. And first of all we should have to concede that Beethoven's genius is essentially German, which could be very stoutly contested, his genius possessing a character of universality which places it on a far higher plane than the German nature.

As for the symphony, that also is by no means the appanage and property of Germany. By origin it is Italian, and the French had been composing symphonies for many a year when Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven came to endow this form with their divine genius.

This delimiting of its domain for each nation—giving the opera to Italy, attributing the symphony to Germany, and leaving France nothing but comedy-opera—proceeds from a wrong notion. Musical France has works of higher import to her credit. She it was who, at the time of the Renaissance, furnished the first models—among them perfected ones—of that vocal polyphony by which the German eighteenth century so greatly profited. Should a Frenchman, then, be forbidden to revive a form favorable to the development of his genius because, before him, it had been turned to lofty use by Germans?

The truth is, that the genius of Berlioz was eminently French in cast—more "eminently French" than that of our concocters of opéras comiques, for he asserted the highest qualities of his race. Into a form which is not German, but universal, this man of the South breathed an inspiration at once abundant and wholly French. He was a man of that generation of 1830 whose artistic endeavor brought a realization of the loftiest aspirations

of the foregoing epoch—an historical epoch in whose course the French nation rallied to its mightiest and most lasting achievement.

We have already had occasion to recall that Nietzsche sought to oppose the Germanic conception of the Wagnerian drama by what he termed Mediterranean music. To exemplify the difference, he could find nothing better than the rather inadequate illustration of *Carmen*. He might have lent additional weight to his argument by referring to the works of Berlioz, which he may not have known. Yes, if Nietzsche had known *Les Troyens*, he would have chosen it for that monument of Mediterranean art wherewith he wished to confront the art of the North. And having, during our study of the general tendency of Berlioz, reached the conclusion that he was a man of tradition, we might have added, that he was a continuator of the Latin tradition. Just for that reason he could not help being hostile to the manifestations of a racial genius which was, from all eternity, the foe of Latin genius.

Returning to Wagner, there is no need of searching after special proofs to convince any one that he was German. It is unthinkable that the remotest doubt could arise concerning the national status of the man who, on the day of triumph when Bayreuth was inaugurated, could not restrain the heartfelt exclamation: "At last we have a German art!"—and who concluded *Die Meistersinger* with a manifesto whose spirit, quite out of keeping with the historical Hans Sachs, expressed the Wagner of 1862, this homage to said German art being accompanied by threats and hateful appeals against what he calls "falsche wälsche Majestät, . . . wälschen Dunst mit wälschem Tand."¹ . . . We should even find little difficulty in overpassing the limits prescribed by the purely artistic character of this study, and showing, by citation from his literary works, that Wagner was one of the most orthodox forerunners of that Pangermanism whose device is "Deutschland über alles."

¹Ed. The author adds the original German words to his French translation—"les frivolités welsches, les niaiseries welsches, la fausse majesté welsche." As the reader will remember, Wagner's lines read (with translation by Dr. Baker appended):

Zerfällt erst deutsches Volk und Reich,
in falscher wälscher Majestät
kein Fürst bald mehr sein Volk versteht;
und wälschen Dunst mit wälschem Tand
sie pflanzen uns ins deutsche Land.

Once German folk and realm are cleft,
In his false Latin majesty
No prince his people's soul will know;
And Latin tricks and trumpery
In German soil they then will sow.

His nature is essentially that of an overlord, invader, conqueror. From the outset, as we have seen, he fell foul of Berlioz. The latter undoubtedly undertook what he himself called his German campaigns; but, conformably to true French tradition, he set out on these expeditions with no intent to dethrone any one, in a spirit of persuasion, with the single purpose of sowing the good word, of carrying onward the beneficent light; like the philosophers of the eighteenth century, such as Voltaire and Diderot, who, in answer to the call of monarchs beyond the boundaries of their country, journeyed to Russia, to Prussia, to Sweden, conveying thither the treasures of French civilization and French thought. But whenever Wagner came to France, he appeared as an invader with arms in hand, aiming to oust those whom he found in settled positions, and to impose his leadership; and, failing of success, he avenged himself during the war of 1870 by wantonly insulting the nation temporarily prostrated—the country, the city and the men who were guilty of resisting him.¹

Is it necessary to draw a conclusion from this lengthy comparison? No—surely not. Everybody will be entirely capable of drawing his own inferences therefrom; as for ourselves, it seems preferable, after having faithfully set forth the facts, to let them speak for themselves. At the very least, however, we may venture to deplore the circumstance that human works, which should be conceived in gladness and bring only gladness to the world, should bear within themselves the germ of war; and that the noblest manifestations of the mind, and—as it would seem—the most disinterested ones, are not permitted free development in peace. But what is gained by dwelling on these vain regrets? There is a grain of truth in the opinion of the German philosopher who asserted that music is the very essence of things; there subsists a close correlation between the life of nations and men, and that of the arts. Our comparative inquiry into the fortunes of the two greatest masters of music in France and Germany in the course of the nineteenth century has supplied fresh proofs of the truth of that assertion.

¹Mr. Tiersot alludes to Wagner's "Eine Kapitulation, Lustspiel in antiker Manier." This unfortunate, feeble and amateurish play, Wagner planned for music "à la Offenbach" whose genius he fully appreciated. Whether or no "Eine Kapitulation" meant to add insult to injury, is a matter of controversy. For Wagner's own denial read his prefatory note; and for a critical, impartial review, not colored with semi-political considerations of Wagner and his art, consult Mr. J. G. Prod'homme's essay "Richard Wagner et le public français," in "La revue de Hollande." 1915, vol. I, p. 405-444.—Ed.

a-
z.
is
e
n
d
rs
n
ir
g
t.
er
d
s,
g
d

a-
le
it
to
ve
s,
ss
r;
it
ee
se
ne
ce
of
y
ce
ed

r."
en-
ant
his
cal
ard
—